CORONET

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Vhat is the
nvisible Divorce"
n every marriage?

"My Girl" p. 38

"A Catholic can become President!"

-a controversial report by SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS

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Salem
refreshes your taste
Menthol Fresh
Salem
• menthol fresh
• rich tobacco taste
• modern filter, too

As refreshing as Spring is Salem. Through its pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Rich tobacco taste with surprise softness. Smoke refreshed every time, smoke Salem!

WHAT DO DOCTORS DO to relieve TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES?

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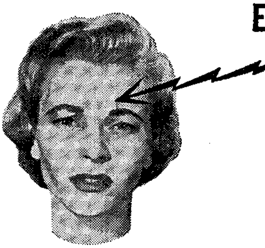
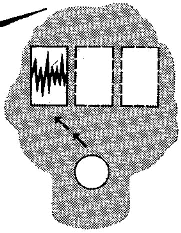
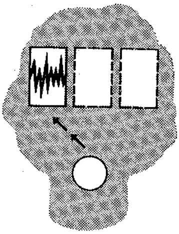
EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED



When pain strikes . . .



Doctors know aspirin has only one pain reliever . . .



Add buffering and you still have only one

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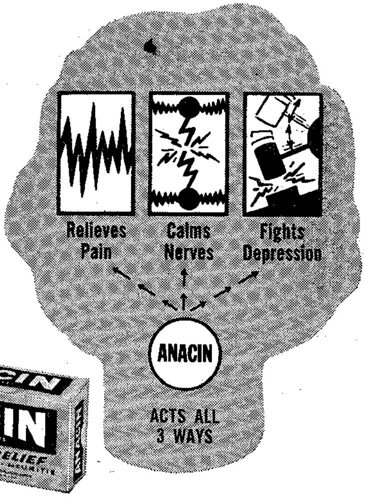
Relieves Pain
Calms Nerves
Fights Depression
ANACIN
ACTS ALL 3 WAYS

FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF

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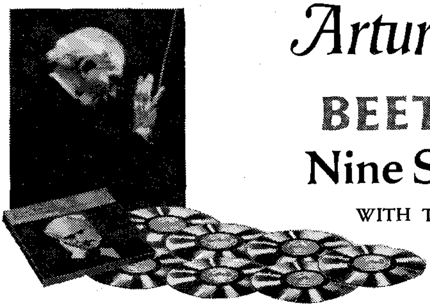

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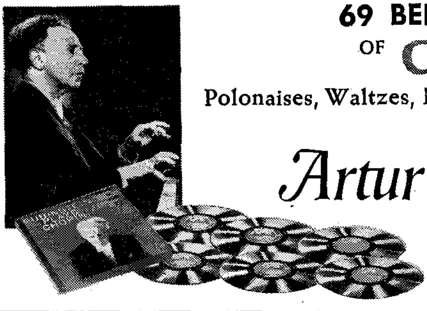

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EACH month, three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only $4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

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c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
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"I wish Grandma would call me today"

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Do some of your folks live out of town? Why not call them by Long Distance right now? You can talk over the family news—and enjoy a wonderful visit together.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

Dear Reader:

EDITING AND PUBLISHING a magazine is something like firing a missile into space. First there is the drama of the production count-down, followed by the thrill of seeing the issue roar off the launching pad into the unknown. Next, there is the wait. Did it orbit or didn't it? —Our readers' response, of course, is the final word on the success of our monthly "shoot." And occasionally an article, because of its subject matter and timing, flashes across the horizon with such brilliance that almost everyone responds to it. "Bargain-Basement Education Is No Bargain," published in our October issue, was such an article. Written by veteran magazine writer Martin L. Gross—himself a parent active in school affairs—it told how, in many American communities, groups have been defeating bond issues for needed, new schools by labeling the proposed buildings as "palaces" loaded down with money-wasting "frills." The article showed, how "cut-rate" education can, in the long run, not only waste dollars but endanger the quality of education.—Hardly had the issue hit the stands than letters began pouring into our offices. An Eastern school superintendent wrote: "It is good to find a popular periodical willing to publish the truth concerning an issue on which many publishers seem to feel they need to print distorted versions in order to meet popular demand."—A school principal wrote: "CORONET has performed a distinct public service in presenting such a forthright statement of facts. It is inestimable help to school boards and school officials trying to obtain badly needed facilities for their communities."—A Kansas housewife wrote: "I heartily agree that false economy is far costlier than a well-planned, reasonable output for buildings, mainly because of the far-reaching effect on children involved."—Along with such letters came requests for more than 500,000 reprints of the article from some 600 communities. As for us, the response of our readers was as satisfying as sending a rocket ringing 'round the moon.

The Editors

P.S. Reprints of the article "Bargain-Basement Education Is No Bargain" are still available to interested groups. Prices, postpaid to one address: 10—$.30; 50—$1.25; 100—$2.25; 500—$10; 1,000—$17. Address Coronet Reprints, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

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Cover

Toby Gemperle, see page 38 . . . PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN BUDNIK

Electronic scientists discover new way to relieve desperate sufferers as allergy season nears

Important
To Hay Fever, and Allergy

Relief through new PURITRON electronic unit hailed by doctors after they buy it and see it work in their own homes, for their own families . . . for their patients in their offices and operating rooms!

Patented Puritron action floods the air with newly acclaimed "negative ions". Breathing is easier. Sleep is sweet.

ONLY a sinus, asthma or allergy sufferer knows the terror of a night spent fighting for breath . . . a night spent praying for a moment of relief when you can breathe without fear of coughing, sneezing, wheezing.

Doctors know how anxiously sufferers are waiting for news of any advance in the field of allergic relief.

That's why they test, test and retest before recommending any new medication or unit.

Every hay fever, asthma and sinus sufferer should now know these facts:

A remarkable "Puritron" has been developed by electronic scientists and is being acclaimed by doctors.

After carefully testing one Puritron, a famed New England allergist installed three in his offices.

A New York physician has discovered that a Puritron in his operating room helps lessen the amount of nasal mucous present.

Why Puritron is helping so many allergy sufferers to breathe easily . . . sleep comfortably without fear of sneezing, coughing or wheezing

Built into every Puritron is a remarkable combination . . . a unique filter and a wonder working electronic tube.

Pollen and dust are pulled out of the air and trapped in the filter. The air then passes before the amazing electronic tube. Its sanitizing power reduces the threat of invisible particles that often trigger allergic reactions.

At the same time, this unique electronic achievement floods the air with invisible "puritrons". You can't see them. You can't hear them. You can't feel them.

(*Advertisement*)

Medical Notice

Asthma, Sinus Sufferers

JUST PLUG IN PORTABLE PURITRON®

and clear the air of irritating dust, odor, smoke. 110 volts AC . . . can be used in any room. Better than a kitchen exhaust fan. Needs no expensive installation.

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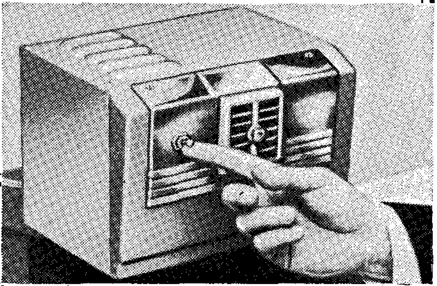


Model Illustrated $39.95 (for 15′ x 15′ room)
Large Size $69.95 (for 30′ x 30′ room)

But the relief they bring to sufferers from respiratory discomfort is remarkable. They actually are the negative ions now performing medical miracles in hospitals the world over through "ion therapy".

Doctors and sufferers report . . . breathing is easier. Sleep is sweet . . . comfortable.

Get a Puritron today. It is now available in the great stores of America like Macy's, Gimbel's, J. L. Hudson, Joseph Horne, Kauffman's, Jordan Marsh, The May Co., Strawbridge and Clothiers, John Wanamaker, The Broadway Store, The Emporium, Meier and Frank, Firestone and many others.

If your favorite store does not yet stock the Puritron, send $39.95 to Puritron, 15 Stiles Street, New Haven, Connecticut. Your unit will be shipped immediately. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

In the doctors own words:

"Surpasses all expectations. Performs miracles for a dust allergy patient."
—A Pennsylvania Physician

"Within a period of one week of testing the Puritron controlled a stubborn form of respiratory allergy in my daughter, age 5."
—A Southern Physician

"I have been recommending your Puritron machine . . . My patients have purchased the machine and have found it to work excellently." —A New England Doctor

"For the first time I woke up without sinus trouble. Is this coincidence? All I can say is, it is not psychosomatic."
—A New Jersey M. D.

(and from a grateful New York husband . . . not a doctor)

"I bought a Puritron for my wife who has been suffering from asthma for many years. I must say that the result is astonishing, she has had no attacks, breathes freely and the best of it, she gets a full night's rest."

(The above quotations are from doctors' unsolicited comments in letters now in our files.)

More Puritron units are being ordered practically every day by hospitals and physicians

all about you

'Neurotic' hearts, discipline and delinquency, what is spring fever?

THE RITES OF SPRING

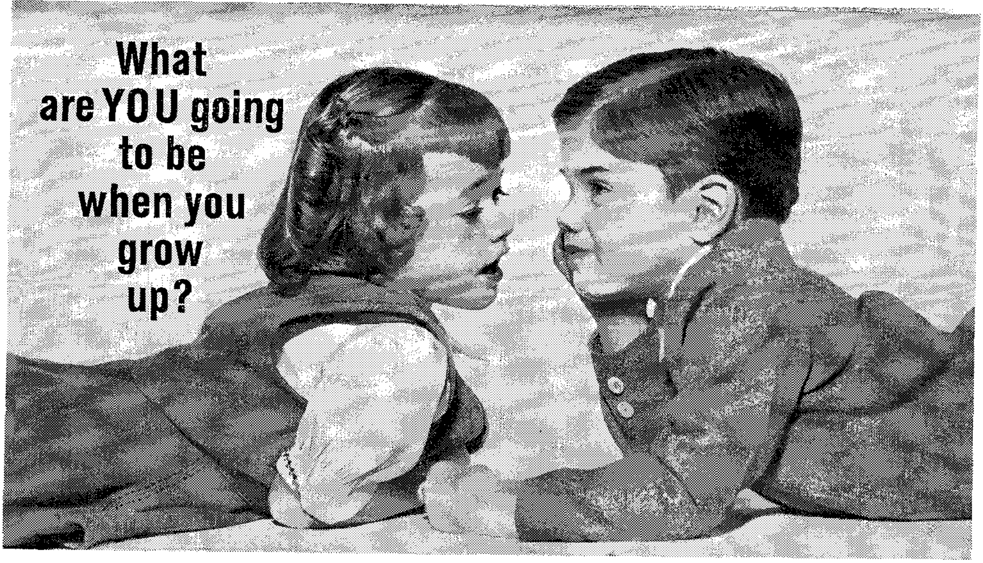
After spying the first robin bobbing around the back yard, many Americans bound outdoors in various vigorous pursuits. But their pep is quickly sapped by "spring fever," the perennial plague of people who live in winter climates. Yet those who live in winterless climates are usually immune to spring fever, says Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse, professor of physical education at the University of California. He believes this is so because a warm climate permits people to stay active all year round, whereas the person who dwells in wintry climes tends to "hibernate" in a hot house and automobile. Result: "his temperature-regulating mechanism and his muscles become out of condition," says Dr. Morehouse, who experienced a New England winter and spring fever himself while a research fellow at Harvard. When the "hot-house" dweller ventures into the vernal warmth, he falls an easy—and often happy—victim of spring fever.

LOOPHOLE IN IQ

To be a creative whiz, you don't need to have a phenomenal IQ, according to tests run this winter by Prof. Jacob W. Getzels and Dr. Philip W. Jackson, both of the University of Chicago. They compared two groups of bright students, one with a high IQ average of 128, the other with an exceptionally high IQ average of 150. Both groups did equally well in standard achievement tests in math and English, but a big difference showed up when the students were asked to write stories based on a picture. The high IQers wrote well but in a pedestrian, overly fact-conscious way, while the lower IQ students wrote stories of high style and originality. Further tests showed that the creative activity of the higher IQ group was hindered by a desire to conform to the standards of their teachers and society. Those with a lower IQ relied more on their own standards.

HOW DATES RATE

What does the opposite sex look for in a date-mate—good looks, a big car, sex appeal? Some useful answers were received by Lester E. Hewitt, who popped a questionnaire about ideal dates to nearly 400 young men and women at Ball State Teachers College, Muncie,


What are YOU going to be when you grow up?

Doctor or nurse...engineer or teacher...maybe even President? No goal is too high. And you want to make dreams come true...

EDUCATE YOUR CHILD—IT PAYS

You can start now—with the way you answer your child's questions. You can stimulate his desire to learn...put him ahead of his schoolmates—but you need the proper tools.

ANSWERS YOUR CHILD'S QUESTIONS

The Book of Knowledge was designed by experts, each an authority in his field, who understand your child's thinking. Every volume of The Book of Knowledge leads your child on ...makes him want to see what fascinations the next page and the next book hold.

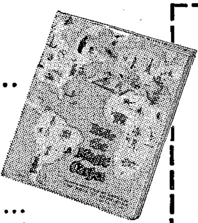
12,000 PICTURES THAT TEACH

The Book of Knowledge captures your child's interest with the greatest of all attention-getters...the picture. Its 12,000 pictures draw him into a text so informative, it's a generation ahead! In its 7,600 pages your child will find information on every dramatic development of the new atomic age; on the machines and techniques of modern industry and modern living. He will explore past ages through history, fine arts, literature, geography.

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE®

The Children's Encyclopedia • Answers All Your Child's Questions

FREE *for your boy or girl... this delightful color booklet*



The day this booklet comes into your house will be a turning point in your child's life. It contains beautiful color pictures of the world's great masterpieces... quizzes... games... nursery rhymes... how paper is made...birds and animals. Watch your child's eyes light up as he explores this fascinating FREE booklet. Mail the coupon today.

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575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me "Ride the Magic Carpet," the 24-page full-color booklet taken from the newest revision of The Book of Knowledge. I understand it is FREE and without obligation of any kind.

There are ....children in my family, ages................

Name...

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City...Zone.................

County...................................State.........................

Coronet—3-59

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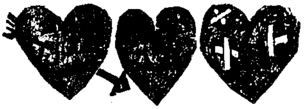
all about you

continued

Indiana. About two-thirds of the men said a girl's good looks were a must for registry in their little black books. The men assumed that women also used appearance as a yardstick—but only one girl in five insisted her date be handsome. The women did check it "crucial" that a date have "conventional sex standards," but nearly half of the men marked this as "virtually irrelevant," and wrongly thought the girls didn't care either. Most of the men were also under the delusion that a car could make them a big date wheel, but the survey revealed that less than a tenth of the girls interviewed counted a Detroit chariot as a "crucial" factor.

THE TELLTALE HEART

Your heart, the traditional target for Cupid's arrows, can also serve as the foil for many emotional problems. Some people use imaginary heart trouble as an outlet for other anxieties, says a report in the Journal of the American Medical Association. A "bad heart" can be an excuse for social failure, an attention-getting prop, or even a cudgel to control one's family, write Drs. William N. Chambers, Joseph L. Grant and Kerr L. White. Their report is based on a six-year study of 52 men who complained of chest pains. Only 25 of the men were found to have real heart trouble; the others had a neurotic need to fool themselves. When the reality of their heart trouble was doubted, these men became angry and defensive. Their supposed "bad hearts" had become "imaginary toads in real gardens" of neurosis. The doctors warn that it may be highly dangerous to pull the mental crutch of a "bad heart" out from under the patient. He is helped more if others understand why he adopted a sick heart.



NEW LINK IN DELINQUENCY

Whether or not a child becomes delinquent can depend, to an extent, on whether his mother or his father handled his discipline at home, according to social psychologist Andrew F. Henry. In a study of typical teenagers in Massachusetts and Tennessee, he found that the mother usually disciplines the first child, but only until the next child is born. The father must then take over with the oldest child, and this transfer of command is repeated as more children are born. But Henry feels that husbands discipline differently from wives since men are more aggressive and even condone hostile behavior in their children. Thus the oldest child grows up expressing anger outwardly rather than inwardly, and is the one most likely to get into trouble. Henry's findings are supported by another study which shows that delinquent children are usually the oldest offspring.

Advertisement

Now You Can...

Sleep Away the Creeping Signs of Age—Glamorously!

By Barbara Taylor

Are tiny lines beginning to show around your eyes, mouth, throat, across your forehead? Does your skin's fresh color seem to be fading?

These creeping signs of age are the result of a gradual drying-out process that's *death* to the full, fresh look of youth. This drying out may begin as early as the twenties—and nothing ages a woman so fearfully fast.

Everything, it seems, conspires to dry your skin!

Sun. Wind. Weather. All these dry your skin. And your skin loses moisture from inside, too. What causes this? Birthdays! Aging tissues do not hold their oil and moisture, as young skin does.

You've used cream after cream: greasy ones, sticky ones, solids, liquids . . . faithfully night after night. Yet your skin is still dry. Some days, does it look so old and drab that it *frightens* you?

Well, here's the answer. Now, after years of research, Revlon Laboratories bring you 'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm, a flowing moisturizer with a precise balance of humectants, plus Lanolite (Revlon's exclusive *heart* of lanolin that is three ways better than lanolin itself).

'Moon Drops' protects with a thin molecular film that holds moisture to your skin. And this same invisible film helps prevent moisture within your skin from evaporating. No greasy pillow, either, because 'Moon Drops' is non-greasy, quickly absorbed.

How can a non-greasy cream "lubricate"?

Each molecule of the oils in 'Moon Drops' is sealed in a chemical "envelope" of *greaseless* moisture. You can almost feel youth-giving oils being fed deep into the sub-surface cells. You can actually see how your skin blooms — takes on the full, moist look of youth. Tiny lines seem to disappear as if by magic.

For best results, most women like to use 'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm at *night* to protect against loss of precious moisture. There is also a special lighter formulation for daytime. It's new 'Moon Drops' Moisture Foundation specifically created to wear under any makeup without fear of oily "shine through". Each 3.00 and 5.00 plus tax. © REVLON, INC. 1959

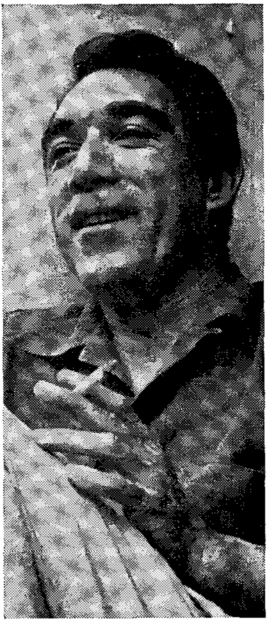
No time for ulcers

I THINK the best thing that happened to me is that I never became a matinee idol," says 6′ 2″, 190-pound **Anthony Quinn**. "I wouldn't have liked myself much." But what this straight-talking Latin lacks in looks, he compensates for with acting ability. He won Academy Awards in 1952 and 1956 and is booked for films through 1960. Even this guarantee of a fat paycheck doesn't impress him much. He remembers a seven-year period (1939-46) when he went jobless in Hollywood because "I refused to play Indians or Mexican bandits any more."

"I'm afraid of success," says Quinn. "I don't want to become a plush-lined stereotype. I want to get all the experience—not money—I can."

Fortunately Quinn's wife Katherine (adopted daughter of Cecil B. DeMille) and their four children (aged six to 17) enjoy following him in his globe-trotting quests—to Broadway in 1947 and to Italy in 1954. "Regardless of where home is, it's always peaceful," he says appreciatively. "If I bring in strife, Katherine dispels it."

But acting is just one of Quinn's many interests. He also writes screenplays, paints, conducts drama classes, reads avidly and is devoted to music. He recently tried movie directing (*The Buccaneer*) and developed an ulcer. "But I don't have time to pamper myself," says Quinn. "So I ignored it—and the ulcer disappeared."



Success scares Anthony Quinn.

As a free-lance actor, Quinn searches for parts that "allow me to make a comment about life," and concern "man's responsibility to man." He scorns "extravaganzas," citing the success of *La Strada,* which he made in Italy on a shoestring budget. His next pictures will be *The Black Orchid,* a drama, and two westerns, *Last Train from Gun Hill* and *Warlock.*

Quinn, 43, was born in Mexico. His mother was a Mexican Indian and his father an Irish soldier of fortune who rode with Pancho Villa. Poverty thwarted his ambition to be an architect; he started acting after a tongue operation at 17 eliminated a speech impediment.

Quinn plans to retire in seven years, when his older children finish school. "I'll paint or write," he says. "Those are the *real* creative arts. Making movies is a lot like making shoes—success depends on too many elements besides your own talents." —MARK NICHOLS

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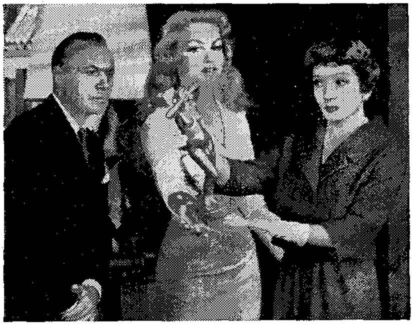


Boyer and Colbert study Guest Newmar's gift.

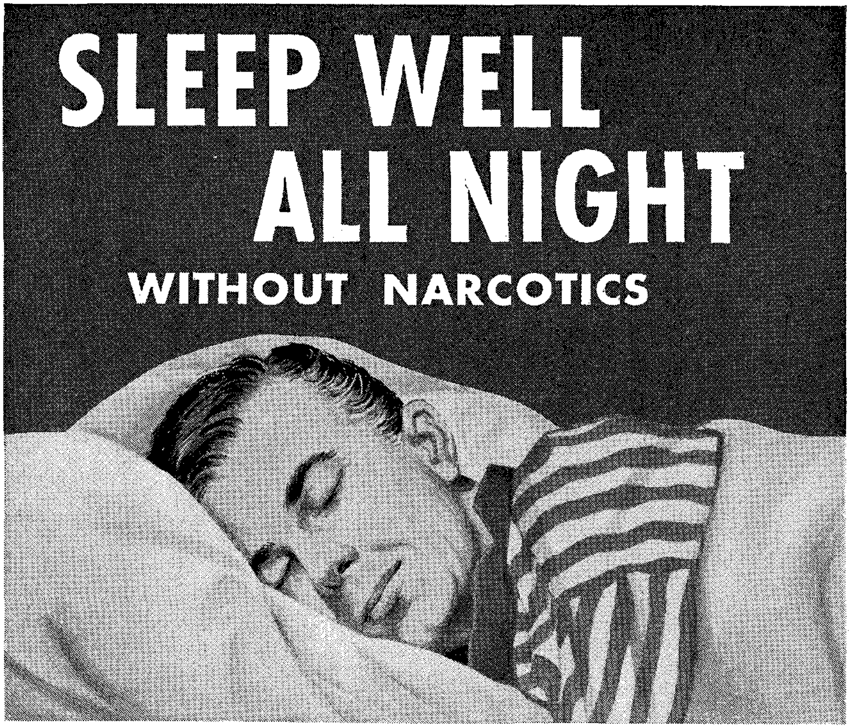
FRENCH FLAVOR—*in a comedy,* **The Marriage-Go-Round,** and in a revue, **La Plume de Ma Tante**—adds seasoning to the Broadway menu.

Although written by American playwright Leslie Stevens, the delineation of *Marriage-Go-Round's* theme—sex—is distinctly Gallic, and so are its stars, Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert. Their clever playing makes a thin plot believable and amusing.

The pair portray college professors happily married for 25 years. Suddenly the marital calm is menaced by the arrival of a stormy, scientific-minded Swedish blonde of 24 (Julie Newmar). Deciding Boyer would make a perfect eugenic father for her child, she tries to elicit his illicit cooperation. Her persuaders include heavy perfume, mood music and a provocatively draped beach towel. Flattered by her attentions, Boyer brags to his wife. She retaliates with a subtle (and successful) campaign.

The imported *La Plume,* played mostly in pantomime, specializes in hilarious mayhem. The m.c., Robert Dhéry (who also wrote the sketches), in each case explains, in fractured English, what may happen—and then jumps out of the path of a laughing horse, an exploding guitar or some such wacky contraption. The agile cast of 14 includes Dhéry's wife, Colette Brosset, an acrobatic blonde. She also did the choreography for such rib-ticklers as a precision-dance troupe ("The Croquettes") trying to cope with a girl who keeps kicking in the wrong direction; and a stripteaser's understudy with zipper trouble. High point of the evening is a skit in which four bell-ringing monks, led by pixie-faced Pierre Olaf, break into a madcap maypole dance, twirling and swinging their ropes to jazz rhythms. Soon they are soaring skyward, completely carried away, and so is the audience.—M.N.

Half of La Plume's cast (Brosset, Dhéry and Olaf are the center trio) model zany headgear for the beach.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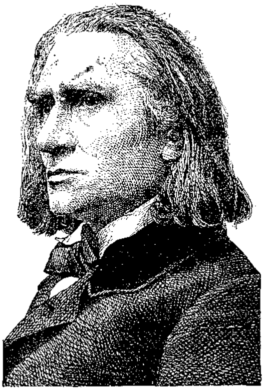

Liszt: the incurable romantic

YOU PLAY a record and listen to the magic of pianist Moriz Rosenthal, who died two-and-a-half years ago; or hear Felix Weingartner conduct the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Then suddenly the realization strikes you: both Rosenthal and Weingartner were students of the fabulous Franz Liszt. In one sweep and through one man, 150 years of musical history comes to pulsating life—and goes on living.

As memorable as his music was the career of Liszt the man. As a boy his ideal was the young Mozart. And like Mozart he was a piano prodigy. He played for Beethoven at the age of 11 and toured the capitals of Europe, receiving homage from kings and princes. A child of the romantic age, Liszt's passionate Hungarian soul was stirred to ecstasies of emotion not only by music, but by love and religion. At 16 he became enamored of a French nobleman's daughter. Barred from seeing her, he almost abandoned his career to join a religious order.

During the French Revolution of 1831 he met Paganini, the violin virtuoso, who, his friends said, learned his art from the devil. Captivated by the Italian genius, Liszt became a musical showman in Paganini's image, driving himself and his audiences to wild frenzy. Subsequently his life became even more dramatic when he fell in love with Countess Marie d'Agoult, a blonde beauty six years his senior, who was estranged from her elderly husband. Three children were born of Liszt's liaison with her while they wandered through Europe like gypsies. Society was shocked. But it nevertheless continued to be overwhelmed by Liszt's musical mastery.

Amid all this turbulence Liszt found a mission—to make the world appreciate the music of Schubert, dead only a few years but already almost forgotten. Liszt also battled for lasting recognition of Beethoven. When practically no donations came forward for a monument to the German composer, to be erected in Bonn, Liszt raised the money through benefit concerts.

As he kept traveling, casual amours ultimately estranged Liszt from Countess Marie; and in 1847, when he was 36, he took as his mistress Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. She, too, was estranged from her husband. Rich and strong-willed, she helped Liszt fulfill his ambition to be a composer instead of a concertizing virtuoso. For 13 years, they spent most of their time in Weimar, where Liszt wrote his famed Hungarian Rhapsodies, Faust and Dante symphonies, piano concertos and many other works. He also took up the cudgels for another composer. This time it was the defamed

(*Continued on page 21*)

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Music, cont.

and ridiculed Richard Wagner, who later wed Cosima, one of Liszt's daughters by Countess Marie.

All during this time, the Princess Carolyne kept fighting to have her marriage annulled. At last the obstacles seemed overcome and her marriage to Liszt was set to take place in Rome on his 50th birthday. Suddenly new difficulties arose, and the temperamental Liszt left Carolyne forever. He turned to religious composition. The Pope visited him. He moved to a monastery. And four years after his break with Carolyne, he became an abbé and a canon. But a most unusual abbé. Every year he returned for some months to Weimar, attracting an ever-increasing number of students. The rest of the year he spent in Rome and in the Gardens of Tivoli.

In Rome another countess entered the life of Liszt who, as one of his biographers said, "collected princesses and countesses as other men collect rare butterflies, or Japanese prints." The countess was Olga Janina, 19, one of Liszt's students, a wildly emotional Ukrainian girl who had been married at 15 and had chased her husband away two days after the ceremony. She became the composer-abbé's new mistress. But after she fumbled one of her concerts, Liszt sent her away. Whereupon she fumbled two suicide attempts.

Liszt spent his last years teaching and encouraging young talent. And his powers as a virtuoso never flagged. Audiences cheered themselves hoarse during his final concerts, which he played in his abbé's garb. He died at 75, exhausted by work and the incessant pursuit of life.

—FRED BERGER

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Bartók, Violin Concerto: Stern, Bernstein, NY Philh.; Columbia ML 5283
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Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 5: Istomin, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.; Columbia ML 5318
Cherubini, Medea: Farrell, Columbia Symph.; Columbia ML 5325
Encores (Violin): Kogan; RCA Victor LM-2250
Gabrieli, Processional and Ceremonial Music: Appia; Vanguard BG581
Gould, Suite from Declaration, etc.: Mitchell, Nat. Symph. Orch.; RCA Victor LM2264
Handel, Organ Concertos: Mueller, Wenzinger; Decca Archive ARC 3100
Liszt, 4 Hungarian Rhapsodies: Fistoulari, Vienna State; Vanguard SRV-108
Mascagni, Cavalleria Rusticana: Tebaldi, Bjoerling; RCA Victor 6059
Merry Overtures: Szell, Cleveland Orchestra; Epic LC 3506
The Play of Daniel: Greenberg, NY Pro Musica; Decca DL 9402
Prokofieff, Sinfonia Concertante: Rostropovitch, Sargent, Royal Philharmonic; Capitol G7121
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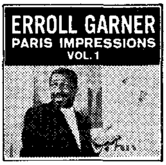
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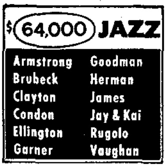
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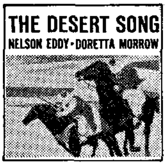
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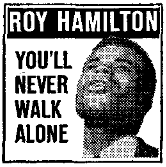
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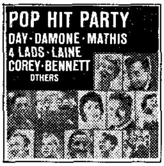
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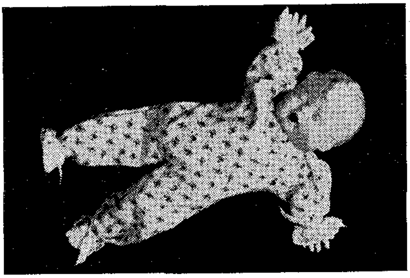

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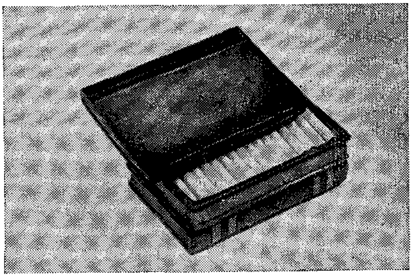

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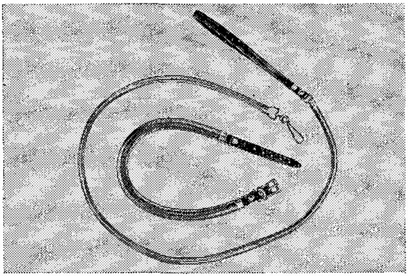

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CORDIALS
AMERICA'S FINEST

CORONET

"Please send me a filibuster."
"Enclosed find some bugs." Wacky and
wonderful are letters that begin...

"Dear Mr. Congressman"

by Erwin van Swol

PERHAPS THE BIGGEST INDIVIDUAL to whom the ordinary citizen feels any personal closeness is his Congressman. So, when he wants information, advice or a favor, it's natural that he turn to the man he helped send to Washington. And some of the things he asks and asks for are wonderfully odd and oddly wonderful.

Senator Estes Kefauver, for example, cherishes this note from a man in a very small town in Tennessee: "I want to tell you that I have bought a television set, an electric refrigerator and a vacuum cleaner. Now you can do me a slight favor. Will you help me get electricity into my house so I can use these articles?"

Representative Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri received this request: "I wish you would arrange to send me a filibuster."

A man phoned Representative Dante Fascell and asked: "What should I feed the baby alligator I want to keep as a pet? Since you represent Miami, Florida, I figured you would know."

Congressman Fascell got in touch with the Washington zoo and supplied the answer.

This letter made former Representative Donald E. Tewes of Wis-

consin hesitate only momentarily:
"Dear Sir:

"I would like some information on the body. Thank you."

Congressman Tewes, playing a hunch, sent the lady a fact book on human anatomy and asked if that was what she wanted. It was.

Congressmen develop a sort of second sight that enables them to answer requests like this:

"Dear Mr. Congressman:

"How old am I?

"Sincerely. . . ."

The recipient wrote back saying he presumed the lady was seeking proof of age for Social Security purposes, and enclosed a blank for her to fill out in order to institute a Census Bureau search, which would cost $3.

Almost any Congressman can testify that he is asked by citizens to use his influence to get them such things as tickets to the World Series, or aisle seats for sell-out Broadway plays. One woman even sent her Congressman a swatch from drapes she had purchased 15 years before—and asked him to match the pattern.

"What shall I feed my pet baby alligator?"

Former Representative William A. Dawson of Utah opened an envelope one day and a shower of bugs fell out, along with this letter (reproduced in the original spelling):

"Dear Sir:

"I wonder if you could help me with a problem. We build a new home hear 3 years ago. We have some little brown bugs in our dores on the shelves in the flour dores or where I keep corn starch. There brown and hard, turn up side down. After they have been in the flour a while or mush it all goes full of worms. I can't find out how to kill them or git rid of them in anyway. Anything they get into it goes wormey in a while. They are small and hard. I have to keep ever thing in paper sack or close up tite. They will git in cookies. It is awful to put up with them."

Congressman Dawson sent the specimens to the entomology research branch of the Smithsonian Institution. There they were identified as *tribolium ferrugineum,* the red flour-beetle. The harried housewife was supplied with instructions on their control.

Congressman Prince H. Preston of Georgia received a registered package one morning in which he found a set of false teeth. From the accompanying letter, it appeared that an elderly constituent had gone to a veterans' hospital for a medical checkup, and somehow had left the place with someone else's teeth.

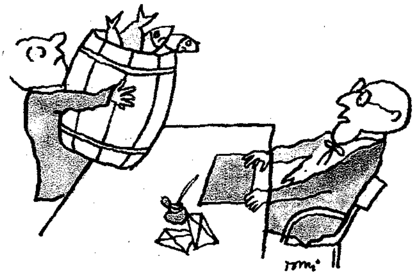
He asked Representative Preston to take the teeth back to the hospital and locate his set. This the Congressman managed to do. After a swap, the proper owners had the right teeth.

Conscientious Congressmen will often go to considerable lengths to please constituents. A barrel of roe shad, dribbling ice water, was received at a certain Congressman's office along with a request that he deliver the fish in person to an attached list of people in Washington. After wrapping each shad in brown paper, the Congressman smilingly made the designated rounds. Next day there were two dozen families who could boast of fine fare, presented with real distinction.

Representative Perkins Bass sends a booklet entitled "Infant Care" whenever he gets word that somebody in his New Hampshire district has had a baby. Following one such, he received this reply from the husband:

"I realize that I have been rather busy with several extracurricular activities this past winter, but did not see how such an event could have taken place without coming to my attention. In checking with my wife, however, I was assured that you must have the wrong name."

Representative Thaddeus M. Machrowicz of Michigan received a letter from a wife protesting her husband's induction into the Army and demanding his discharge. The Congressman wrote to the husband and offered to aid him if he would file an application as a hardship case. The answer, however, amazed him:



". . . And I would like you to deliver the fish personally."

"Dear Mr. Congressman: Please mind your own business."

Representative William H. Avery of Kansas refutes the idea that all youngsters are frivolous-minded with this letter:

"Dear Sir:

"I am nine years old and live at Patrick Air Force Base. My daddy is a colonel and is stationed here. Although we live in Florida, our legal residence is Blue Rapids, Kansas, which is in your district.

"When I finish high school, I would like an appointment to the Air Academy in Colorado Springs. I want to enter in 1966. I know that many boys will want to go to the Air Academy, so I decided to get my request in early.

"Respectfully yours,
(Signed) "Mike Ewing"

Representative Avery commended Mike for making plans for his future so early in life, said he could not guarantee him an appointment, made a number of practical suggestions and sent Mike a choice collection of literature on the Academy and its activities.

Mike knew what he wanted, and

so did a constituent who wrote Representative Frank M. Coffin of Maine:

"Dear Sir:

"Please send me all available year books, history of U.S., history of commerce, history of agriculture, history of politics in last 2,000 years of world, climates (location, types, products, effects, advantages and disadvantages), history of world, all free information on horses, Democratic Party, history of politics of U.S., animal kingdom (classes, families, orders, species and animals in such divisions, please), radio, TV electronics, wave lengths, weather and science.

"Yours truly. . . .

"P.S. Please send me all possible information on rice and grains, vegetables, soils and food products."

Life's Little Ironies

THE FIRST PRIZE IN A WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN, drawing—a one-week plane trip to Florida—was won by a man who'd left the day before for Florida.

A MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY STUDENT, engaged in a study of police work, called the police department to report that his book on criminal psychology had been stolen.

THE PRESIDENT OF A RAILROAD was 12 minutes late for a commuters' protest-meeting in Westport, Connecticut. His train was late.

—HAROLD HELFER

Highway Hazard

THE LIGHTS OF THE HUGE tractor-trailer auto transport blacked out as a fuse blew, and the driver found himself faced with a trip of many miles to the next service station. The resourceful driver climbed atop the truck and flicked on the headlights of a new sedan perched at the front of the second deck of the trailer.

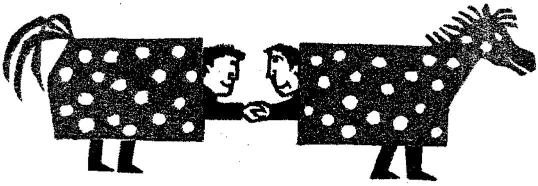
A few minutes after getting on his way with this improvised lighting system, he spotted a pair of headlights coming toward him in the blackness ahead. Suddenly, they veered from the two-lane roadway and appeared to swing up a steep embankment.

Fully expecting to find a tangled mass of wreckage, the trucker hit his air brakes and hissed to an emergency stop. There, perched high on the embankment, was a convertible with a man seated white-faced and shaken behind the wheel.

"In any trouble, Mac?" the driver called out.

"Hell, no," came the reply. "It's just that when I saw those headlights coming at me down the road, I figured 'If it's that *high*, how *wide* is it going to be?' "

—GENE COLEMAN



GRIN AND SHARE IT

A LOCAL LABOR leader in Pennsylvania ran across an interesting ad in a hobby magazine recently. The ad offered—without charge as part of a promotion scheme—a "miniature Civil War pup tent." All one had to do, said the ad, was write to a company in Atlanta, Georgia, giving one's name, address and occupation.

The labor leader wrote a nice note giving his name and address and stated his occupation as "Union officer."

Two weeks later he received this reply from Atlanta:

"We regret to advise you that we have only five of the miniature tents left. We have, moreover, noted that you are a Union officer. After considering this, we have decided to reserve the remaining five tents for Confederate officers. We believe you will understand our motives in this." —*United Mine Workers Journal*

IN THE OLDEN DAYS, whaling voyages often lasted five, seven, or even ten years. Once, during this period, the mate of a whaling boat about to leave port tapped the veteran skipper on the shoulder and said:

"Captain, your wife is crying her eyes out on the dock."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the captain.

"She says you didn't kiss her goodbye," was the reply.

"Well," snorted the captain, "I'm only going to be gone for two years!" —*Wall Street Journal*

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE appeared in a church bulletin: The minister's sermon will be "How Can We Deal With the World Crisis?" Mrs. Jones will sing "Search Me, Oh God." —*Salt Lake City (Utah) Tribune*

A TEXAS MULTIMILLIONAIRE oil man was touring the world in his private jet plane.

"That's London just below," his pilot said.

"Never mind the details," snapped the Texan, "just mention the continents." —*Agricola*

THE LATE FANNY BRICE used to tell this story about the great theatrical man, Lee Shubert. When a scene had to be cut from a show, the frugal Shubert would salvage the scenery and build another production around it.

Miss Brice once had a routine with an apple. When Shubert threw it out of the show they were rehearsing, Fanny—still holding the apple—asked slyly: "What are you going to do now—produce *William Tell*?" —LEONARD LYONS

COMPANY PRESIDENT to personnel manager: "We must get some promising young men into the organization. It's the only way we can attract secretaries!" —*Arkansas Baptist*

For those who love the majestic contrasts of America's highest peaks, deepest gorges and widest deserts, here are...

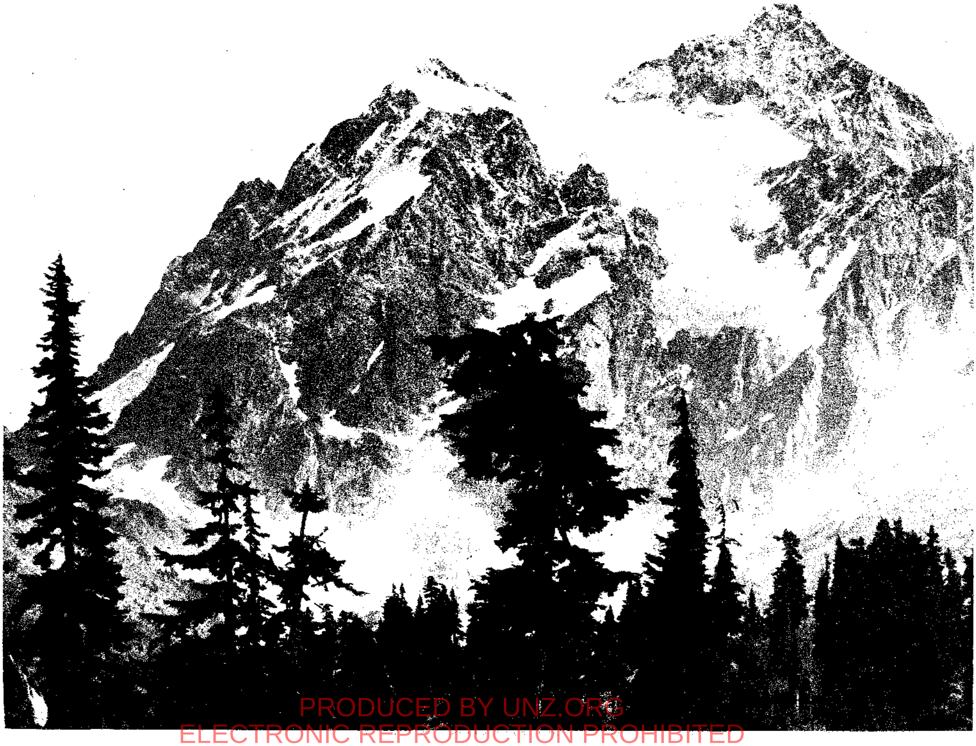
Seven ways to see the West

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

THINKING ABOUT a Western vacation? Afraid you'll come back, like others that you've known, exhausted from having done too much—or frustrated from having done too little?

The West *is* big. But even in two weeks you can still enjoy a satisfying family vacation there. With our five children in tow, we have toured every state in the West, basking in its Technicolor marvels, talking to hundreds of fellow tourists—and learning how to have a happy, fully rewarding vacation in this fabulous land of colorful contrasts. The secret is to expect what you get and get what you expect.

A Western vacation requires planning. If you travel haphazardly out West, you may well wind up 1,000



miles from the scenic wonder you've been shooting at, with your vacation time almost gone. To avoid this, why not choose one of these seven workable Western vacation plans:

The whirlwind trip

The West's scenic features are scattered all over the map. But there is a way to see just about everything in one whirlwind trip. If you live in the Midwest, the mid-South or the West, you can do it in two weeks; if you live in the East, you'll need three. Here's what you can see in only 12 days:

Coming from the North, your first stop could be the Black Hills of South Dakota, then Yellowstone National Park and the Grand Tetons, both in Wyoming. After that, you could travel up to Glacier National Park in Montana, across Washington to Mount Rainier, then to Crater Lake in Oregon, across the California redwood country, over the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco, down the Pacific coast to Monterey, then inland to Yosemite National Park, down the Central Valley to Los Angeles, then on to Grand Canyon in Arizona and Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks in Utah, up through Salt Lake City, then over to Trail Ridge Road and Rocky Mountain National Park, and from there to Denver, Colorado.

This involves approximately 4,000 miles of virtually nonstop driving. When you get home, you'll wonder how you ever covered that much ground. But you'll be glad you did.

The regional tour

If you dislike intensive driving, limit yourself to a 1,000-mile circle tour of a particular region. Let your vision of the West be your guide.

If to you the West means vast, sweeping mountains, then go to the Rocky Mountain West.

If you picture the West as a land of great, green forests and a dramatically rugged coastline, choose the Pacific Northwest.

If your mental image of the West is ablaze with red rocks and canyons, ruined cliff dwellings and Indian reservations, head for northern Arizona, southern Utah and southwestern Colorado.

If the West appeals to you more for its glamour, then California and Nevada are where you should go. Your glittering vacation package will include Hollywood, Disneyland, Santa Anita Race Track, Tijuana (across the border in Mexico) and gaudy Las Vegas.

The "base camp" technique

There's a way to cut out still more driving—and have one of the most satisfying vacations the West can offer. Go straight to a city, town or recreational area you've picked in advance, and settle down in a motel, hotel, cottage, or cabin. This pays a financial dividend, since many such establishments are cheaper by the week; thus you can rent accommodations that would be prohibitively costly on an overnight basis. In the Denver area, at peak season, we've rented a log cabin for as little as $50 a week.

Establishing such a base will relieve you of the nightly problem of finding accommodations and of packing and unpacking. You're all clear for nothing but fun.

Can you see enough of the West this way? Certainly! For example, our family spent two weeks seeing the sights, with Oakland, California as a base. From there we visited Yosemite, 200 miles away. We went to Monterey, Carmel, and Sacramento, California, and saw the redwoods in Muir Woods National Monument. We went swimming in Lake Tahoe and explored the gold rush country of the '49ers. We picnicked on Mt. Diablo, visited two old Spanish missions, Lick Observatory, the University of California and, of course, took in all the attractions of San Francisco.

There are at least a score of other equally fruitful base camps. From Denver, for instance, you can tour Rocky Mountain National Park, Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods, ghost towns and Wyoming cattle centers. A stay at Flagstaff, Arizona, brings you close to Grand Canyon, Lake Mead, Oak Creek Canyon, Montezuma Castle and a hundred other features.

The camping-out method

Camping out is the best—and least expensive—way to savor the outdoor West. National Parks, monuments and forests boast hundreds of campsites—more than in any other section of the country. At most of them you camp free. State Parks, with more elaborate facilities, charge only up to $1 a night. Most campsites offer electricity, hot showers and even laundromats.

Your camping equipment needn't be elaborate. A tent, a trailer, or just sleeping bags to spread out under the stars will do. But even if you don't own a single piece of camping equipment and don't want to buy any, you can still go camping in the West. Just rent what you need. In most Western cities and towns near camping sites, you can rent tents and complete family camp gear for as little as $25 a week. You can even rent a trailer for as little as $15 to $50 a week.

"Scramble" the transportation

Driving is wonderful, but it's grueling, too. There is one way to beat the game. Use different means of transportation.

Here's how it worked out for one family from Washington, D.C. They had their hearts set on a West Coast jaunt — even though Dad could manage only a two-week vacation. Shrewdly, he had the family drive on ahead, seeing a big chunk of the West en route. He caught up with them in San Francisco a few weeks later. Result: the family had 16 full days to see the Coast.

Of course, the whole family can fly more cheaply than you may realize, since most major airlines feature special family and tourist rates. When you travel by car, you pay for gasoline and lodging. If you fly, you save time. If you prefer more leisurely train travel, as many families do, you can usually go directly to where you most want to be.

Once in the West, you can solve your travel problem by renting a car. One family from Chicago took a crack streamliner to the Coast, rented a car, tent and camping equipment, then camped out in California for the two weeks—all for a total cost close to what they would have spent driving out and stopping at motels.

There are any number of ways to "scramble" your transportation. You can, for instance, fly to some point in the West, and from there take a train or a bus for a better look at the scenery. At spots you'd like to explore, stop and rent a car.

The off-trail West

By taking routes not usually chosen by tourists, you can see some of the West's most dazzling scenery. Take Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the U. S., outside of Alaska. Few travelers ever see it, because it's located on the eastern slope of the Sierra, not on the more accessible western side. And such National Monuments as Devils Tower, Montezuma Castle, Natural Bridges, Lava Beds and Great Sand Dunes are all off the main roads.

Don't think you have to be a hardy pioneer to see these off-beat sights. Many can be reached by excellent highways. U. S. 395, for example, runs all the way from San Diego to Canada, past Lake Tahoe, with easy side trips to the Feather River Canyon and Grand Coulee Dam. Other vacation vistas are also opened up by good state roads—such as New Mexico's Highway 3, which takes you through sleepy little Spanish and Indian villages untouched by time—and then into famed Taos.

Of course, if you are a real adventurer, the West is crisscrossed by minor roads, some little more than dirt tracks. Here, don't rely on maps. Ask locally whether these routes are passable. Take one of them and you may bring back your most cherished Western memories.

The off-season West

For those who can take their vacations in May, September or October, Western travel can be delightful. But first make sure you know the West's weather and climatic patterns. There's a tremendous variation; an area that is wonderful to visit at one time of the year may be a disappointment at another.

Springtime in the Rockies may be famed in song, but it's not the best time to journey there. April is Colorado's cloudiest month, and in much of the mountainous West you may even encounter heavy snow late in the spring.

On the other hand, spring is the best time to visit the desert regions of Arizona and California. The brilliant desert flowers are in bloom and streams that are dry the rest of the year are then running full. Spring in any part of California is wonderful. You'll see blossoming orchards framed against the snow-capped peaks. The Sierra foothills look like the Garden of Eden, and between them sprawls a crazyquilt of flower-carpeted meadows.

Autumn is California's least appealing season. The long, dry summer has turned the foliage drab and brown. Back roads are dusty and even Bridalveil falls in Yosemite is reduced to a trickle. It's also likely to be hot. Even San Francisco, which boasts 65-degree temperature highs in mid-summer, sometimes sizzles in 90-degree September heat. But the fall is perfect for vacationing in the Pacific Northwest, where the foliage is bright. And October makes the mountains of New Mexico and Colorado seem even more like God's country. Snow covers the highest peaks and, on the slopes below, the quaking aspen run like yellow flames up the mountain sides.

Whichever route and time you pick, have a well-planned itinerary when you hit the trail. It's the one sure way to guarantee you'll come back not frazzled or frustrated, but aglow at having seen what you really wanted to see in the big, wide, wonderful West.

Adding Insult to Injury

THE GENERAL MANAGER of a Southern electric and power company had just finished a speech on "My Most Embarrassing Moment" when the electric power in the auditorium failed.

A CEMENT FACTORY in Argentina was forced to curtail operations when hundreds of its employees became ill at a luncheon celebrating the end of a year without an accident.

—MARGARET VINNING

by Frank L. Remington

POSTAL PUZZLERS

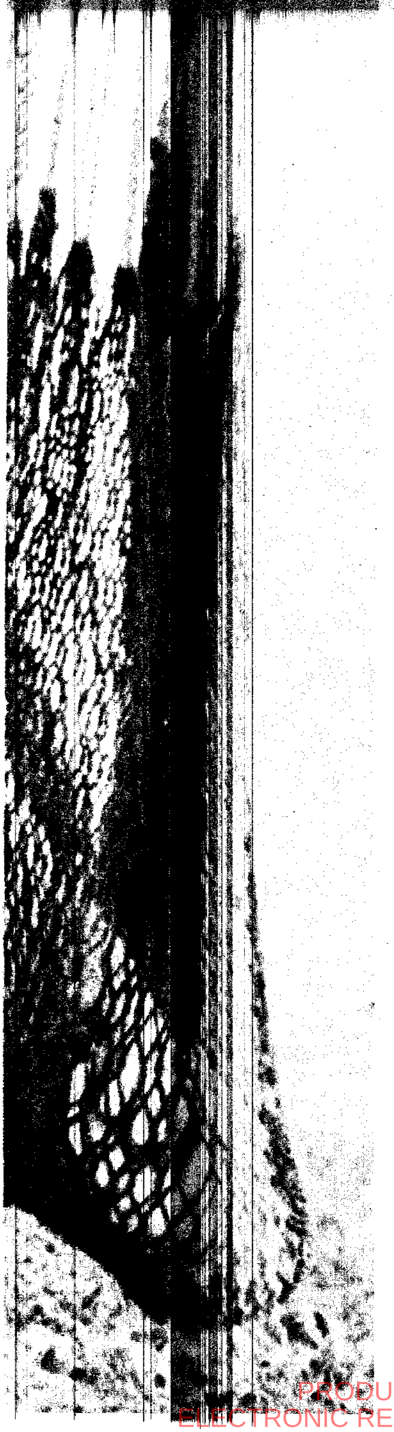
A WHILE BACK, a postman in Marblehead, Massachusetts, scratched his head thoughtfully as he contemplated a letter addressed to "Cow's Corner." Finally light dawned and he correctly deposited it at the corner of Jersey and Guernsey Streets. An equally alert mail carrier in Paducah, Kentucky, experienced little difficulty with a missive directed to "Embrace the Pharmacist." He delivered it to Mr. Hugg, the local druggist.

An enigmatic segment of humanity, it seems, takes fiendish delight in testing the post office department's ability to unscramble puzzling addresses. But they're no match for Uncle Sam's postal workers, who accept the challenge and rarely fail to route "nixies," as they are termed, to the intended recipient. A letter addressed to C_2H_5OH, Batesville, Arkansas, for example, was promptly delivered to Alkie Hall, a grocer. C_2H_5OH is the chemical formula for common alcohol.

Letters addressed in shorthand, in musical notes, and in symbols rarely stump the post office. One fellow in Columbus, Ohio, received a letter with only his photo and city as an address. And more than one person posted a letter to the late Robert Ripley addressed with nothing more than drawings of a bee, a leaf, the word IT, an oar, and a knot. The symbols, of course, translate into "Believe It Or Not."

Some artistically inclined writers delight in posting letters to the White House with nothing on the envelope but a drawn caricature of the President or some other appropriate sketch. A favorite during Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration consisted of a picture of a rose followed by the letters "v-e-l-t." During Theodore Roosevelt's tenure, numerous messages arrived with only a toothy grin beneath a huge pair of pince-nez spectacles on the envelope. When T. R. became famous for his "big stick," mail often came in with only a drawing of a club on the envelope.

Occasionally, correspondents who know to whom they wish to write but aren't sure of the correct address or title just do the best they can in addressing letters. And they generally get through. Not long ago, the Clower brothers of Gulfport, Mississippi, received a letter from Waco, Texas. It was addressed: "Downtown Furniture Store Run By Two Brothers Who Look Alike, Across Street From Dime Store, Appliance Store At One End Of Street, Dry Goods Store At Other." ♛



"My girl"

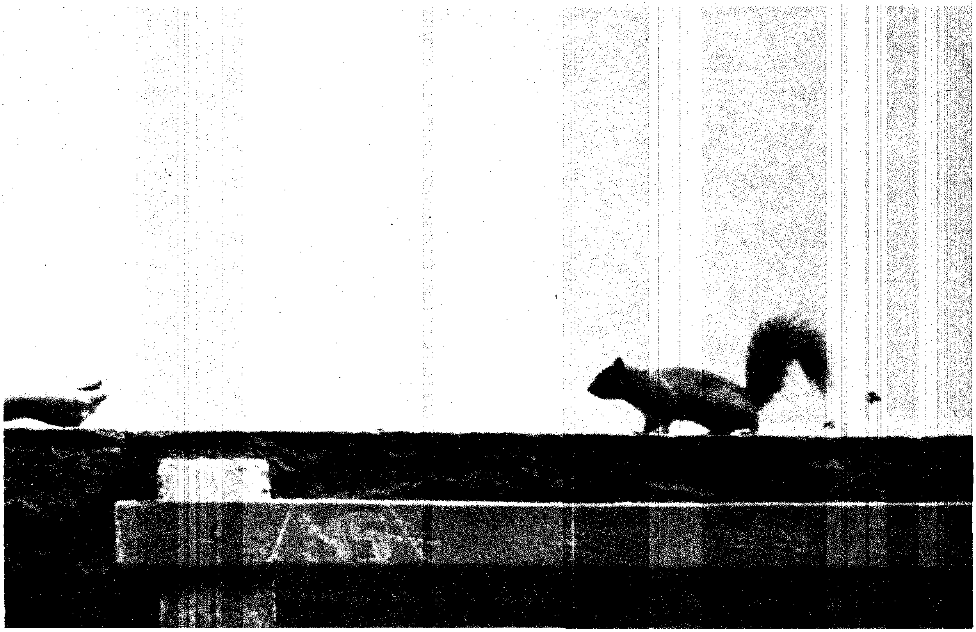
photographs and captions by Dan Budnik

The most important person in the life of New Yorker Dan Budnik, 25, is Toby Gemperle, his 17-year-old sweetheart. Like many young men, he often finds it hard to express in words the love he feels for her. But unlike these young men, Budnik, a talented photographer, can use his "second language"—pictures—to show what Toby means to him. On the following pages is Dan's sensitive sonnet to his beautiful girl—in his own words and photographs.

Dan and Toby plan small wedding in her home just outside San Francisco.

A 5'7", 118-pound redhead, Toby came to New York from California last June to study ballet. (Later, she started accepting fashion assignments from the Ford Model Agency.) She took a room at the YWCA's Studio Club, but during the summer spent weekends with friends in Woodstock, New York. The friends also knew Dan Budnik and tried to arrange a meeting. But both kept shying away. "You know how disappointing blind dates usually are," Dan explains sheepishly. Finally, he agreed to take Toby to dinner — but brought along a male friend to help make things less awkward. "When I heard Toby was only 17, I got worried," Dan says. "I wondered what we could talk about." He found plenty to say. "She fitted the image I always had of the girl I thought I'd fall in love with some day," he recalls. After dinner, the male "chaperon" left and Dan drove Toby to Brooklyn Heights, with its romantic view of the New York skyline. A week later they were going steady.

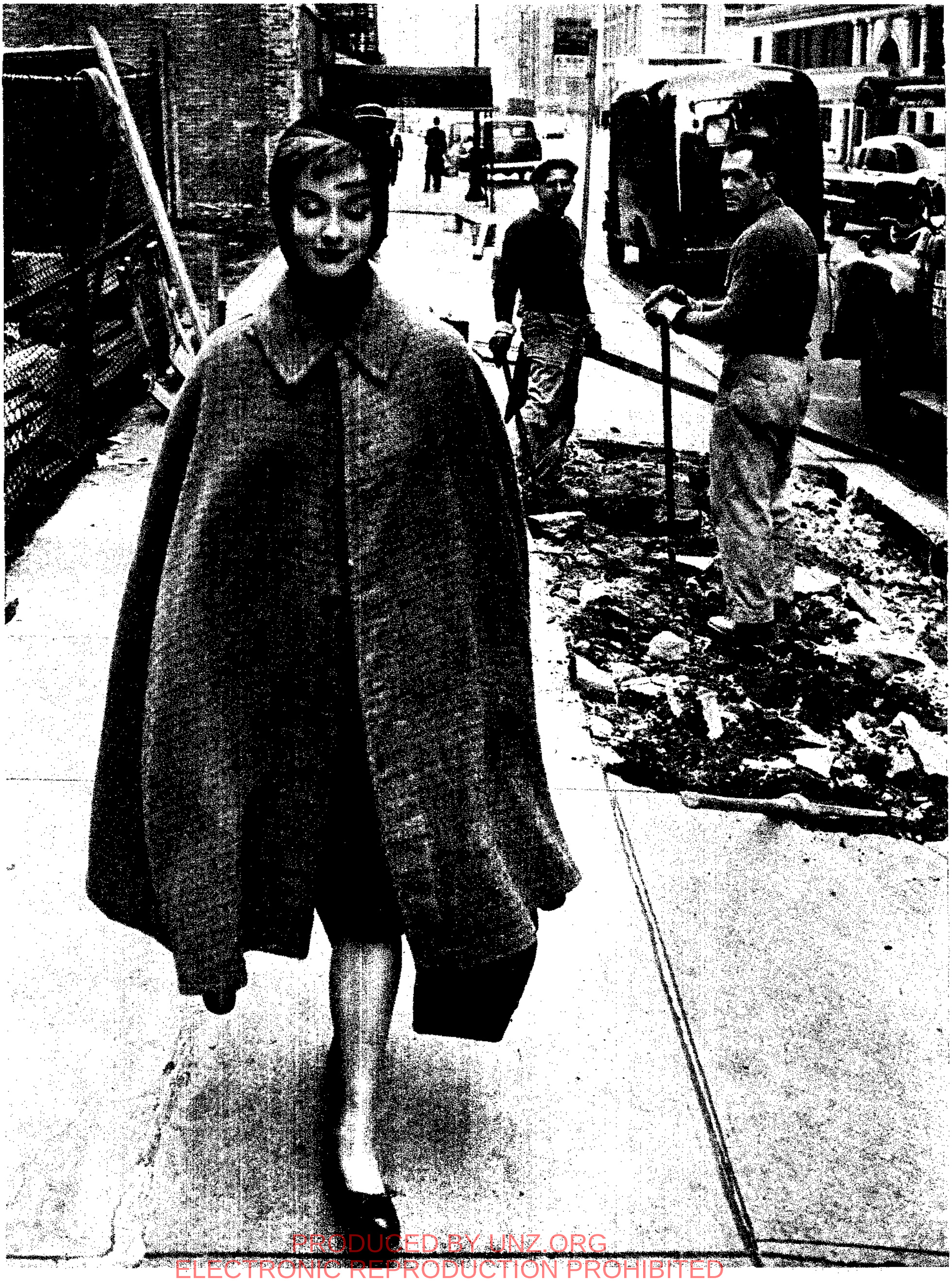
"When Toby poses for fashion photographer Erwin Blumenfeld (above), she is all glamor, sophistication and maturity. But when she roams through the park feeding the squirrels (below), she acts like a playful kid."

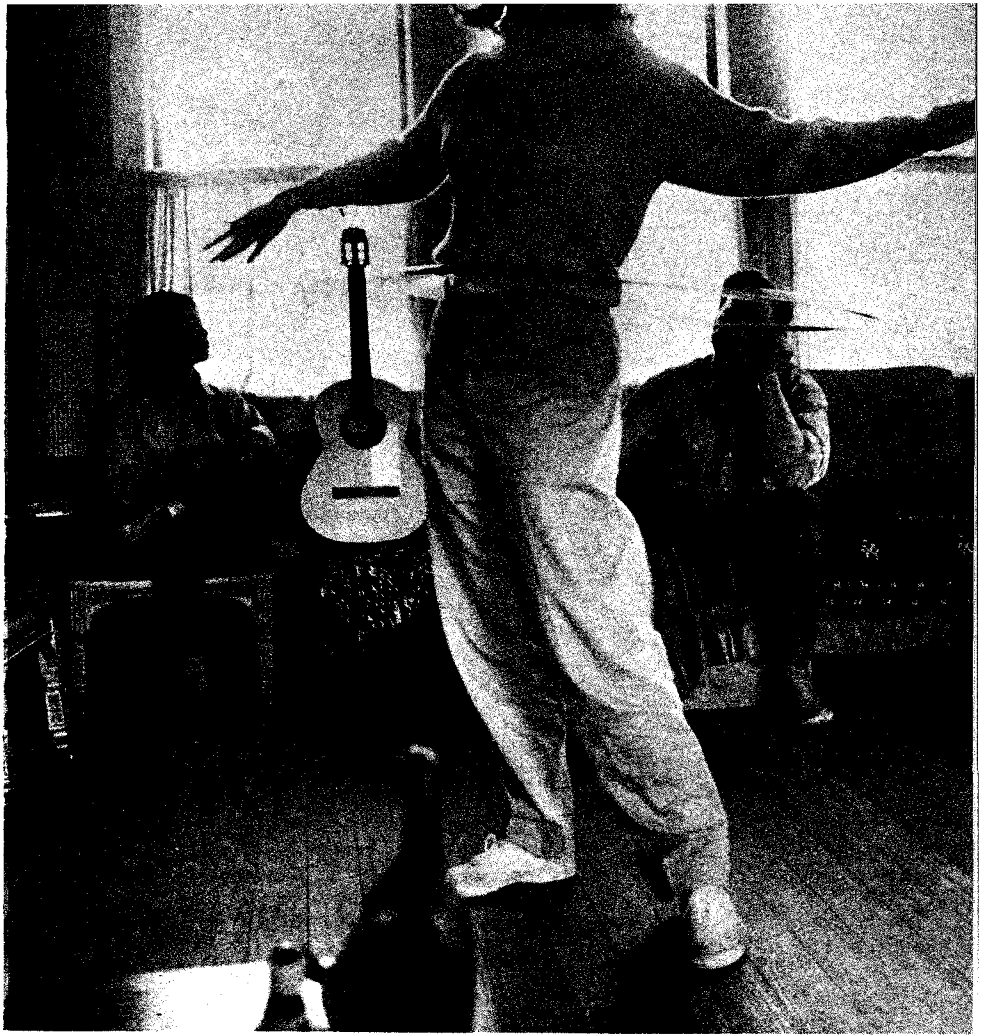


"I envy Toby's carefree, spontaneous nature. She'll try almost anything once—like the time she tried to slide down a subway escalator (left)."

"She has cried only three times since I've known her, and twice it was my fault. Tears make her look older—and leave me feeling helpless."

"Being a model, Toby is learning to look demure when men stare at her. Actually she's still embarrassed by their glances. But as her boy friend, I'm flattered by it all."

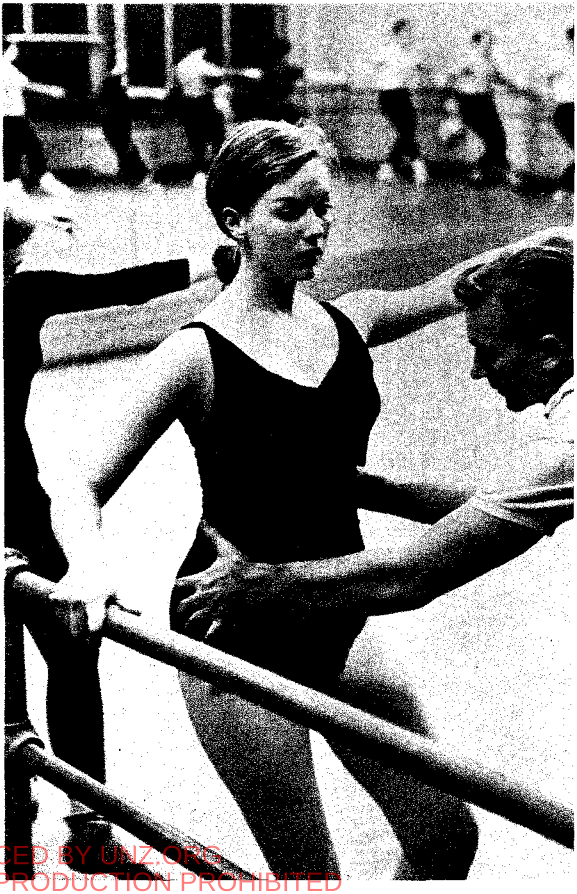


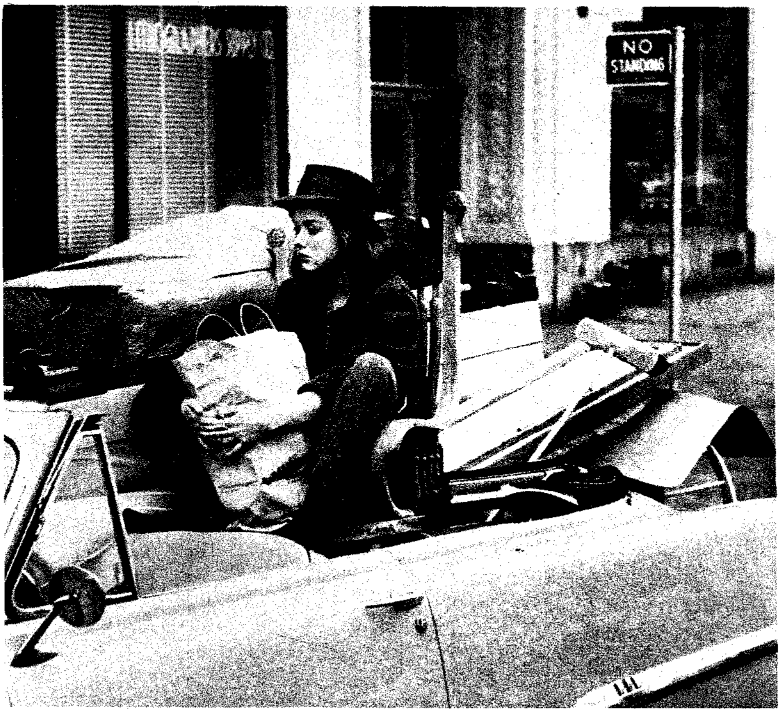


"Toby fits in wherever we go. At a come-as-you-are party in the country, she suddenly jumped up and spun a Hula-Hoop in the middle of the room."

"Watching Toby hush a friend's crying baby, I saw Madonna-like tenderness and love. It was easy to picture her as the mother of the three children we hope to have."

"Ballet meant everything to Toby when she came to New York. But during the last six months she discovered that it took more work than she had expected. Toby was realistic. 'If I felt I could be a great dancer,' she told me, 'the work might be worth it. But I'll never be that good.' I tried not to influence her decision, but I'm glad she's cutting down on her dance lessons. In the winter, she'd work herself to exhaustion, and catch one cold after another."





"When I moved into a new apartment, Toby wore herself out helping me lug my belongings down to the car. Then, plopping my old fedora on her head, she enthroned herself in a high-backed chair like a gypsy princess. Later that week, she tried on her wedding gown (right). Watching her fuss with the bridal veil, it was hard to believe all this was for me. I suddenly realized that loving Toby has been like learning to walk all over again—and the journey is just beginning." ♛

apt answers

FOLLOWING DINNER at our neighbor's home, the eight-year-old son volunteered to dry the dishes while their small daughter, age seven, proceeded into the living room where she promptly curled up in a big chair.

"Sissie," said the man of the house. "Aren't you ashamed, letting your brother do all the work in helping your mother? I think you're just plain lazy!"

"I'm not lazy, daddy," explained the little miss. "I'm just trying to enjoy my childhood while there's some of it left."

—J. A. WILKINSON

THE ENTIRE FAMILY had gathered at the old farm home for a reunion and long after supper the celebration went on indoors. Only the father of the clan ventured out to wander the vast acres in the dark. On his walk the old man fell into a slough and found himself sitting waist-deep in slimy mud—vastly uncomfortable but in no danger. Unmoving, he shouted loudly, "Fire! Fire!"

Since fire is among the most dreaded of all rural disasters, the roistering family poured forth into the night frantic with fear. On finding the mired old man, one of his sons said, "You scared us to death, Pa. Why on earth did you yell 'fire'?"

"Well now, boy," replied the patriarch, with pure logic, "if'n I'd yelled 'mud,' I'd'a been here till spring plantin'."

—RUTH FAUST

LIKE EVERY PRESIDENT before and since, Grover Cleveland was plagued by job seekers. One Midwestern politician repeatedly asked to be appointed postmaster of his city. The President, knowing that the man was not qualified for the job, put him off time and again.

Then, when Cleveland was elected for a second term, the politician sent him a congratulatory telegram.

"The country hails you," read the wire. "Thank Heaven, we shall once again have your wisdom to lean upon."

Cleveland, reading between the lines, wired back:

"Your application for the postmastership has been duly filed."

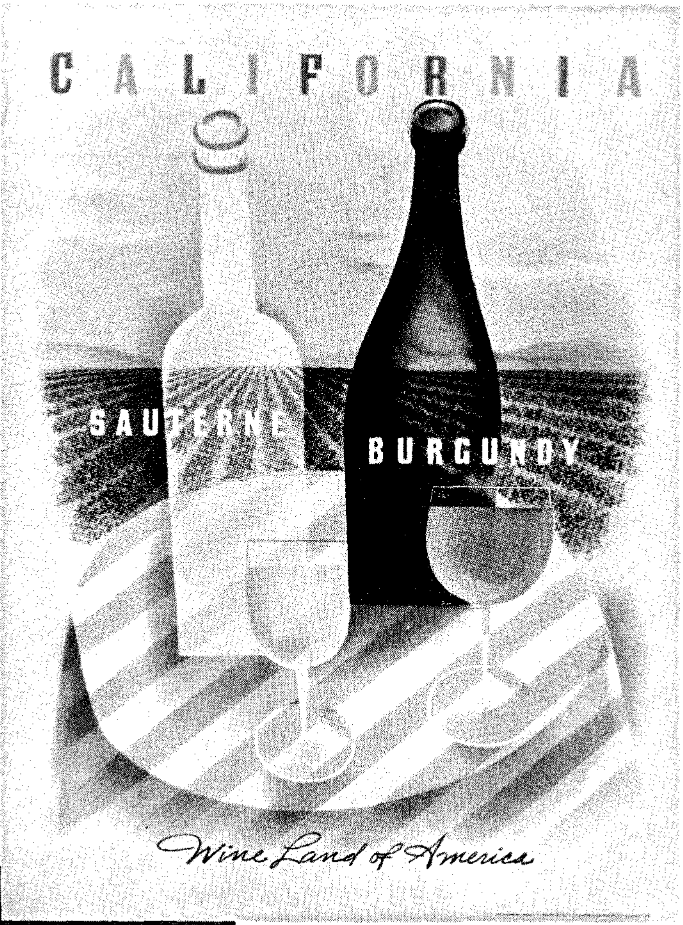
—E. E. EDGAR

BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE New Jersey's handsome Governor, Robert Meyner, received via the mails countless proposals of matrimony from admiring females.

One such proposal came from a lady in distant Lebanon, who enclosed an enticing photograph of herself and suggested a romantic interlude. Meyner turned the suggestion down. Asked why, he replied:

"I didn't think it fell within my scope of duties to relieve Mideast tensions."

—E. E. EDGAR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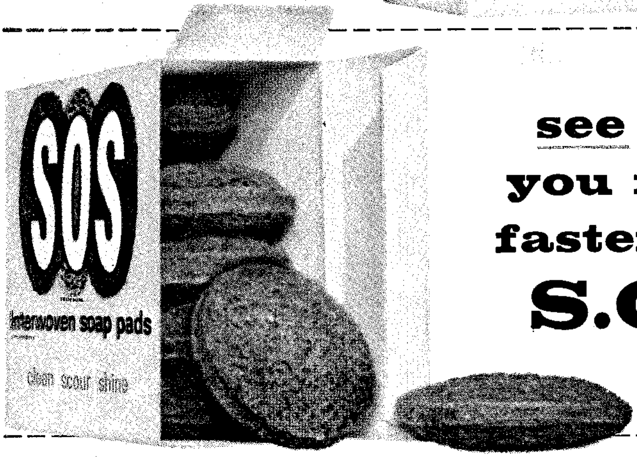
package

SOS
Interwoven soap pads
hold their soap
SOS
Interwoven soap pads
clean scour shine


SOS
Interwoven soap pads
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see why you finish faster with S.O.S

One thing about cleaning pots and pans, you feel so good when you're finished **...and with S.O.S you finish faster!**

See the interwoven fibers

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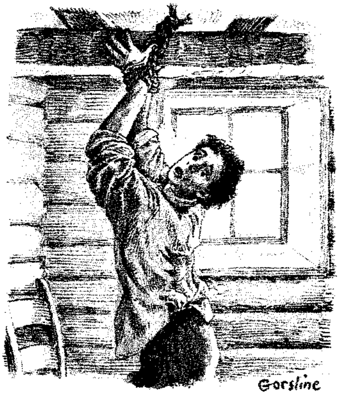
S.O.S IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION—S.O.S MFG. CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

by William M. Hall

"Pa, I will not lie"



HANGING BY HIS wrists from the rafters of a crude log cabin deep in the Wisconsin woods, an eight-year-old boy cringed under the impact of repeated blows from willow switches, and sobbed:

"Pa, I will not lie!"

Two hours of brutal beating failed to break the spirit of young Emmanuel Dannan. Over and over he repeated the fateful words, "Pa, I will not lie!" Finally, the boy cried feebly, "Pa, I'm so cold—" and collapsed. Death had ended his ordeal.

Calamity had haunted Emmanuel Dannan almost from the time of his birth in 1843. His parents had arrived in Milwaukee from England in 1845. Two years later, when Emmanuel was four years old, his mother died. A year later death claimed his father, but an uncle saved the homeless lad from the poorhouse.

Adversity trailed Emmanuel, however; his uncle died in a little more than a year, and Samuel Norton and his wife adopted the boy.

When Emmanuel reached the age of eight in 1851, he chanced, according to local sources, to witness the murder of a peddler by his stepparents. The Nortons commanded him to lie to the police. The boy refused—and for his honesty suffered his fatal beating.

For killing Emmanuel, Samuel Norton and his wife served seven years in prison. But feeling ran high for "The Boy Who Would Not Lie." Indignant citizens raised $1,099.94 toward erection of a monument to the lad. A professional "secretary" was employed to tour the East to raise additional funds. But he never succeeded in adding a penny to the fund; and when he turned in a bill of expenses it ironically amounted to $1,099.94.

For over a hundred years, Emmanuel Dannan's grave remained unmarked. But the people of nearby Montello, Wisconsin, did not forget. On May 2, 1954, 2,000 people gathered to dedicate a handsome, six-foot, red granite monument, erected beside the long-neglected grave. The inscription on it read, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

Because an uncompromising eight-year-old orphan chose to die rather than tell a lie, the people of Montello, Wisconsin, annually observe May 2 as Truth Day in his honor.

Joanne Woodward:

the adamant Eve

by Helen Markel

She wanted to prove she could act. Her mother wanted her to marry. So, all in a year, this determined girl won her Oscar *and* her man

On a recent high noon in Beverly Hills, a slender, ash-blonde girl, leading two Chihuahuas, walked into Romanoff's, the hostelry of ex-Prince Michael Romanoff.

Romanoff stepped forward and kissed her hand. A uniformed busboy accepted the dogs with a deference due the Czar's own wolfhounds, and the maître d' led her to a front table. Across the room James Stewart looked up from his hamburger and raised his hand in salute.

Joanne Woodward—the star of *Three Faces of Eve*, the best actress of 1957—had arrived.

"I remember," she said, shrugging off a blue cashmere coat, "when they would have seated me out there with the dogs."

She tousled her bird's nest, ordered a Dubonnet on the rocks, waved at Dinah Shore, and reflected on 1958.

It was a year in which Miss Woodward had made a variety of people

very happy: her studio; her new husband, Paul Newman; her director, Nunnally Johnson, who gambled on her as Eve; her analyst, who knew she had it in her; and her mother, who wasn't at all sure.

"Oh, Mother always figured I'd make it as an *actress*," she explained, bobbing an ice cube with a pale pink fingernail. "*Her* big worry was that she'd spawned a spinster. . . ."

It would appear that mothers of single daughters over 25 years old worry about them, even when they're movie stars. Particularly Southern mothers.

"You're regarded as a dodo in the South if you're not married by 22," explained Joanne. "Poor Mother. It got so she objected to my accepting unglamorous parts on the theory they cut down further on my chances of marriage." (Joanne's mother was especially disturbed by a 1955 movie Joanne still considers her best, *Count Three and Pray,* in which Joanne played a 15-year-old ragamuffin with a funny haircut.)

"Mother wants me to be A Great Lady and the devil with Art," Joanne continued, "She says leading ladies always look Nice."

Her parents are divorced. Her father now works in New York; her mother has remarried and lives in Aiken, South Carolina. "Mother's the last of the original Southern belles," Joanne said fondly. "Feminine, charming and utterly uninhibited. Once I introduced her to Van Heflin and she said, 'Ah want to thank you, Mr. Heflin, for lettin' mah little girl steal all those scenes from you.' "

Mrs. Woodward was equally outspoken about Joanne's single status. When she visited her daughter in Hollywood, she addressed a group of Joanne's friends on the subject.

"Three years ago," she said wistfully, "Ah thought mah grandson would have curly hair like Jimmy Costigan. The next year Ah figured him for Gore Vidal's dimples. This year Ah'm hopin' maybe he'll have a big smile like Paul Newman's. . . ."

Now happily married to Newman, Joanne smiled back on it all. "Southern girls never just 'go' with someone—they always get engaged before anything can happen. Each year I got engaged to a new boy. I racked up five fiancés before I finally made a decision. Mother almost went mad, poor lamb."

Despite her mother's dire warnings, Joanne didn't feel she was ready for marriage until she met Newman. "As a child of divorce, you don't go into marriage lightly," she reflected. "I had to learn more about myself. The only real teacher for an actress—or for anyone—is herself. Analysis teaches you to really look at yourself *honestly*—that's the toughest part.

"For 28 years I've worked hard to be truthful as a person and an actress. . . . It's terrifying to find out that truth doesn't pay." A look of fear flashed in her intense eyes. "What I have learned is that I should lose this compulsion to shoot my mouth off."

She first met Paul Newman in 1953 when they were both in *Picnic*. On January 29, 1958, they flew to Las Vegas and got married. She still doesn't quite know how they decided to do it. "The days of magnificent proposals are over," she said. "No one gets down on his—*their?*—knees anymore. One day it just seemed *right* for us."

She still doesn't feel married, but is practicing saying "Joanne Newman" ten times a day in the hope that she will finally believe it. The major change that marriage has wrought thus far is in her new desire not to work.

"I sit around and read cookbooks and sew and wait for Paul to come home. And I love it," she said in some surprise. "I guess one's childhood conditioning really does stick."

BORN IN Thomasville, Georgia, she was raised in the grand magnolia tradition. She never cut her hair until she was 16, avoided the noonday sun, and did needlework. Even in the beauty contests in which her mother, an ex-beauty queen from Spartanburg, S. C., entered her, she always wore a dress instead of a bathing suit.

When she left school to go to New York, she rebelled against this background to the extent of assiduously losing her Southern accent. Paradoxically, in five out of seven movies to date she has played Southern girls, for which she has carefully had to regain the accent.

Joanne began acting in earnest when her family moved to Greenville, S. C. She was elected prettiest girl in the Greenville high school freshman class and became a protégé of Robert McLane, director of Greenville's Little Theatre.

"McLane took me seriously, and heaven knows, I took myself seriously. Only Daddy didn't, so I spent two years at Louisiana State University until he finally gave up the battle and let me go to New York.

There she enrolled in the Neighborhood Playhouse School under Sanford Meisner, who has also taught Gregory Peck and Kim Stanley. Meisner remembers her as a pretty, plump girl with an accent you could spoon over cornbread. When he asked her why she wanted to become an actress, she said simply, "It's the only thing Ah kin do."

In her second year at the Playhouse, minus the accent, a talent scout spotted her and signed her for television. En route, she auditioned for the part of Kim Stanley's understudy in *Picnic,* but Joshua Logan felt she was too pretty—"your chemistry is wrong for the role." She returned the next day in a shapeless leather jacket, her hair skinned back and read again.

"Not bad," Logan said doubtfully, "but I'm afraid that the part requires a little more glam. . . ."

Joanne loosened her bun, removed the jacket and Logan recognized her. "New chemistry," she said.

She got the job.

After *Picnic* she appeared in some 150 TV shows without incident until she was cast as a lonely, troubled schoolgirl opposite Dick Powell in a show called *Interlude.* The production head of 20th Century Fox happened to switch on his TV that night, and she was summoned to Hollywood. She did three minor pictures in as many years, and then along came *Eve.*

Joanne is hard-headed about the vagaries of life in Hollywood. "I hadn't done anything for a year except pick up my paycheck," she said. "Everybody else turned *Eve* down. So they decided, well, we got this cukie girl here, let's let *her* have a whack at it. . . ."

She took such a whack at it that an Oscar presides over the den of Paul and Joanne Newman's new house high in the hills that ring Laurel Canyon. "It's a real cukie house," she said affectionately. "It's Spanish—kind of early Joan Crawford. It's got three levels, two dogs, one bridegroom and two Oscars."

The second Oscar is a "Noscar" presented to Paul by his colleagues for not being nominated for an Oscar.

"Paul gets more offers than I do," she said. "I think he's better than Brando—" the green eyes flashed warningly—"and that's an unprejudiced opinion."

Paul and Joanne made the lively comedy *Rally Round the Flag, Boys* together, after Paul finally persuaded the studio to use her. "I'm the hottest unemployed actress in town," she said slowly. "Paul really had to *sell* them on me. It's funny. The same people who gave me the award are afraid to use me, because they're not sure people really know my name. So no one quite knows how to handle me. . . ." She smiled suddenly, and her whole face lit up. "Except Paul, that is." But 20th has since cast her as a Southern girl in William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury,* opposite Yul Brynner.

Wedding presents are still flooding in. Among them are an old *samurai* sword, a family crest in petit point from a remote kissin' cousin, and a mink-covered garbage can.

"What we really need are sheets and towels," she said pensively, "but suddenly everybody thinks of me as a girl who has everything. If we'd gotten married a year ago I'd have gotten a frying pan instead of a sword and really had something. Life's funny. It's the same crazy logic involved in giving the most expensive presents to your richest friends. When you're available, nobody asks you out. Last year I could have gone on a six-month safari if anyone had invited me. Now I've got invitations to Brussels, to Cannes, to Monaco and no time to accept."

Joanne claims she's a frugal girl, a trait inherited from her mother. "When we have a drink at Sardi's, for example, Mother takes the Saltines and slips them in her purse."

She has finally brought herself to invest in her first fur coat, very long, which she refuses to shorten. "Cut an inch off that fur I've barely paid for?" she said incredulously. "I'll wait for the styles to come to me."

On location, Joanne sits on Newman's knee: "He's the first man I ever wanted to marry."

Although Joanne has the reputation of being a rebel, she insists it is simply a label Hollywood gives those who prefer to live elsewhere than on the Gold Coast.

"There's nothing personal about it," she said slowly, "I'm grateful for the opportunity Hollywood gave me—let's face it, I wasn't a great success in New York—but I hate the life here. "I *love* New York. It's almost like being in love with a person. Paul feels it too. It's the place I wanted to be for 19 years and it's never disappointed me. All this California sunshine depresses me."

She hesitated a moment. "It may sound snobbish, but I hate what happens to a lot of people once they get out here. Even the interesting ones get single-minded. People in the East seem to be interested in more *things*. . . ."

This year she hopes to have her baby (due in April), do a play in New York, take courses for credit at Columbia and attend the Actors Studio. "It's funny. Getting an Oscar makes you more secure, and at the same time more frightened. . . ."

The day after the Academy awards she still had her Oscar in the back of the car when she stopped in for some gas. "What's that thing worth?" the attendant asked.

"Check any hockshop," she laughed. "They have lots of them."

He reported this exchange to his next customer and it unfailingly turned up in the press.

She sighed. "Life is no longer an

open book," she said. "These days my main feeling is one of self-censorship, of having to learn to *control* myself.

"Winning the Oscar tells you that you've made it, that you're a star. But nothing really is different . . . you never really make it once and for all. Every new part, every picture, you have to make it all over again."

She slipped into her blue coat, gave her hair a tousle and stood up. The headwaiter rushed over to pull out the table. Across the room Orson Welles, eating Strawberries Romanoff, waved at her.

In the lobby, Romanoff kissed her hand. The attendant delivered the dogs, who squirmed over her in an ecstasy of reunion.

"Control, boys, control," said Joanne Woodward, scooping them up in her arms and heading out into the eternal California sunshine. "Control is the whole cukie secret."

To the Point

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW HAD BEEN BORED for several hours by the pretentious conversation of a man who was trying to impress him.

"You know," Shaw finally broke in, "between the two of us, we know all there is to be known."

"How is that?" asked the delighted conversationalist.

"Well," said Shaw, "you seem to know everything except that you're a bore. And I know that!"—*Irish Digest*

INVENTOR CHARLES F. KETTERING, who taught himself through ceaseless experimentation, had little patience with those who get their knowledge from books.

Some years ago, a piston he designed was exhibited at an engineering convention. One afternoon, a visitor stopped to examine the piston. Not recognizing Kettering, he muttered: "I don't see how anyone could design a thing like that."

"What's wrong with it?" Kettering asked. "It has already run 1,500,000 miles."

"I don't care how many miles it has run. It just isn't any good. The principle is all wrong."

"How do you know?" the inventor asked.

"I'm an engineer and I've also been a draftsman and a machinist."

"I see," Kettering said. "But were you ever a piston?"

—E. E. EDGAR

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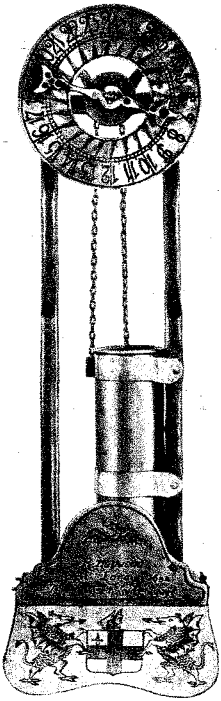


Made in 1697, this clepsydra (water clock) was run by liquid escaping from cylindrical tank.

It's about time

by Robert J. Gunder

IN MANY DRAMATIC WAYS, man continues conquering the world he lives in, harnessing the atom, plumbing the seas and probing outer space. Yet one factor remains unchangeable—time. All man has been able to do is measure and record it—although with increasing ingenuity.

Man's first timepiece was the earth itself, swinging around the sun at regular intervals. The early Babylonians noticed this rhythm and divided the sky into 12 "hours of the night." They also named each "day" after one of their seven celestial gods. Thus we have Sun Day, Moon Day and Saturn Day.

Here, in the Western hemisphere, more than 2,000 years ago, the Incas, Aztecs and Mayans studied the heavens, and developed a calendar as accurate as ours. The Aztec year was 365¼ days long; every fourth year had an extra day—and every 100 years the Aztecs omitted "leap day."

But gradually, as man's life grew more complex, he needed to divide his day into smaller segments. He achieved this by watching how the shadow of a pointed rock moved across the ground. Thrusting a stick into the earth, he surrounded it with a circle of terraced stones. As he studied the length and direction of the stick's shadow on the stones, man knew a regular interval of time had gone by. Thus the sundial—the first man-made timepiece—was created.

Later, man used fire for more cunning timepieces. The first known "alarm clock" was a burning joss or "punk" stick which Chinese couriers stuck between their toes as they napped by the side of the road during a long journey. When the joss burned down to the courier's toes, he awoke!

Another ancient time-telling aid was water. Three thousand years ago, Indian maharajahs floated a pierced brass bowl in a large basin of water. When the bowl filled and sank, imperial slaves struck a huge gong to mark the hour.

On the other side of the world, the Greeks devised a clepsydra, or "thief of water," in which slowly escaping water raised or lowered a float and marked the passage of time on a dial or chart. A later version of the water clock was used to limit debate in the Roman Senate. It was eventually abandoned after long-winded Senators craftily slowed the clock down by "muddying the waters"—a phrase that is still synonymous with political chicanery. These primitive water clocks had one drawback, however. In the winter, the water froze and the clocks stopped. The problem was finally solved in the eighth century by a monk named Luitprand, who substituted sand for water and thus invented the hourglass.

Even as more complex timepieces were developed, clockmakers stubbornly insisted that the hours of the day be divided equally among the daylight hours. Thus, during the long days of summer, the hours were much longer than during the short days of winter. But finally, water clockmasters created ingenious cylinders which revolved with the seasons—the hour lines closely spaced in winter and widely spaced in summer. These water-powered timepieces led to the even more complicated weight-driven clock found in European town bell towers at the end of the 10th century.

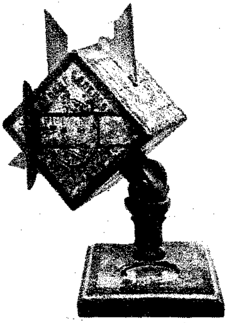
But all clocks were infuriatingly inaccurate until some 700 years later, when a man named Christian Huygens introduced the pendulum. After that, clocks kept good time as long as they remained upright and stationary. But aboard ships at sea, where accurate time was important for navigational purposes, weight-driven clocks got "seasick" on rough voyages. This led to the invention in 1675 of the first balance spring by a trio of clock enthusiasts headed by Huygens.

An interesting innovation was introduced in 1571, when England's Queen Elizabeth was given "a wristlet in which was a clocke." But this first crude wrist watch bore only an hour hand on its face.

Today, watches need little power to keep them ticking. A lady's coiled spring watch uses up only a billionth of one horsepower. Translated into electrical terms, the power required to keep a 25-watt light bulb burning for one hour would run a small watch for more than 2,000 years!

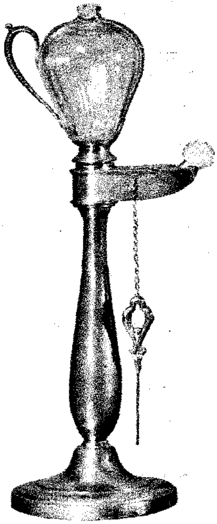
And in 1957, the electric watch became a reality. A tiny button-size energy cell, or battery, will operate an electric watch for 12 to 18 months without loss of accuracy. Recently an electric-watch manufacturer demonstrated his timepiece's economy by eliminating the battery altogether. As an experiment, wires leading to the watch were plugged into a lemon! Amazingly, power flowing between the electrodes of zinc and silver buried in the acid fruit was sufficient to keep the watch running accurately.

No one can be sure what lies ahead in the world of time. But one fact seems fairly certain: in tomorrow's atomic world we will remain firmly cupped in the hands of time—as we are today and as we were yesterday.



Ancient German wood-block sundial had five "gnomons"—fins whose shadows marked passage of time.

In 17th-century lamp clock, hours were recorded by the amount of oil consumed in glass bulb.



Using a bold new plan,

over 150 pioneer hospitals

now split their

facilities into three

"price zones" to provide . . .

Better hospital care for less

by Howard Earle

A CONNECTICUT insurance executive recently underwent an appendectomy in a Hartford hospital. He spent seven and a half days there at a cost of $229.20.

In nearby Manchester, on the same day, an automobile agency owner underwent the same operation. He spent six days in Memorial Hospital at a cost of $183.88.

While the costs of any two cases, even similar ones, cannot be exactly compared, most of the difference in this particular instance can be credited to a new plan of hospital operation that is giving thousands of patients the benefit of shorter hospital stays and better care for less money.

This new plan—designed to meet each patient's special medical needs—is known as Progressive Patient Care and has been in effect since April, 1957, in Manchester's 187-bed Memorial Hospital. Basically, it divides the hospital into three distinct zones of care, special, intermediate, and self-service; costs for each zone vary according to the type of care given.

A patient may be admitted to any zone and later be moved, according to his medical needs. He may enter the special care unit and with improvement move to the intermediate zone and then to the self-service unit.

Another patient might be admitted to the self-service unit, move into the intermediate zone where final diagnosis might take him to the special care unit.

Take the case of a contractor with a moderate income, who was admitted to Memorial Hospital for a checkup, following two physical collapses. He envisioned a mountain of bills as he entered Memorial's Crowell House, a nurses' home converted into the hospital's self-service unit for ambulatory patients.

The patient had a private room with lavatory and running water, maid service, use of the central lounge with television, and the run of a short-order kitchen for snacks. He shaved, bathed, dressed and waited on himself, going to the hospital cafeteria for all meals except breakfasts (which could be served in bed, if the patient requested it). His time was his own when not undergoing diagnostics tests.

Upon his discharge, he was amazed to find it had cost him only $11 a day for his stay in the self-service unit. The charge would have been even less, had he chosen a semi-private room.

Early one evening last year, a school teacher was rushed to Memorial with a severe chest injury. After two days, he was moved to the operating room for surgery. Afterwards, he was placed in the special care unit. Later in the evening, he suddenly choked and lapsed into shock. His doctor decided on an immediate tracheotomy to make an opening in the windpipe to permit breathing.

The operation was completed within three minutes, proving the value of the proximity of the special care unit to the operating and post-anesthesia rooms. The teacher's bill in the special care unit averaged $23 a day for his room.

The average cost is based upon an unusual set up in the intensive care unit. In practice, the three areas of patient care shade one another. In the special care unit is the "grey zone." Those slightly less seriously ill than the very serious are placed in the "grey zone." It costs $26 a day in the seriously ill area of the special care unit and $20 a day in the less seriously ill, or "grey zone."

Progressive Patient Care is the brain child of Edward J. Thoms, 40-year-old administrator of Manchester Memorial Hospital. He predicts sizeable growth of the plan within the next three years. One of its important aspects, he points out, is that a doctor may admit his patients directly to the special care unit without going through the admitting office, long a source of irritation to patients. Moreover, no patient may be moved from one unit to another without specific orders from the patient's doctor.

Progressive Patient Care has proved so successful that even the Pediatrics Department, originally not included in the program because the medical staff doubted that it would be beneficial to the children's department, is now considering the plan. Real interest occurred when a pediatrician rushed into the hospital one evening with a nine-year-old girl near death from a ruptured spleen.

The girl was admitted to the special care unit upon the doctor's request and the nearness of the unit to all hospital emergency facilities was a vital factor in saving her life. News of this spread quickly throughout the Pediatrics Department and, in a short time, they were seriously studying the program for themselves.

Mrs. Vera Dormer, director of nursing at Memorial, at first opposed the plan because she believed transfer of patients from one unit to another would create complicated nursing problems.

However Mrs. Dormer has found that nursing care for patients actually has improved under Progressive Patient Care. Staff nurses assigned to the special care unit have been given special training so extensive and diversified that they are capable of coping with practically any emergency. Only staff nurses with this training are allowed in the unit. It's the first known instance of patients receiving the equivalent of private duty nursing without added cost.

Present staffing provides for one graduate nurse and a practical nurse or aide for every five patients in the special care unit. Each pair of nurses is assigned to a four-bed ward and an adjacent or nearby private room. Admission to private rooms in the zone is determined by the patient's medical needs. The charge is the same whether in a private room or four-bed ward.

One graduate nurse and an aide care for approximately every eight patients in the intermediate care unit and a graduate or practical nurse for every 11 patients in the self-care unit.

Confirming most of the advantages cited by advocates of Progressive Patient Care is a one-year study of the plan, made by a staff under Dr. Edward D. Thompson of the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The study proves that patients are receiving better hospital care, reports Dr. Thompson.

More than 150 of the nation's 7,000 hospitals are already experimenting with Progressive Patient Care in varying degrees. Some have special care units, some self-service units and about 10 percent of the 150 experimenting hospitals have both.

Dr. Thompson believes placing patients in zones of medical and nursing needs might bring a new approach to prepayment hospital plans. Policy holders might have the option of paying premiums for all three zones of hospital care, two zones or one, with uncovered costs paid out of pocket as a sort of deductible feature.

Progressive Patient Care has been financially beneficial to patients since it has, in certain instances, shortened their hospital stay. The acutely ill, for example, pay less under the plan because concentration of medical and nursing skills hastens their recovery.

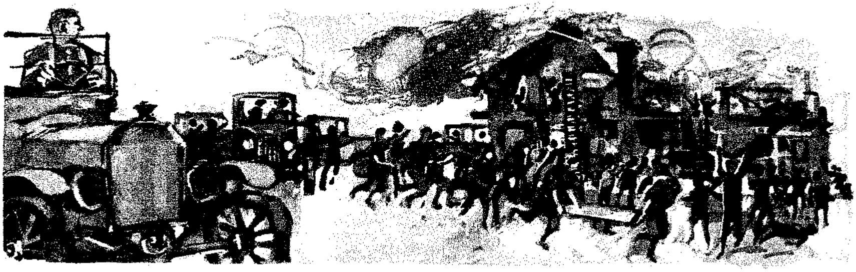
Since the success of Progressive Patient Care at Manchester Memorial, the hospital receives letters and visitors daily seeking information on how to set up the plan in other hospitals. Memorial personnel give all requests the benefit of their experience. The rest is up to interested parties in individual cities. ♛

With The Ladies

A WOMAN COMMUTER in Culver City, California, ordered a bus driver, at gunpoint, to drive her non-stop to her office because she was late for work. —HAROLD HELFER

WOMEN, SAYS AN AUTHORITY, vary their dress according to mood. And some, dressing for parties, apparently feel low. —*Quote*

TO BE A WOMAN is something so strange, so confused, so complicated that only a woman could put up with it. —SOREN KIERKEGAARD (*Quote*)



The mad bomber of Bath

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

Torn by hatred for his local school, he booby-trapped it and blasted 43 innocent victims—and himself—to death

HAD ANYONE TOLD THE inhabitants of Bath, Michigan, that an unspeakable fiend lurked in the midst of their peaceful little community in the spring of 1927, they would have been utterly incredulous. To be sure, there were hints that Andrew Kehoe, a farmer who lived on an 80-acre farm outside of town, was not an ordinary man. He quarreled violently with his wife, who was ill much of the time. He beat his horse. He shot a dog belonging to his neighbor.

Things were going badly for Andrew Kehoe. His farm, steadily allowed to run down, had produced no crop the year before. He had seen that the yield of corn would not be large, and angrily announced that, for all he cared, what corn there was could rot in the field. Then financial calamity threatened—the mortgage on the farm was about to be foreclosed.

Kehoe was bitter, and when he confronted Mrs. Price, the holder of the mortgage, he threatened: "If I can't live in that house, nobody else will!"

Mrs. Price had heard wild statements from Kehoe before, and put them down as the meaningless grumblings of a man who felt the world was against him.

To Sheriff B. J. Fox, who served the papers, Kehoe gave this snarling explanation of his inability to meet the payment: "It's that school tax. If it hadn't been for that $300 I had to pay, I'd have the money. That school never should have been built."

The sheriff looked out over the ragged fields sprouting with weeds. Obviously this man was no farmer. Better that he gave up his struggle with the soil and got a factory job in Lansing. There he could use the mechanical aptitude that showed up in the only improvement he had made on his farm, a top-notch job of wiring the house for electricity.

He had real skill with dynamite, too. "If you could farm with dynamite, Kehoe would be the richest farmer in the state," his neighbors used to say as they heard the thunder of the blasts he set off to clear the stumps from part of his land.

Kehoe seemed to hate just about everybody, but the trouble now centered around the handsome new consolidated school building in the center of town. Emory Huyck, the superintendent of schools, had dreamed of that school and fought for it. Kehoe opposed him, and there had been bitter words. "Think of the taxes!" Kehoe had cried.

But the people had gone ahead and voted for the school anyway, and to quiet Kehoe, they made him treasurer of school board funds. At least he would know then just how school money was being used. And maybe he would come to see that the community needed the new school.

Remarkably, Kehoe did a meticulous job of handling the school funds —remarkable because, even while he was still treasurer, he began his frightful nocturnal journeys. No one knows when the first one occurred. But presumably it was long after God-fearing folk had gone to bed.

Kehoe drove through the town slowly in his battered car. Then he turned around and idled back past the block where the dim bulk of the consolidated school loomed in the darkness. He parked the car in the deep blackness under an elm and, easing the door shut quietly, stepped onto the sidewalk.

Keeping to the shadows, Kehoe walked around to the back of the school. His fingers fumbled for a moment with the door, then he stepped inside. He went down the basement stairs, past the furnace room, toward the front of the school.

When he came to a small wooden panel in the walk, he clawed it open and swung himself through. He felt dry earth between his fingers, and started to crawl, like an evil mole, burrowing late in the night under the school. There must have been many such journeys. But on none of them was he seen, though sometimes he carried heavy burdens that made his progress across the schoolyard slow. At times he must have stayed for hours in the crawlway beneath the building.

Though each night he checked carefully to see that he left no telltale traces of his presence, twice he forgot to replace the wooden panel. Frank Smith, the janitor, found it lying there in the morning. He peered into the earthy darkness, puzzled. But, seeing nothing, he replaced the panel.

On the warm, sunny morning of May 18th, a sense of pleasant excitement pervaded the Bath consolidated school. High school students were revelling in the final days of commencement week, and grade school pupils were thinking of the last day of school and the big school picnic. When the 9:30 bell rang, Bernice Sterling smiled indulgently at the festive spirit of her first-graders and told them there would be no work. Instead, they could sing and march to the phonograph music.

Thirteen minutes later, for many of those in the school, the world came to an end in a tremendous, shattering roar.

The whole building rocked. The

second floor of the north wing rose in the air and came down, crushing the first floor in an avalanche of battered wreckage. Then, above all other sounds, arose the one that always thereafter would haunt the citizens of Bath—the agonized screams of children.

Heroically, the uninjured teachers worked to get their charges clear of the building. Led by Miss Sterling and Floyd Hugget, the principal, the first graders marched out in an orderly file. Only one little girl cried. Emory Huyck got a ladder and helped students down from the part of the second floor that remained standing. No one knew what had caused the blast, and they feared there might be another.

Meanwhile, citizens of Bath came running from all directions. At their switchboards, local telephone operators put through emergency calls to the state police at Lansing, to the hospitals. And then, one after another, they began calling parents who had children in the shattered school.

In a matter of minutes, sirens wailed across the countryside as police, ambulances, fire trucks and frightened parents streamed toward the scene. The rescuers worked mightily, but the blast took a horrible toll. Thirty-seven children and one teacher had been killed, and 43 victims were seriously injured.

Stephen Brice, a plumbing contractor who rushed to help, made the horrifying discovery that revealed the explosion for what it was—premeditated murder. Above the coal bin, in part of the building still standing, he found a pile of dynamite sticks. Quickly, wires were discovered leading to other parts of the school—and more dynamite.

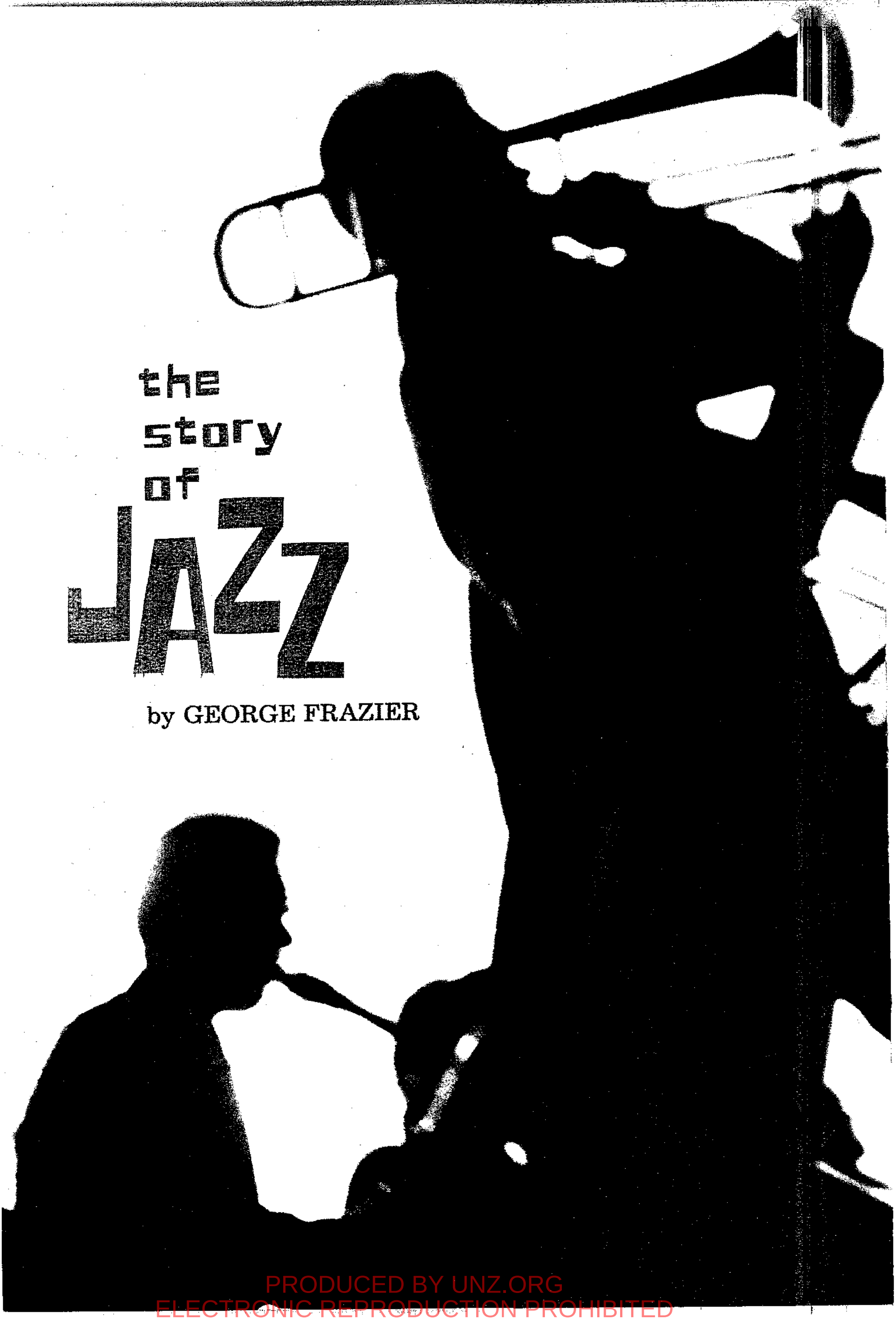
As grim-faced state troopers took over the job of removing the explosives, they found startling quantities of it—three bushels in one pile, sack after sack of granulated dynamite powder. In the basement they came upon a cunningly designed device which, had it gone off, would have showered the building with flaming gasoline.

Ahead of the cars that sped toward Bath carrying parents with desperation in their hearts, was one driven by Andrew Kehoe. He parked near the schoolhouse and sat, calmly watching, while injured children were helped out of the wreckage. And as he sat there, he alone knew that, minutes before, a timing mechanism had set off explosives that tore his farmhouse to bits. (Poking around in the ruins of a shed, police later found the body of Mrs. Kehoe.)

But Kehoe still was not finished. Hatred and fury were written on his face as he watched Superintendent Emory Huyck at work with the rescuers.

Kehoe waited until Huyck glanced his way and then beckoned to him. The superintendent came over to the car and put his foot on the running board. As he leaned toward the man at the wheel, Kehoe's hand moved and, like a huge bomb, the car disintegrated.

In this, his last savage gesture, Andrew Kehoe killed not only himself and his enemy Huyck, but two innocent bystanders, thus bringing to 43 the total of deaths in America's most terrible crime.



the story of JAZZ

by GEORGE FRAZIER

ABOUT 60 YEARS AGO the first brassy bray of jazz blasted out over the red-light district of New Orleans. Since then, jazz has achieved such renown and respectability that today it is as much at home in the swank seaside resort of Newport, Rhode Island, as in the percussion section of the Boston Symphony. Clergymen have blessed its beat in public and the State Department has sent jazz bands to the far corners of the earth as ambassadors of good will. What's more, not only does the staid *New York Times* now have its own jazz reviewer, but 16 other dailies keep some 5,000,000 readers informed by publishing a column written by Ralph Gleason, a San Francisco jazz critic. Colleges now include jazz in their study courses and jazz has its own egghead periodical literature, represented by two new magazines, *The Jazz Review*, and *Jazz*, a quarterly costing $1 a copy. Yet, for all its growing importance and dignity, few experts can agree on an absolute definition of jazz. And because jazz buffs differ so, jazz keeps undergoing

King Oliver's band, which enthralled Chicago in the early '20s, was led by Oliver (second from right, standing), and included Louis Armstrong (left of Oliver).

changes of form and substance.

The late Thomas (Fats) Waller provided what well may be the classic attitude for jazz when a bewildered old lady asked him to explain the torrent of swinging sound that rolled from his piano. "If you don't know by now, don't mess with it, ma'am," he told her. That's the way most veteran jazzmen feel about their art—that it's indefinable. Not long ago, the *Saturday Review* quoted trombonist Jack Teagarden's perplexed reaction to the technical language he had heard at a jazz seminar. "Man, those sessions kill me," he said. "Polyphony, flatted fifths, half tones—they don't mean a thing. I just pick up my horn and play what I feel." Duke Ellington put it differently. "It don't mean a thing," he said, "if it ain't got that swing." Fortunately, the layman need not depend on such emotional definitions for guidance in learning about jazz.

Jazz—hybrid rhythms

It is known, for example, that jazz is a blend of West African rhythms, gospel singing, French quadrilles, European classical music, voodoo, ragtime, minstrelsy, and the field cries of the deep South. It is also known that in its formative years jazz was played mostly by self-taught musicians purely for recreation. The brass bands at old New Orleans funerals, for example, played jazz. Also, it was sung by stentorian-voiced people like Ma Rainey whose special forte was "the blues," a mournfully keyed, repetitively worded idiom that usually had to do with sadness and oppression, later popularized by W. C. Handy, composer of the "St. Louis Blues."

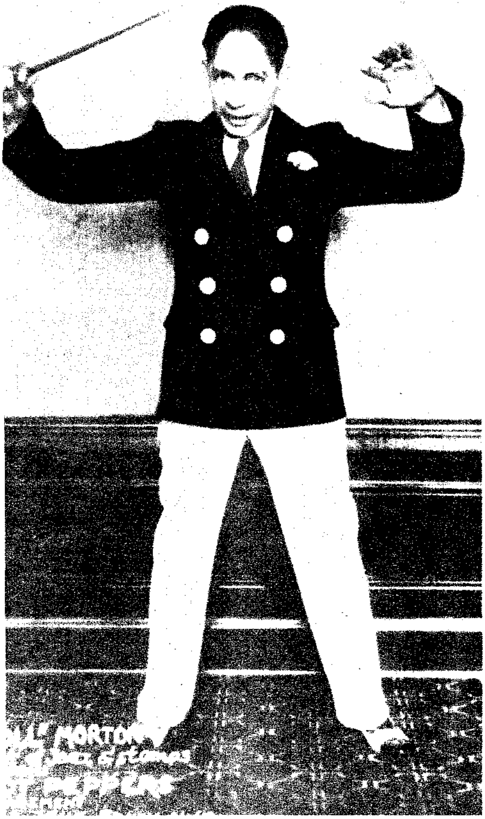
But how to describe jazz is a trickier problem. From the descriptions given by various authorities, certain conclusions can be drawn. One is that jazz is rhythmic—which is another way of saying that it swings. Jazz also features improvisation. That is, the players of melody instruments—saxophone, trombone, trumpet, clarinet, etc.—are free to create their own melodies around the basic chord structure. These players are free to improvise either as soloists or—since their having to observe the chord structure keeps them from conflicting with one another—collectively.

Fundamentally, this is what jazz is—improvisation against a steady rhythmic background. In the past 20-or-so years, of course, jazz has undergone certain transformations that no longer make this definition entirely accurate. But for anybody trying to learn about jazz, this is the way to view it. Or as one expert summed it up: "Collective improvisation rhythmically integrated."

Jazz made its first notable impact in New Orleans around 1900. Buddy Bolden, a cornetist who, it was said, could be heard "ten miles away," had a ragtime band as early as 1895. But it wasn't until the sporting houses of the city's disreputable Storyville section began to feature music, that jazz musicians found steady employment.

Early New Orleans jazz was rough, almost abrasive music bearing little resemblance to so-called "modern jazz" which is often polite and intellectualized. Unlike contemporary jazzmen, many of whom

George Lewis, shown here as laborer, was an early New Orleans clarinetist.



"Jelly Roll" Morton, gifted pianist-composer who claimed he invented jazz.

have had substantial classical training, the pioneers often played "by ear." Nowadays it is considered astounding that the great jazz pianist, Erroll Garner, cannot read a note of music. But in 1900 it would have been regarded as normal. Although jazz has, so to speak, gone to school, it is still at its most eloquent when players just pick up their instruments and express what they feel.

(Right) "Bunk" Johnson, who played with minstrels, recorded in early '40s.

Primitive as it was, early New Orleans jazz has never quite lost its appeal. In the early '40s, for example, there were two full-scale New Orleans revivals going on in the U.S. One started in New York when a group of jazz fans coaxed the legendary cornetist William (Bunk) Johnson away from his job in the fields and installed him and such former colleagues as clarinetist George Lewis in a Manhattan night club. Before they could get Bunk to play, however, they had to buy him a new set of false teeth.

The other revival had begun at the San Francisco World's Fair, where Lu Watters' Yerba Buena Band (which, like the old New Orleans bands, included a tuba and banjo) created a furore with its almost literal copies of performances given some 20 years before by the brilliant New Orleans cornetist Joe (King) Oliver and his Creole Jazz Band.

In recent years, another New Orleans "great," the late Ferdinand (Jelly Roll) Morton, has also been rediscovered. An argumentative and egotistical man who actually believed he invented jazz (which he referred to as "Jelly Roll" jazz), Morton was a singularly gifted jazz composer.

The series of recordings Morton made for the Library of Congress, which are available on the Riverside label, provide a picture of early

New Orleans jazz that is immensely helpful to anyone eager to trace the origin of such music.

It is virtually impossible to exaggerate trumpet-playing Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong's influence on the history of jazz. It would have flourished in any case. But its growth would have been much slower and less spectacular if Armstrong hadn't decided, in 1922, to go to Chicago to join the band led by his mentor, King Oliver.

The Chicago school

Today Armstrong, who came out of a waifs' home in New Orleans, where he was born on July 4th, 1900, is one of the most celebrated and highly paid entertainers in the world. He and his small group receive approximately $10,000 a week for night-club appearances and are guaranteed $3,000 for a single concert.

Armstrong owes this prosperity not only to his own musical magic and intriguing personality, but also to the shrewd and dedicated handling of his personal manager, Joe Glaser. Glaser, who heads the Associated Booking Corp., is the most potent behind-the-scenes individual in jazz, representing around 90 percent of its top attractions. Several recent jazz spectaculars on television have featured his artists exclusively. Befitting his stature, Armstrong is usually the star of such shows.

At 58, Armstrong is still the most remarkable jazz musician who ever lived. He has, among other gifts, an irresistible beat which on one occasion had the natives of the Gold Coast (now Ghana) in a frenzy; a tone that is unbelievably rich; a range that enables him to reach notes most trumpeters wouldn't attempt; prodigious power that makes him heard in the farthest reaches of outdoor stadiums without a microphone; and a jazz conception that inspires him to create haunting melodies around the chord structures of banal popular tunes.

Armstrong arrived in Chicago at a moment when the city was filled with eager young jazz musicians. It was at the bell of his horn that many youngsters like Eddie Condon, Joe Sullivan, Gene Krupa, Jimmy McPartland and Benny Goodman learned the art that some ten years later was to make them idols in their own right. Moreover, the recordings Armstrong made in those years were more than just memorable performances. They were classics. And every ambitious young jazz musician knew their notes by heart. As for Armstrong himself, he said he preferred to listen to the radio broadcasts of Guy Lombardo.

For the past decade or so, jazz has been going through a so-called "cool" phase; a display of emotion by either the musician or listener is regarded not only as unseemly but downright "square." To people who grew up in the '30s, this coolness is mystifying. To them, jazz means, in part at least, the unsup-

Leon (Bix) Beiderbecke, best non-Negro cornetist, died at age of 28.

Guitarist Eddie Condon was jazz pioneer. He now runs a Dixieland club in New York.

Late trombonist Tommy Dorsey led a top swing band during the '30s.

Louis Armstrong (below), greatest of all jazz musicians, is also a comedian. He has been featured in several pictures with a fan of his named Bing Crosby.

"Dancing in the aisles" was part of wild enthusiasm that brought riot squad to New York's Paramount Theatre when Benny Goodman played there in 1939.

pressed enthusiasm with which Benny Goodman and his band approached their work in the Swing Era about 20 tumultuous years ago.

If the Swing Era can be pinpointed with any accuracy, it may be said to have begun on the evening of August 21st, 1935. That was when Benny Goodman's band, after a discouraging cross-country tour, opened at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles.

Benny launches swing

Unlike the apathetic audiences along the way, the crowd at the Palomar was wildly demonstrative. And from that night on, swing was in and Goodman was its king.

Nowadays Goodman's old recordings may sound a little dated. But in the mid-'30s they were revolutionary. They were the first records by a large non-Negro band that *swung*. They were a rebellion against the syrupy sentimentality of the dance bands of the era—bands that sounded spineless beside Goodman's. His band had a vigor and excitement that went all the way back to old New Orleans. It also had—like New Orleans jazz—a rock-solid beat. It had improvisers who wove lovely melodies around whatever the basic tune happened to be. Its music was fresh and unconventional, full of challenge and jubilation. It was not afraid to speak out, and it did so with ceaseless vitality. When Harry James seemed to reach for the skies with his trumpet notes that shattered the eardrums, audiences were feverishly stirred to participate.

Basically, what Goodman had done was to assemble a talented group and shape it into a unit that displayed the best qualities of the large Negro bands—a swinging beat, hot soloists, and ingenious arrangements. Negro groups had been playing this way for years, but, unfortunately, had never achieved such wild popularity. Goodman was a popularizer rather than a creator. And it seems likely he will go down in jazz history, not as a leader, but as a clarinet virtuoso with a dazzling "hot" gift. Moreover, it is probably true that his most memorable choruses were played, not with his own band, but when he joined in jam sessions in Harlem or on West 52nd Street in New York City in the early and mid-'30s.

By then Harlem had, musically, begun to move downtown. The two blocks on 52nd Street, between 5th and 7th Avenues, were a hotbed of jazz joints like the Famous Door, Kelly's Stable, Jimmy Ryan's, the Onyx and the Hickory House. And down in Greenwich Village, Nick's was, as it still is, a Dixieland stronghold.

Era of the big bands

Meanwhile, other big swing bands had come along, led by such greats as Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Artie Shaw, Bob Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey and Woody Herman. They, in turn, spawned others. When, for example, Gene Krupa and Harry James became so idolized that Goodman could no longer meet their salary demands, they struck out on their own. But then, on Dec. 7, 1941, World War II broke out. For a variety of reasons —gas rationing, musicians going into service, etc.—the big groups began to disband. It was then that the age of swing started to sag.

Sharing plaudits with Armstrong in jazz circles is Edward (Kennedy) Ellington, Armstrong's senior by 14 months. The Duke (who is called either "Edward" or "E.K." by his intimates) began as a bandleader in Washington, D.C., during the '20s. Over the years, his band—no matter who the players—has been unsurpassed. The reason is that Ellington, the greatest jazz composer and arranger, writes arrangements not for just any musicians, but for *his*. When, for example, he had a warm-toned alto sax player named Johnny Hodges, he wrote an arrangement of *Warm Valley* specifically designed to show off Hodges' special qualities.

Aside from Ellington's, the only genuine topflight big band in jazz today is the group led by William (Count) Basie, a pianist who served his apprenticeship in Kansas City, where he was discovered by jazz enthusiasts. The Count's band was at its peak in the mid-'30s, when it included such stars as tenor-saxophonist Lester Young, trumpeter Buck Clayton, trombonist Dickie Wells, drummer Jo Jones and a movingly emotional woman singer named Billie Holiday. Basie's band is characterized by an immense swinginess rather than Ellington's complex harmonies and magnificent sounds; and it is still a special delight in an era when so many big bands achieve little except shrillness.

Like all art forms, jazz is in a

Billie Holiday was best girl jazz singer since Bessie Smith and Mildred Bailey.

constant state of flux. But, perhaps because it is comparatively young, it had no revolution within its ranks until the early '40s, when some musicians at Minton's Playhouse, a night club in Harlem, began to experiment with radical rhythms and harmonies. To ears attuned to the straight-forwardness of New Orleans and swing music, these experiments, which were called "bop," sounded weird. Even Louis Armstrong, generally uncritical of other musicians, found bop so repulsive he referred to it as "that modern malice."

Bop, beards and Mecca

The boppers themselves did nothing to clarify matters. Instead, they became a standoffish little set that

Sweet-talking, nattily garbed Duke Ellington is the top jazz composer-conductor.

adopted Mohammedan names and dress, bowed to Mecca at sundown and sprouted Vandyke beards. Moreover, a number of them used narcotics. The high priests of bop were trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, Theolonious Monk, a splendid pianist-composer, and Charlie Parker, an astonishing alto saxophonist who was known as "Bird." Parker died of dissipation at 34. And it is ironic that because of his erratic behavior he was often denied admittance to a club named after him—Birdland.

At just about the time that bop was being born in Harlem, at least three big band leaders—Boyd Raeburn, Earle Spencer and Stan Kenton—were experimenting with the curious sounds inspired by classical composers like Béla Bartók. Where swing was melodic and relaxed, their kind of music, known as "progressive jazz," was dissonant and choppy.

But if bop and progressive jazz evoked sneers, they also provided young jazzmen with a challenge—the need to know formal harmony, counterpoint, etc. As a result, both idioms have produced an era of musicians whose playing is more intellectual than emotional. Max Roach, a drummer who was an early bopper, is so skilled technically (as well as being an excellent jazzman) that he has performed with the Boston Symphony percussion section.

Because of the new trend, modern jazz musicians have to spend a great deal of time and money on their musical educations. There are full-time jazz institutions, such as the Berklee Music School in Boston, which train such gifted performers as the popular female Japanese pianist, Toshiko Akiyoshi.

But the financial rewards are often commensurate with the cost of such formal jazz education. Thus pianist Dave Brubeck, who studied with Darius Milhaud, now earns for himself and his trio $4,000-or-more a week in night clubs and about $7,000 a week on concert tours. There are exceptions, of course. Pianist Erroll Garner, who never took a lesson, is paid $6,000-and-up a week by clubs and is guaranteed at least $2,500 for a single concert. Another exception is the group known as the Dukes of Dixieland, who receive more than $3,000 a week—a lot more than did their model, the Original Dixieland Jass Band, when it played at Reisenweber's in New York in 1917.

Future jazz historians may identify Mrs. Elaine Lorillard of Newport, R. I. as the woman who launched the jazz festival as part of the American way of life. For it was she who in 1953 decided to stage such a jamboree. And the following summer, she, her husband Louis (they were recently divorced), who is the president of the Newport Festival, and George Wein, under whom she had studied jazz at Boston University, put it on at Newport—the first important jazz festival in the U.S. Since then, such enterprises have been mushrooming all over the country. Monterey, California, for example, has fallen into line and so has the Sheraton Corporation of America, which had Wein stage a festival at their French Lick, Indiana, hotel last August. It was so successful—artistically as well as in promoting the hotel—that this year the Sheraton management will have Wein staging festivals for them in a number of locations.

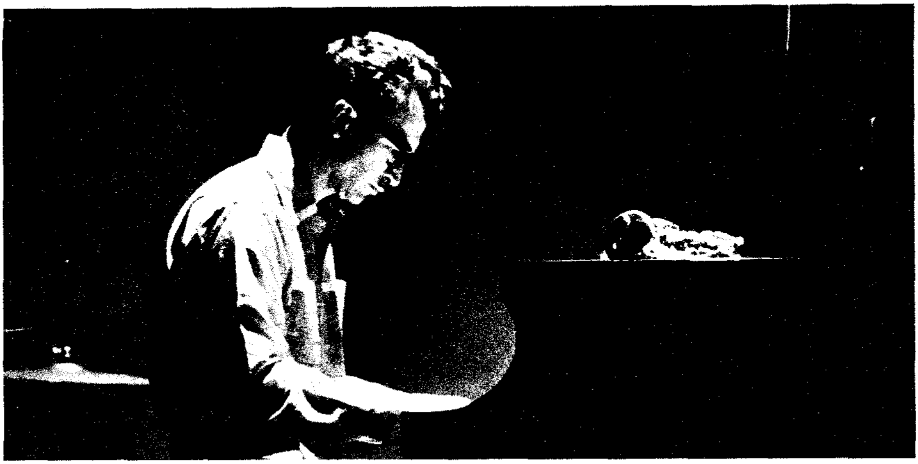
But the Newport Jazz Festival still remains the biggest and most artistically satisfying of such projects. Last summer it presented, at a cost of about $40,000, more than 200 jazz artists. It also paid around $50,000 to import a band made up of musicians from different European nations.

As for Elaine Lorillard, she—like Stephanie Barber, who has made Music Inn at Lenox, Massachusetts, so successful; Ruth Reinhardt, who runs Chicago's Jazz, Ltd., and Fran Kelly, who has staged excellent concerts on the West Coast—has made it abundantly clear that jazz, like most other big businesses, has room for women entrepreneurs.

In 1959 jazz, more than ever before, is big business. For one thing, there are the festivals. For another, there are the thriving clubs where jazz is featured—the Hangover and Blackhawk in San Francisco; the Blue Note, Mister Kelly's, London House and Jazz, Ltd. in Chicago; the Boston and Harwich Storyvilles; and, in New York, Nick's, Eddie Condon's, Jimmy Ryan's, The Composer, Birdland, The Embers, The Roundtable,

John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie, shown playing a trumpet of his own design, popularized Vandykes among boppers.

At last year's Newport Festival (right) excited teenagers jumped up and danced.



Dave Brubeck, who studied with Milhaud, pioneered jazz concerts at college.

the Hickory House, the Metropole and the Five Spot Cafe, which, though in the sleazy Bowery, is now one of the most popular jazz shrines in the world. Then, too, there are the recordings.

Records spin success

So many jazz records are released each week that it would be impossible for any one critic to appraise them all. Consequently, some worthwhile talent is probably ignored. But an artist has to record, for a hit can convert him from a flop to a star overnight. Last year, a pianist who was originally Fritz Jones and now uses the Mohammedan name of Ahmad Jamal, made a piano album that became a best-seller. Within weeks, his night club fee went from $600 to $3,000 a week.

Like any art, jazz needs a constant influx of new names if it is to retain its present prosperity. In recent months, it has found very few such instrumentalists—the most prominent of them probably being tenor-saxophonist Sonny Rollins—and one such vocal group—Dave Lambert, Annie Ross, Jon Hendricks—of noticeable drawing power. This is why jazz, like any other business, is forever seeking to discover, say, another Ella Fitzgerald. When it does, it will pay her, as it does Ella, $5,000-or-more a week.

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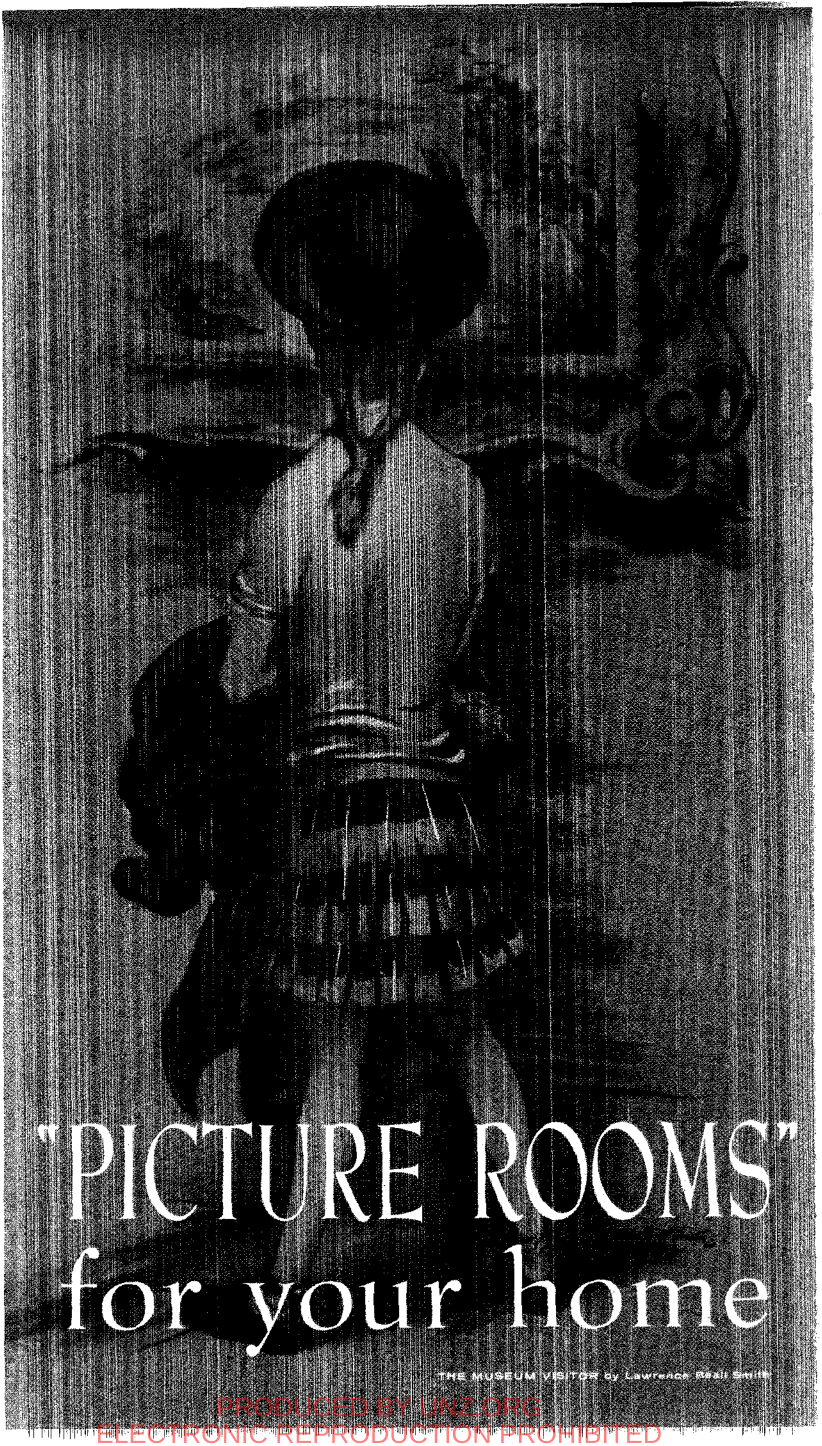

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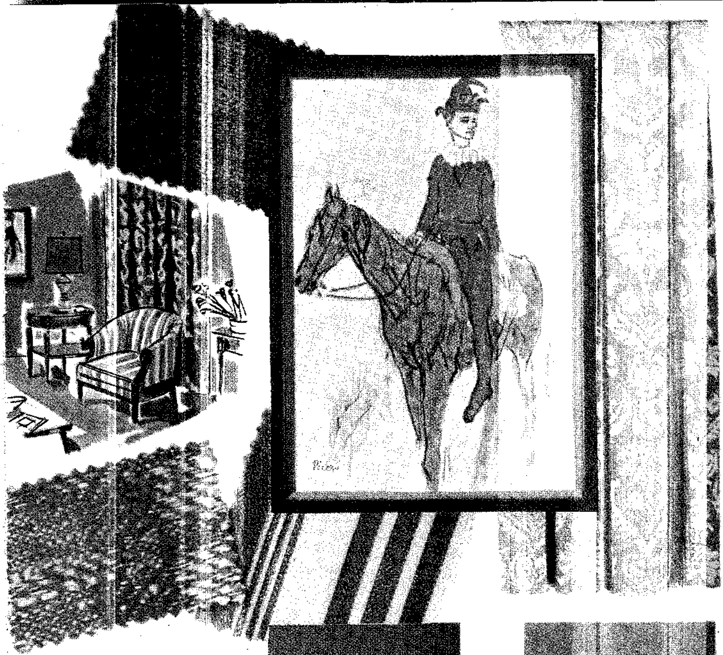

Harlequin on Horse-back *by Pablo Picasso*

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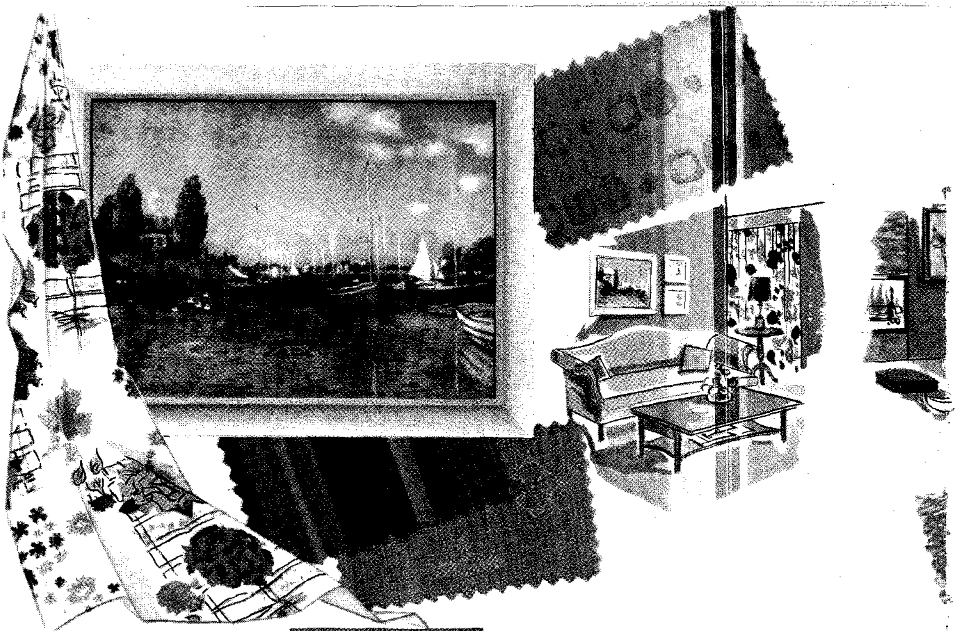

The Red Boats
by Claude Monet
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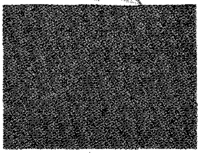
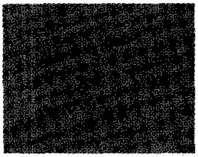
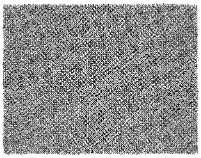


20B 34 Slate Blue

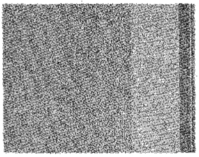
8B 14 Primrose Yellow



20C 43 Harbor Blue



4D 24 Lt. Buckskin



18D 26 Turquoise

HOW TWO ROOMS WERE DECORAT

Here are two paintings, by Monet and Picasso, selected by Norman Rockwell as examples of two entirely different styles of art, each lending itself to distinctive room decoration. Note how the colors in the painting have been "borrowed" for wall paint and fabrics in each case.

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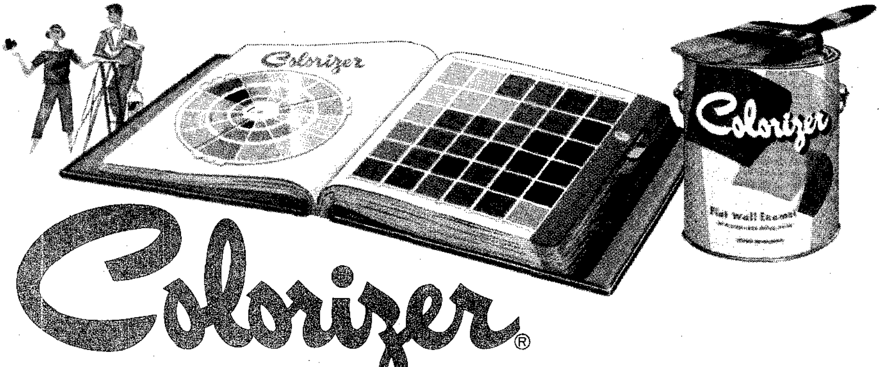

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Upper-bracket tips for lower-bracket taxpayers

by SYDNEY PRERAU

Director of the J. K. Lasser Tax Institute

with SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Large earners save a large part of their incomes by employing little-known—but legal—loopholes. Here's how you can use them, too.

MODERATE-INCOME TAXPAYERS often console themselves with the illusion that while their own tax bite hurts, wealthy people have to pay as much as 91 percent of *their* top income.

Yet the truth is that the country's highest-income taxpayers actually pay an effective rate of about 50 percent. They are able to do this through the skillful use of "tax planning"—the art of arranging personal affairs *in advance* so as to pay as low a tax as is legally possible. Salaried people and wage earners, on the other hand, have let themselves become second-class citizens taxwise. This is mainly because the average salaried person doesn't have at his command tax lawyers and accountants who work for higher-bracket taxpayers. However, there is no doubt that most small taxpayers—by imitating those in higher brackets and utilizing *tax planning*—can make substantial tax savings. For example, one man realizes too late that he can't claim his father as a dependent because the older man had received $700 in the past year from property he owns—enough to rank him in the tax collector's eyes as "self-supporting."

On the other hand, another man employs tax planning and, well before tax time, has his father transfer his property to a trust so he legally receives an income of under $600—the maximum for a dependent. The son thus saves on his taxes.

In fact, in the era of the big tax bite, the *only* way many salaried people will ever be able to save any money at all is to *plan* to keep their taxes to the irreducible minimum. There is nothing illegal or unethical about this approach, since court after court has ruled that a taxpayer has every right to arrange his affairs so as to pay as low a tax as is legally possible.

Not all of the big fellow's tax reducing techniques can be adapted to the little taxpayer's uses. But here are some valuable ones that can.

A trust fund can save for your children. Most states now permit a man to buy stocks or bonds for his children and put them in a trust or custodian account. The income won't be taxable at all if under $675 a year. Even if it is more, you can still claim your child as a dependent (provided he is under 18 years old or is a full-time student) as long as you contribute over half his support.

The advantage here is that the invested fund will pyramid much faster unhampered by taxes. Suppose you invested $2,000 of the family savings in securities for an infant. The tax saving resulting from the use of the trust fund technique may increase the yield from the $2,000, for example, by two percent, in many cases. That's a saving of only $40 the first year. But time and the power of compound interest are going to snowball that saving. After 20 years, the tax saving would total about $1,100—enough to pay for a year of college. Since such a trust is irrevocable, you won't be able to tap it in time of need. But this in itself is a guarantee that your child's nest egg will not be gathered before it has a chance to hatch.

People sometimes mistakenly believe that to create such a trust you have to go to a trust company and pay trustee fees. You don't. You can arrange a custodian account simply by registering securities in your name as custodian. Or the trust idea can be as simple as merely buying "E" bonds in your children's names to avoid or minimize the tax on the increase in value.

You can preserve your dependency exemption. A young secretary employed by a New York union was dismayed last year by a demand from the Internal Revenue office for an additional tax payment of $120. The revenue man pointed out that her dependent father now had over $600 a year of Social Security income and no longer could be considered a dependent.

Since Social Security payments have increased, many other young taxpayers who help support elderly relatives have found themselves facing this same demand. Everybody knows, or should know, that Social Security, railroad retirement, workman's compensation, veterans' compensation and similar benefits are not taxable. But the U. S. Treasury has become actively curious about listed dependents who receive this kind of income. It is evidence of self-support, and would, therefore, rule out the recipient as a dependent.

However, the young secretary still can claim her father as a dependent if she arranges to pay more than half his support while he banks part of his Social Security or uses it for gifts during the year.

Suppose it costs $2,000 a year to support your father, while he gets $1,200 from Social Security. You lose his dependency exemption if he spends the whole $1,200 for his own support. But if you paid, say, $1,100 towards his food, clothing and shelter, and he used $300 of his Social Security for savings or gifts, you still can take the exemption. You'll need proof that part of your relative's Social Security income was saved or given away. A bank book showing deposits is strong evidence.

A big help in showing that you do pay more than half a dependent's support is a recent court ruling that you can count fair rental value of the room he occupies in your home —what it would cost to get a similar room in your neighborhood. Besides basic necessities as food, shelter, clothing and medical care, you also can count as "support" his normal entertainment and charitable contributions.

Even if you aren't able to claim a dependent as an exemption because he has at least $600 of *gross* income, you still can deduct for any medical expenses you pay for him if you do provide *more than half* his support. In a recent case, a woman proved she provided the major part of her mother's support. So the Tax Court allowed her to deduct her payments for her mother's medical expenses, including doctors' fees, medicines, hospitalization and medical-insurance premiums and transportation expenses to consult doctors.

You can barter your work for fringe benefits. Today you have to earn at least $1.25 to buy a dollar lunch, and at least $125 to buy $100 of insurance or retirement annuity. The difference goes to taxes. Thus, any fringe benefits you can get from your employer, from a partly subsidized lunch at the employee cafeteria to use of the company's country club, are worth more than the cash you would otherwise be paid.

Nor does your employer suffer. The dollar's worth of fringe benefits he gives you costs him only 48 cents, since the fringe benefit is deductible.

In fact, employer-paid pensions are perhaps the one practical way wage earners can exploit the deferred-compensation idea. The whole trend among sophisticated higher-income taxpayers is to defer receiving some of their income until after retirement or other period of reduced income. At that time, they can pay a lower tax rate.

One of the newest fringe benefits approved by the U. S. Treasury Department is "split-dollar insurance." This idea is especially useful for young fathers who need a lot of life insurance. Under this plan, your employer would share the cost of your premiums. He would pay an amount equal to the annual increase in cash-surrender value, while you pay the difference between cash value and total cost. As the cash value increases, your own payment decreases and, with some policies, may disappear altogether.

This way you get insurance at a small cost, while your employer is protected. If you die or the policy is cancelled, he recovers an amount equal to the cash-surrender value, and your family gets the balance of the face amount tax-free.

Or you later can repay your employer's outlay and own the policy outright. In that case you have borrowed money from him at no interest cost to yourself.

The "lifetime income plan" can increase your deductions. A growingly popular idea for taking full advantage of the charitable-contributions deduction, is the "lifetime income plan." A number of national church organizations and colleges have worked out this arrangement. The donor turns over some money to the college or church endowment fund. The gift is invested in the organization's portfolio of stocks and bonds. For the rest of their lifetimes, the donor and his contingent beneficiary, as wife or child, get the income earned by this donation. After their deaths, full ownership goes to the trustee organization.

Thus you can buy yourself a lifetime income while getting a deduction for a charitable contribution.

Moreover, you secure a high-quality investment without any management worries on your part. For such endowment funds are usually invested in bonds and blue-chip stocks, and are managed by investment experts.

You can save even more taxes if, instead of cash, you give a property which has gained in value. For example, a man of 50 transfers to a college or charitable trust some stocks which some years ago cost him $3,000, but now are worth $5,000. He pays no capital gains tax on the $2,000. Furthermore, he is entitled to a deduction of about $2,400, which is what the Government evaluates as his contribution. Thus, a man in the 30 percent bracket will save up to $1,020 between the two taxes he escaped. He really gives only $3,980, but will receive the investment income on $5,000.

You may be able to deduct some of your living expenses. Self-employed persons have a good tax-saver in the use of their homes for business. But for salaried persons, the Treasury will want to know whether it's implicit in your job that you do some work at home, and have set aside an area as your office. A liquor-company representative won court approval for a deduction of one-third of his entire rent and redecorating expenses. He maintained a desk, filing cabinet and other office equipment at home, received business visitors, mail and phone calls there.

People who use their professional or even hobby skills to develop sideline businesses, can deduct for business use of the basement or other area. In fact, Uncle Sam can help you build a business. If your sideline loses money, you deduct the loss from your other income, including in your expenses the use of your home. A radio technician, for example, who does some service jobs evenings, can set aside part of his basement for his sideline, and deduct a slice of his housing expense corresponding to the amount of space used for his business.

In addition, you can deduct a proportionate part of utility bills, cleaning and other operating expenses, as well as normal depreciation on the house itself.

An important new deduction is the cost of vocational training necessary to help you hold your job or professional status, but not merely to prepare you for a trade nor to gain advancement. For example, a college speech tutor was able to deduct his expenses in getting an advanced degree because he proved the degree was necessary to keep his job and earn the very income the Government was taxing.

You can "shelter" your savings. Even if you aren't able or don't want to arrange a trust fund, you still can do what the experts call "sheltering" or protecting the earnings from your savings through *partially tax-free investments.*

The most easily available, sheltered investments for most people are stocks and mutual funds, and Government "E" bonds. Although many people consider it unfair, it is a fact that nowadays income from stocks *is* taxed at a lower rate than income you earn by your labor or from fixed-value savings such as bank accounts. Families who do own or plan to buy stocks or mutual-fund shares should register them in both husband's and wife's name to exclude from tax not merely the first $50 of dividends, but $100.

"E" bonds have their own virtue: the tax on the increase in value can be postponed until you actually cash them. If you hold such bonds as a reserve against unemployment or retirement, and don't cash them until a year of low income, you may escape the tax altogether.

If you need life insurance anyway, it's a simple way to shelter income from your savings. Part of your premium payment is compounded at 2½ percent interest untaxed.

Many smaller investors don't realize it, but there are certain stocks paying tax-free or partially tax-free dividends, particularly a number of public utility and holding companies. Any qualified securities dealer can give you a list of them. This list may prove profitable to you.

Just keep in mind that even in the lowest tax bracket every dollar you save in taxes is as good as $1.25 in earnings.

COMMENT OF A VIRUS VICTIM: "I'm so full of penicillin that if I sneeze I'll cure someone." —*Irish Digest*

IN APRIL CORONET

MAIL ORDER BABIES

Due to a legal loophole, thousands of Americans are adopting overseas orphans—**sight unseen.** ***How such adoptions can end in heartbreak is revealed in this moving article.***

WHAT IS YOGA?

Yoga, the Hindu way to inner peace and vitality, is becoming increasingly popular in America. This report explains it and shows how Yoga may help you to a fuller life.

Robin Hood of the Aspromonte

by Robert Daley

Compelled by the "code" to
avenge his brother,
the "best boy in the village"
became one
of Italy's most romantic—
and feared—bandits

On a sunny afternoon in May, 1955, a handsome young man of 24 walked into the bank at Gallico-Marina, a coastal town near the toe of the Italian boot.

"I am Angelo Macri," he told the cashier courteously. "Please be good enough to hand me 2,000,000 lire. I need them urgently."

The cashier noted the charmingly boyish smile, the respectful manner, the stylish clothes, the blond hair so rare in that part of Italy—and a terrified look came over his face. With trembling fingers he stuffed bank notes worth some $3,000 into the satchel Macri held toward him.

"Thank you so much. You've been more than kind," said Macri.

He strolled to the door of the bank, unarmed and unmolested, and waved to some bystanders. Then he climbed into an elegant gray automobile and drove off.

Moments later, a police car screeched to a stop outside the bank. A dozen eyewitnesses were rounded up and driven to Reggio Calabria, capital of the province. There, Chief Pietro Sciabica questioned them himself. All denied seeing Macri.

"It may be there was a gray car," one admitted unwillingly. "I did not notice."

"I would know him if I saw him," stammered another. "I did not see him. I saw nothing."

Sciabica pleaded, he raged. But he was powerless against such fear. No one, apart from bank officials and some children who had been playing in the street, would admit having seen Macri.

Finally, the Government stepped in. Carmelo Marzano, a vigorous man with a crew cut, was sent in from Trieste with a hand-picked team from all over Italy to supplement the local police for a cleanup.

Marzano, then 44 years old, had already made a reputation for himself as a gangbuster. He arrived at Reggio Calabria on August 25, 1955. His assignment: find Macri; clean his band out of the Aspromonte.

The Aspromonte is a mountain

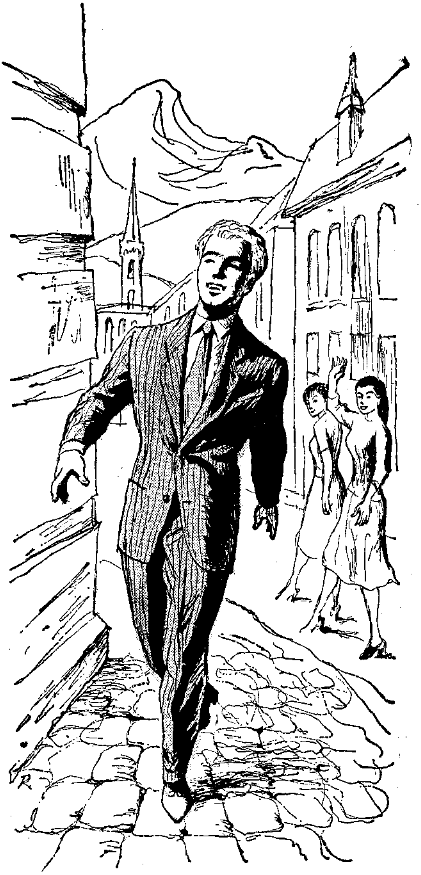
wilderness whose peaks rise out of pine forests dense as jungle. There are no roads into it, and only a few villages, which are connected with the outside by dirt tracks. It is an area of perhaps 200 square miles, bounded on the north, south and west by the sea and the coastal road, and to the east by the road which winds up through the village of Delianova. For all of the recorded history of man, it had been a hideout for fugitives.

There were now over 200 bandits known to have taken to the Aspromonte bush, all receiving direction from Angelo Macri. They usually succeeded in killing anyone who revealed their whereabouts. The entire Province of Calabria lived in terror of Macri, except the mountain people. *They* thought him wonderful.

Angelo Macri, second youngest in a family of seven, was born in 1931 at Delianova, the son of a woodcutter. He went to school long enough to learn to read and write. When his father died, he took work as a goatherd in order to help support the family.

His brothers Rocco, Giovanni and Guiseppe joined the Mafia. But Angelo was a quiet boy who kept out of trouble. "The pearl of my family," his mother called him. "The best boy in the village," said the mayor of Delianova.

By the time Angelo reached 20, Rocco, Giovanni and Giuseppe had committed dozens of petty crimes. In August, 1951, the three older brothers became riotous in a Delianova bar. A *carabiniere* intervened, pushing them out into the street. There the three seized the policeman, disarmed and beat him, then made for the woods.


With his bleached-blond hair and natty suit, Macri was an idol of the local girls.

Giuseppe and Rocco were quickly captured (they are currently serving 30-year terms on the penal island of Ustica off the coast of Sicily). But Giovanni got away. Patrols searched for him, though not anxiously, for the *carabinieri* were afraid of the Aspromonte.

Three nights later, dirty, unshaven, weary, Giovanni came down off the mountains seeking food and shelter. A goatherd named Vito Papalia found him asleep in a haystack near the village of Carmelia. Papalia informed Maresciallo Sanginiti, a sergeant of the *carabinieri*, who hurried to the haystack and machine-gunned Giovanni to death.

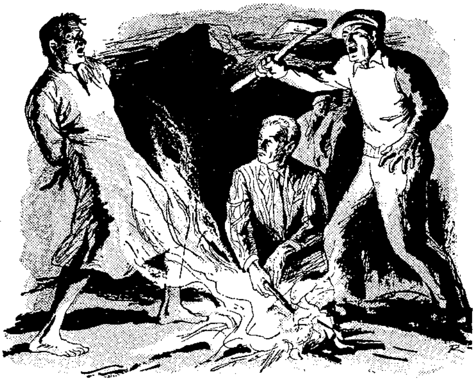
Sanginiti was awarded a month's holiday for ridding the Aspromonte of Giovanni Macri. Because he was proud of himself and wanted to boast, the sergeant chose to spend it in Delianova. He showed a photograph of the dead Giovanni, rifle clutched in his right hand, finger still on the trigger. There had been a long and dangerous fight, Sanginiti claimed; the bandit had been very brave.

"You faked that photo," Angelo Macri said. "My brother was left-handed and would never hold a rifle like that. He must have been murdered in his sleep."

The Aspromonte is a hard, sad country. For 30 centuries its people have lived with the law of the vendetta. Honor, once impugned, must be redeemed in blood. A sister's virtue, a brother's life, must be avenged.

Three days after the death of Giovanni, Angelo walked quietly into the bar where Sanginiti was seated at a table with the postmaster, the judge and the village doctor. He stopped beside the table, raised a revolver and fired. The sergeant slumped to the floor.

Angelo picked up the glass that had fallen from Sanginiti's hand, placed it back on the table, apologized to the witnesses for interrupting their drink, and calmly strode out. No one attempted to stop him.


The kidnaped man watched in terror as Macri's henchman brandished the red hot axe.

Three quarters of an hour later, Angelo Macri arrived at the hut of the goatherd, Papalia, who had informed on his brother. Papalia was eating his dinner.

The police report on the crime was brief: "Suddenly a succession of revolver shots mixed the goatherd's blood with his soup."

Giovanni was avenged.

Angelo Macri, the quiet brother, headed up into the mountains, there being no place else he could go. He was 20 years old.

For weeks, the Aspromonte swarmed with *carabinieri* and their dogs. Angelo Macri kept on the move. He dared not come down to the villages, build a fire, hunt game. Several times hunger and thirst nearly forced him to give himself up.

In the mountains he came upon others on the run like himself and formed them into a band. When it was strong enough, they turned on the *carabinieri* and there were pitched battles. After that the patrols pursued Angelo less enthusiastically.

Now he moved down onto the coastal farms, stealing cattle, firing barns to cover his retreat. Then he imposed a "protection tax," threatening ten times that much destruction if the money were not paid.

One farmer refused to pay. The next night a hand grenade sailed into his living room. After that he paid. So did the others.

Macri began to be seen around the villages, dressed like a dandy in pointed suede shoes and pin-striped suits with peg-top trousers. He had his curly black hair bleached blond to set himself apart from his men. Like Samson's, his hair became the symbol of his leadership.

TO THE PEASANTS of the Aspromonte, Macri was a celebrity. None doubted the justice of the vengeance which made him an outlaw.

Though he was barely five feet six, the women, especially, thought him a romantic figure; he was so young, so handsome, so daring. Mountain girls invented methods of warning him of the activities of the *carabinieri*. Laundry hung in a certain way in the villages could be seen in the mountains, for example, then the warning transmitted from peak to peak by smoke signals.

Now, preceded by emissaries, Angelo Macri moved down onto the coastal cities themselves, onto Bagnara, Scilla and San Giovanni. His "tax adjusters" visited shopkeepers and industrialists, informing them what their share of tribute to Angelo Macri would be.

Some balked, others tried to defend their property when the bandits rode down from the mountains to burn and destroy. One or two, who went to the police for help, did not live to see if it arrived or not.

In the village of Crocifisso, Benito Carlucci, whose trucks hauled cordwood, boasted that he would not be intimidated. He was a big man, proud of his great strength.

A band led by Giuseppe Callipari, Macri's lieutenant, tore him one night from his bed. Barefooted, wearing only a nightshirt, he was dragged to a clearing in the mountains where armed men sat around a fire.

Among them squatted a well-dressed young fellow toying with a stick. Carlucci, still pretending bravado, said to him, "So they got you, too."

The young man broke the stick and tossed it in the fire, then said politely, "I'm Macri."

Carlucci wilted visibly.

The bandit king, his manner deferential, almost respectful, explained that Carlucci's behavior had been "rash." Callipari, meanwhile, was heating an axe in the fire. A chopping block was brought over.

Carlucci began to sweat as Macri's lieutenant withdrew the red hot axe from the fire.

"You would be surprised to know how difficult it is to restrain such a man," said Macri, nodding toward Callipari. "If you choose to persist in your conduct, I'm afraid I cannot be responsible for what happens to you."

Carlucci, terrified, began to plead for his life. At a signal from Macri, the band disappeared quietly among the trees.

Carlucci, babbling hysterically,

did not notice for some time that he was alone.

It was the cold, horrifying politeness of Macri which unmanned him, he said later. It was inhuman.

The town offered no further resistance to Angelo Macri.

The blond bandit king grew ever more insolent and began sending letters to Sciabica, daring the police chief to catch him. He signed himself: The Wolf of the Aspromonte.

The legend of Angelo Macri, the Wolf of the Aspromonte, spread all over Italy. By the time he had proven his contempt for the authorities by robbing the bank at Gallico, and Marzano had been sent in from Trieste, all Calabria was at his mercy.

But Carmelo Marzano was a new kind of cop. "Large scale operations against bandits waste gasoline, discourage the police and give the bandits an excessive idea of their own importance," he said. "The bandit who succeeds merely in hiding out begins to feel he is a great hero who has won the affection of thousands. Police action must be based on the trust of the majority of the local inhabitants."

Marzano set out to win that trust.

Roadblocks let the people know the police were near them. Mobile patrols began stopping all citizens for documents, jailing those who had none. "Undesirables" who aided bandits were exiled to Ustica.

Marzano personally visited hundreds of homes—homes of terrified businessmen, homes of bandits' families. His message was always: cooperate with the police, we are trying to help you. Bandits who would surrender would be permitted to take leave of their families, he promised, knowing that honor is more important to Calabrians than life itself.

Within a week, Marzano had captured 50 outlaws; 210 more, still hiding out, had been identified.

He cut Macri off from the villages, kept him on the move with police dogs, picked up his henchmen one by one. To many, the chance to spend a day alone with their wives was enough to induce surrender. Even Callipari, a murderer and hardened criminal, gave himself up.

Macri began to fear Marzano, whom he could not understand. His band was dwindling, he was hunted constantly, and there was not enough food. He began to fear betrayal.

Marzano drew the net tighter and tighter. Finally Macri, hungry, tired of running, slipped through it and, disguised as a priest, made his way to Rome.

Rumors to this effect reached Marzano, who requested a house-to-house search in a certain section of the city. But the Rome police arrived too late. Macri had gone north to Torino, still disguised as a priest. He crossed into France near Briançon using one of the numerous, lightly patrolled mountain passes.

In Marseille, he talked to sailors in bars, making inquiries about ships. He managed to stow away on a ship bound for the Port of New York. Once tied up to the docks, Macri merely waited his opportunity and slipped quietly ashore.

In New York, his trail becomes obscure. It is said that he contacted the Mafia, was given the name Dominick Ferrara, appropriate documents, and was found work as a carpenter on a construction gang. It is also said that he never contacted the Mafia; that he borrowed the name, and found work on his own.

At any rate, in January, 1956, agents of the U.S. Immigration Service picked up Angelo Macri on an anonymous tip, believing him to be merely an illegal immigrant. It was never discovered who had denounced him.

He was identified as Angelo Macri by four steel molars in his upper jaw. But he insisted he was Dominick Ferrara, a carpenter, and that his documents had been stolen.

Confined in the brig of the liner that took him back to Italy, the bandit said little and appeared to be brooding. Finally his nerves went and he began to scream hysterically as he banged on the door, "I am Angelo Macri. I am Angelo Macri."

The guard looked at him in a bored way. After a while he was silent.

A squad of heavily armed *carabinieri* waited on the dock at Naples; Marzano was taking no chances. Angelo Macri, wearing a beautifully cut, cream-colored, double-breasted overcoat, walked meekly down the gangway handcuffed to two burly guards. The Wolf of the Aspromonte, not yet 25 years old, had come home like a lamb.

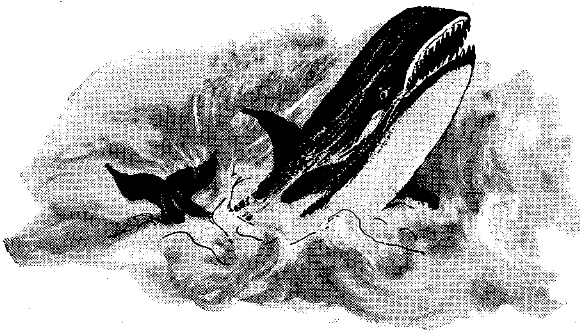
The courts at Reggio Calabria made short work of Angelo Macri. There was no legal maneuvering, no prolonged testimony. For the murder of the *carabiniere,* Sanginiti, he was quickly tried, convicted and sentenced to a long prison term.

Double Exposure

"I ONCE KNEW A MAN who was a real grouch. I could tell it just by looking at him," recalls editor, Clinton E. Bernard. "We exchanged greetings when we met, but neither of us was enthusiastic about it. Then one day I happened to see him do something kind, when he thought no one was looking. That changed my whole opinion of him, of course. When we met the next day, he smiled cordially when I said 'Hello.' We got to talking and made a date to play golf. We played eighteen holes and got along fine. Later, he confessed to me 'I never saw a man change so much overnight. Until recently I always thought you were a real grouch!' "

—*The Solano Republican*

GO-GETTER: One who gets in behind you in a revolving door and comes out ahead of you. —*Breadwinner*



Big as a bus,
torpedo-swift,
bloodthirsty
as a tiger—
this rapacious
mammal is
the most vicious
inhabitant
of the sea

The Killer Whale

by Ronald Rood

"THEY LEAP CLEAR OUT of the water and come down smack on the other whale's back with a thud that makes your boat shake. And after they beat the other whale out of its wits, they force its mouth open, then tear its tongue to shreds."

Thus an old whaling captain recalled the primal conflict of the ocean giants—the attack of a school of Killer Whales on their huge, placid cousin whales. Twenty to thirty feet of black and white muscular terror when full grown, the Killer Whale is the undisputed monarch of the sea.

Behind the deadly drive of the Killer's massive body lurks an equally massive appetite, justifying the panic which it causes in other creatures. There is one record of 13 porpoises and 14 seals taken from the stomach of a Killer Whale. No one who has ever seen a Killer Whale can forget the menacing rhythmic rolling of the whale's body in the sea, or the tall, scimitar-shaped dorsal fin slicing through the waves. In polar regions, seals dash madly on shore and into Eskimo villages to escape these gigantic dolphins.

That's what a Killer Whale is, technically—a dolphin. Tourists on ocean liners often place bets on the friendly bottle-nosed porpoises or other dolphin species as they outrace the ship. But even the porpoise in its speed and grace is no match for the diabolical 25-to-30-mile-an-hour rush of its big relative. In fact, the porpoise is a favorite item on the Killer's menu.

Like its smaller cousins—and, indeed, like all whales—the Killer is a mammal. It needs fresh air to live. Baby Killers, born with only the numbing cold of the salt sea for a cradle, are nosed to the surface by the mother for that important first gulp of oxygen. No one has ever witnessed the birth of a Killer Whale, but anatomical studies show that only one baby is produced at a time. Its gestation period is about one year, and its life expectancy is another 30 or 40 years after that.

The newborn whale is about half as long as its parent, and starts life weighing at least 300 pounds. Its first meal consists of milk supplied beneath the flanks of its fearsome mother. Since the Killer Whales travel in packs, the childhood of this seven-foot infant is a continuous round of activity as it follows the parent at full speed from one massacre to another. It is hard to imagine a young manhood more free from the attack of enemies. For no creature of the sea will challenge the Killer Whale.

Most of the seas of the world know the massive thrust of the tail-flukes of the "Terrible Orca," as the ancients called the Killer Whale. The black head with the white eye-patch rises above the water, followed by the great fin which, on the male, is as tall as a man. A quick gasp of air, and the apparition disappears with hardly a ripple. Perfectly streamlined, it races under water at full speed, then surfaces again 100 yards nearer its victim.

Nothing that swims is safe from this rush, unless it be the sperm whale of *Moby Dick* fame. Even these are sometimes brought in by whaling ships with great gashes showing the attacks of Killers.

The whale's greatest enemy is his own huge size. A stranded whale is doomed, because the weight of its great body makes breathing impossible. Oddly enough, with the entire ocean to roam in, the Killer Whale, in its frenzy to capture a seal or walrus, sometimes follows its intended victim onto the beach where it lies marooned, its tiny eyes following helplessly every move of its prey. Unless saved by an incoming tide, the giant quickly dies, a victim of its own greed.

Captain Robert Scott, in the journal of his last polar expedition, tells of two dogs tethered on an ice floe which were spotted by a band of seven killers. The marauders swam around the floe, sizing up the situation, poking their heads far out of the water. Then they dived beneath the surface.

The next instant the whole ice floe heaved upwards and shattered into fragments. The whales had come hurtling up from the depths and burst through 30 inches of ice to get at the dogs. Luckily, the splits in the ice were between the dogs and the tethers held, so neither dog was spilled into the water. The whales looked around for their prey and, with victory almost at hand, unaccountably gave up the game and vanished as silently as they had come.

They have been known to chase a baby walrus until it clambered upon the back of its mother in terror. Seeing this, the Killer sinks from view, to come hurtling up beneath the walrus, hitting her with a paralyzing jolt which spills her baby violently away.

Although the Killer may be found in many parts of both the Atlantic and Pacific, his taste for northern seals and southern penguins often takes him to polar regions at both ends of the earth. The Eskimos have a great respect for the "wolf that lives in the sea." They have long believed that these animals are actually packs of Arctic wolves that can take to a marine life at will.

Despite a lack of external ears, the hearing of the Killer is well tuned to sounds in its watery world. Studies with dolphins indicate that they can hear high-pitched sounds and send them out as well. Underwater listening devices have picked out all manner of noises from a school of whales—clicks like a telegraph, squeaks like a rusty hinge. Echoes from these sounds may help them navigate in the darkness of night, or in the gloom beneath an iceberg, in a fashion similar to the "Sonar" used by the Navy.

As an aid to its tremendous appetite, the Killer Whale has a large enough throat to enable it to catch large fish, sea birds, and even some seals and porpoises in its ring of some 40-odd pointed teeth—each one far longer than the fangs of a tiger—toss them into the air, and gulp them down whole.

There are few animals in the sea or on the land that show evidence of any greater natural intelligence. Some experts guess that whales may be among the most intelligent beasts alive—perhaps ranking with the dog and the horse. Some captive specimens of dolphins have been hard to train because of this very trait—they seemed to be trying to outguess their human captors.

The sperm whale runs 30 feet longer than the Killer but it is peaceful and even playful when undisturbed. The bluefish is just as greedy, and some sharks are just as vicious. But for sheer size combined with devastating power and cunning, no living sea creature can compare with the grinning, puffing, black-and-white torpedo—the wolf that lives in the sea.

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A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Each quintet below has something in common—when preceded by another word, they add up to a series of everyday phrases. Let Guest Quizmaster Bill Nimmo—m.c. of CBS-TV's quiz show, "For Love or Money" (Mondays through Fridays, 10 a.m., EST)—give you an example: in the first group, the missing word is FREE. Catch on? Check answers on pg. 185.

1. Verse, Lance, Enterprise, Port, Will [illegible]
2. Elephant, Feather, House, Heat, Lie ________
3. Peter, Laws, Grouse, Monday, Cheese BLUE
4. Theater, Dipper, America, Rock, Corporal LITTLE
5. Beauty, Indian, League, Legion, Plan [illegible]
6. Cross, Herring, Tape, Light, Cap RED
7. Seas, Jump, Hat, School, Treason HIGH
8. Squaw, World, Hickory, Guard, Ironsides [illegible]
9. Island, List, Playing, Term, Distance [illegible]
10. Ages, Continent, Room, Horse, Side DARK
11. Bread, Betty, Thrasher, Sugar, Bear BROWN
12. Clover, Corn, William, Tooth, Sixteen SWEET
13. War, Sweat, Pack, Cream, Storage COLD
14. Dog, Air, Plate, Springs, Potato HOT
15. Letter, Heat, End, Pan, Weight DEAD
16. Hole, Hand, Widow, Market, Sheep BLACK
17. England, Deal, Mexico, Year, World NEW
18. Cider, Luck, Tack, Coal, Labor HARD
19. Moon, House, Dress, Size, Stop ________
20. Air, Letter, Shop, Sesame, Primary ________
21. Sum, Table, Robin, Steak, Trip ROUND
22. Nature, Looks, Form, Will, Cheer GOOD
23. Circuit, Stop, Cut, Story, Wave SHORT
24. Fraction, Interest, Time, Sentence, Simon ________
25. Class, East, Age, Man, Weight ________
26. Divide, Dane, Circle, Lakes, Seal ________
27. Opera, Piano, Jury, Larceny, Rapids ________
28. Setter, Potato, Coffee, Stew, Whiskey ________
29. Hand, Crust, Cut, Case, Most ________
30. Seas, Sisters, Wonders, Hills, Pines ________

by Senator Paul H. Douglas

"A Catholic can

I think a Catholic can be elected President of the United States. Given the right man, a Catholic should be elected President.

It saddens me that it should still be necessary in America today to document these beliefs. Yet the issue is clouded by so much confusion that both non-Catholics and Catholics can profit by its frank discussion. For the closer we move toward the 1960 political conventions, the greater the danger that, in the heat of debate, matters of principle may become further distorted by the cobwebs of myths and religious suspicion.

The chief arguments advanced for the contention that a Catholic either cannot or should not become President are:

1. Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, the only Catholic Presidential candidate in U. S. history, lost disastrously in 1928 because of his religion—and the memory of his defeat remains too fresh.
2. The religious views of a Catholic President would necessarily conflict with his constitutional duties.
3. The electorate still is not sufficiently tolerant to elect a Catholic.
4. Even if the electorate might prove willing to elect a Catholic, the professional politicians would be too cautious to nominate him.

Let us examine each of these arguments.

There can be no question about the overwhelming extent of Al Smith's defeat. He lost to Herbert Hoover by more than 6,000,000 votes. He failed to carry four states of the "solid" South. He even lost in his beloved native state of New

become President!"

Blasting the "myth" of prejudice, a distinguished Senator delivers a bold reply to the question that could dominate the 1960 campaign

York and wound up with just 87 electoral votes.

It is also true that the Democratic candidate's Catholicism was a long and bitterly discussed issue. Methodist Episcopal Bishop James Cannon, Jr., argued that "no subject of the Pope" should be President. The Republican national committeewoman from Virginia declared: "We must save the United States from being Romanized and rum-ridden, and the call is to the women to do so." A well-circulated cartoon depicted a kneeling Al Smith inviting his running mate, Senator Joseph Robinson, to kiss the Pope's bare toes. At the upper end of the intellectual scale, a noted attorney, Charles C. Marshall, addressed a 5,000-word "open letter" to Smith in *The Atlantic Monthly*, questioning the Governor's qualifications on the basis of the past pronouncements of various Catholic spokesmen. In reply, Smith issued a moving 4,000-word manifesto.

Nevertheless, historians now believe that the religious issue was only one of several that caused Al Smith's downfall. Quite probably it was not even the most important one. For Al Smith's America differed greatly from the America of the space age in one almost-forgotten respect. Bishop Cannon also attacked Smith as the master henchman of evil forces representing "the foreign-populated city called New York." William Allen White of Kansas' Emporia *Gazette* railed against him as the agent of "saloon, prostitution and gambling" interests.

It is a little difficult not to smile at the notion today, but the fact is that in Al Smith's day much of rural

America was in a state of undeclared war against its urban counterpart. To many voters in the rural South and Midwest the stereotype of the cigar-chewing machine politician from "the East" spelled government by city slickers, corruption and "foreigners." Happily, education, automobiles, television and other unifying factors have pretty much wiped away these prejudices. Moreover, about 63 percent of the population now lives in urban areas.

Most difficult for Al Smith, perhaps, was the prohibition issue. Again, it may be hard for voters now in their 20s and 30s to picture how many people sincerely—and vehemently—opposed the legalized sale of liquor. Smith was an ardent "wet" and said so. After the votes were in, Professor William F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago made a study of 173 counties and concluded that the "prohibition sentiment was three times more decisive . . . than the religious issue."

I am convinced, in view of this, that Al Smith's fate should not be too significant for any Catholic candidate of the future.

Since I am a Protestant, I feel I can discuss objectively the claim that the teachings of the Catholic Church would lead a Catholic President into inevitable conflict with our laws. Frankly, this so-called danger does not worry me.

It is, of course, possible to find some basis for conflict between church and state in the writings of the Catholic hierarchy of the past. This is particularly true of Pope Pius IX, who asserted in 1864: "To say in the case of conflicting laws enacted by the Two Powers, the civil law prevails, is error." The statements of Pius IX were, however, made primarily in reference to European conditions, and were issued a long time ago. I am convinced, however, that in our modern U.S. such areas of potential dispute would seem to exist chiefly in the realm of theory alone. Certainly Al Smith thought so when he answered Charles Marshall in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

"I believe in absolute separation of church and state . . . I believe in the support of the public school as one of the cornerstones of American liberty . . . I recognize no power in . . . my church to interfere with . . . the Constitution of the U.S."

IN OTHER WORDS, Catholicism is a matter of "faith and morals" for most members of the Catholic Church. Catholic officeholders have had no difficulty reconciling their faith with their politics in this country. As the militantly Protestant journal, *Christian Century,* pointed out during the 1928 campaign:

"Catholic political action in modern times has shown itself more modern than Catholic. France was overwhelmingly Catholic; it threw off the yoke. Italy was overwhelmingly Catholic; it destroyed the temporal power of the papacy. Catholics do not act as a unit at the wave of the Pope's baton. In actual practice, American Catholics love their country as much as Protestants do."

To which I would add: just what could a Catholic President of the United States do—against the will of the non-Catholic majority—to aid the Pope? The Constitution provides ample checks against the usurpation of powers by the executive branch, so that we need not—and indeed we *must* not—deny to 36,000,000 Americans the right to have a qualified member of their faith elected to the White House.

Not only do I think that a member of a minority religion would do nothing to offend the beliefs of the majority, I believe there is strong evidence that Catholic officeholders would bend over backward to avoid charges of religious prejudice against themselves or their co-religionists.

There is, for example, no record that Catholic members of our highest tribunal, the Supreme Court, ever found themselves in conflict with the laws they were chosen to interpret. This is true of two Catholic Chief Justices, Roger Brooke Taney and Edward Douglass White, who presided over the court about 40 years. More recently, another Catholic justice, the late Frank Murphy, voted in favor of the right of a Jehovah's Witnesses minister to set up a public address system in a municipal park and make anti-Catholic broadcasts on Sundays. Currently, Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., a Catholic, has also shown himself to be a stout defender of individual rights and civil liberties.

Looking over the ranks of my Catholic Democratic colleagues in the Senate, I must confess that the average quality of their performance seems to surpass the average performance of my fellow-Protestants.

There is Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, who is considered the front-runner for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1960; Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana, the Democratic Assistant Majority Leader; such veterans as Senators James Murray of Montana and Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming; newer members like Senators John O. Pastore of Rhode Island, Frank Lausche of Ohio and Pat McNamara of Michigan; and newly-elected Senators Philip A. Hart of Michigan, Edmund S. Muskie of Maine and Stephen M. Young of Ohio. In addition, there are two other freshmen senators who have served with distinction in the House of Representatives: Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, and Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut. In the House, for the first time, there are nearly 100 Catholic members.

I find these men remarkably free of prejudice and, as a group, less self-righteous than a large proportion of my fellow-Protestants. It may be that most Catholic legislators are above-average at their jobs because they had above-average obstacles to overcome in achieving election. Whatever the reason for their collective stature, I would like to see more such men in Congress.

If a Catholic is nominated for the Presidency in 1960, or at any other time in the foreseeable future, I must admit that his religion would —regrettably—be held against him by some voters.

The Gallup poll has been asking a cross section of voters: "If your party nominated a generally well-qualified man for the Presidency this year, and he happened to be a Catholic, would you vote for him?"

In 1955, 23 percent replied "No." In 1956, 22 percent. Last October, 25 percent.

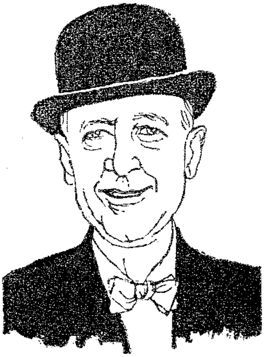
To me, however, the more significant points established by these polls are:

1. Anti-Catholic voters are clearly in a minority.
2. Since a Catholic candidate almost certainly would be a Democrat, the majority of anti-Catholic votes in the public opinion polls were cast by Republicans who would not vote for him anyway.
3. The above figures compare with a "No" vote of 31 percent in the same poll taken in 1940.
4. The October, 1958, Gallup poll also shows that anti-Catholic prejudice is significantly lower among younger voters and voters with a college education.

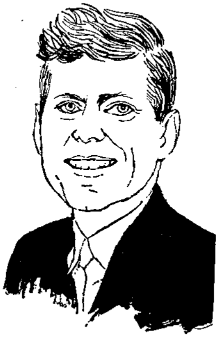
Clearly then, the trend is toward less religious prejudice in our voting habits. And it should be. Historically anti-Catholic feeling in this country has been an anti-immigrant prejudice against the stereotyped Irish cop, saloon-keeper or favor-peddling ward heeler. Catholics, Protestants and Jews lived in more or less separate social compartments. Nowadays, economic and social barriers are dropping rapidly. There is much more inter-faith communication than ever before. We know and understand each other better than we ever did. The war and military service in a common cause melted away many hatreds. Few Americans still blindly believe that a man wears invisible horns because he worships the same God in a different church.

Recent election results bear this out. The electorate of Maine is only 26 percent Catholic and not noted

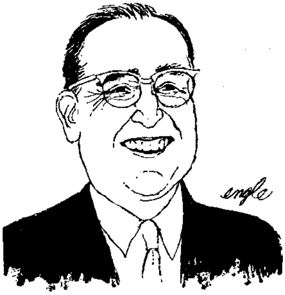
With U. S. voters emphasizing merit, not religion, one of these



Al Smith, Catholic Governor of New York, was beaten in 1928 bid for White House. Smith's religion, Douglas insists, wasn't main issue.



John F. Kennedy, young Massachusetts Senator, has received surprisingly strong support from conservative Southern Democrats.



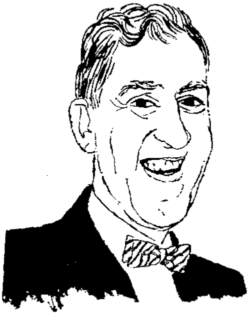
Pat Brown, California's new Governor, scored million-vote victory in 1958 election. His son is studying to be Catholic priest.

for upsetting political apple carts. It was a state with a firmly fixed tradition that no man of immigrant stock and no Catholic could be elected to high office. Yet in 1954, Maine elected Muskie—a Catholic and the son of a Polish immigrant tailor—as the first Democratic Governor in 20 years. In 1956, it reelected him by the greatest majority ever given a Governor of either party. In 1958, it made him the first Democrat ever popularly elected U. S. Senator from Maine.

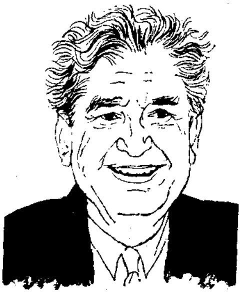
There are numerous other case histories of men who have overcome religious prejudices with apparent ease in recent years. Before Frank Lausche was elected to the Senate in 1956, he had been five times elected Governor of Ohio (Catholic population: 20 percent), always by huge majorities and always doing well in the strongly Protestant rural areas. Moreover, Lausche faced a particularly rough campaign problem. His opponents among those of his own faith charged he was a "left-handed" Catholic because he married a Protestant outside the Church.

Analyses of the 1952 and 1956 election results also show that quite a few Catholic candidates for Congress ran substantially ahead of Adlai E. Stevenson. Among these were Representatives Leo W. O'Brien and James J. Delaney of New York (who ran 16 and 15 percent ahead of the national ticket, respectively); Peter W. Rodino of New Jersey (21 percent); Senator Kennedy (12 percent); Senator Pastore (12 percent); Senator Lausche (26 percent); Representative Clement J. Zablocki of Wisconsin (33 percent); Representative (now Senator) Eu-

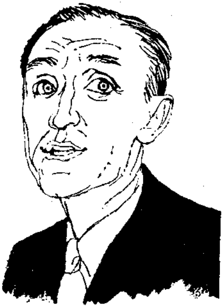
Catholic Presidential hopefuls may succeed where Al Smith failed



Edmund S. Muskie of Maine was elected Senator after four years as Governor of a state where Catholics and Democrats seldom win.



Frank Lausche of Ohio was elected Governor, then Senator, carrying heavily Protestant areas despite vicious "whispering" campaigns.



Mike Mansfield of Montana, Senate majority whip, has spent 16 years in both houses of Congress, representing a state only 22 percent Catholic.

gene McCarthy (12 percent); and Senator Mansfield (21 percent).

Many of these front-runners undoubtedly come from areas with relatively heavy Catholic populations. But I believe that most of their constituents voted for these men simply because they thought they would do a good job.

By the same token, I will concede that many Southern delegates who jumped on the Kennedy-for-Vice-President band wagon at the 1956 Democratic convention did so largely because of their distaste for the alternative choice, my friend Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. But it was an historic change to see delegates from the South (where, according to Gallup, only 51 percent of the voters would accept *any* Catholic Presidential candidate) rally to the Kennedy banner—even for the second place on the national ticket. It showed that the South was willing to "live with" a Catholic Vice President.

There is no question in my mind that the increased acceptance of Catholics in public office is also attributable to the efficiency and fair-mindedness of most Catholic office-holders at the municipal level. Robert F. Wagner, Jr., in New York, Richard J. Daly in Chicago, John B. Hynes in Boston, deLesseps S. Morrison in New Orleans and David Lawrence in Pittsburgh have two characteristics in common. All are Catholics. All have been excellent mayors.

Because of his fine record, the voters last year elected Mayor Lawrence the first Catholic Governor of Pennsylvania. Three Catholics already were Governors of other states and making good records: Stephen L. R. McNichols of Colorado, Albert D. Rosellini of Washington and Foster Furcolo of Massachusetts. Nor was Lawrence the only newly-elected Catholic Governor. Chosen in the last election were Christopher Del Sesto of Rhode Island, J. J. Hickey in Wyoming, Michael V. Di Salle in Ohio; and, most notably, Edmund G. (Pat) Brown in California. Brown defeated Senator William F. Knowland by 1,029,000 votes.

I think, therefore, that an impressive case can be made for the argument that the vast majority of today's *voters* look their candidates over for merit, not for religious beliefs. Now what about the *politicians* who nominate presidents?

Here we are on more speculative ground. Politicians are worriers. Worriers are cautious. I am afraid this is especially true of many Catholic politicians who sit in our nominating conventions. Many of them are sincerely concerned over the possibility of putting forward a Catholic candidate before the country is ready for one. They worry that the campaign would lead to divisive discussions of the religious issue; that the candidate might be defeated; that his defeat, regardless of its causes, might be blamed on the candidate's religion; and that the cause of religious tolerance might be set back once again. It may also be that some Catholic delegates are afraid that a Catholic running for President would adversely affect their own candidacies for local office.

I have two replies for my worried Catholic fellow-politicians. First there is evidence that a Catholic Presidential candidate might *aid,* rather than *hurt,* the cause of the Democratic party. At least this is the conclusion of a careful statistical study sponsored in 1956 by John Bailey, the Democratic State Chairman of Connecticut. Its most intriguing findings were that Catholics tend to vote more diligently than do Protestants, and that their voting strength tends to be concentrated in 18 large cities of 12 key states. The study concludes:

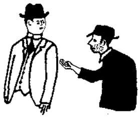
"The Catholic voters in these cities can usually determine the size of the Democratic margin in these cities. The size of the Democratic margin in those cities usually determines whether these states go Democratic. Whether these states go Democratic usually determines whether the Democrats win the election."

This is a rather coldly clinical approach to the issue of religion in politics. But the men on the floor of our nominating conventions *are* clinicians who should be impressed by such statistics. They should also be impressed by the consistently spectacular showing made in the Gallup polls by Senator Kennedy, whose Catholicism is not precisely a secret.

The second point I would raise with our over-cautious politicians is the same that I want to raise with all Americans: Hasn't the time come for us to quit thinking of our public officials in terms of their religious faith?

I think it has.

This is the 20th Century, not the 18th or 19th Century. We should not let the fears of the past dominate our thinking today. And surely it is essential that we cast aside all remnants of prejudice in a time when the whole world is watching to see whether we *live* democracy, or merely *talk* it. Personally, I believe that when the right candidate comes along—regardless of his religion—the American people will do the right thing. They usually do.



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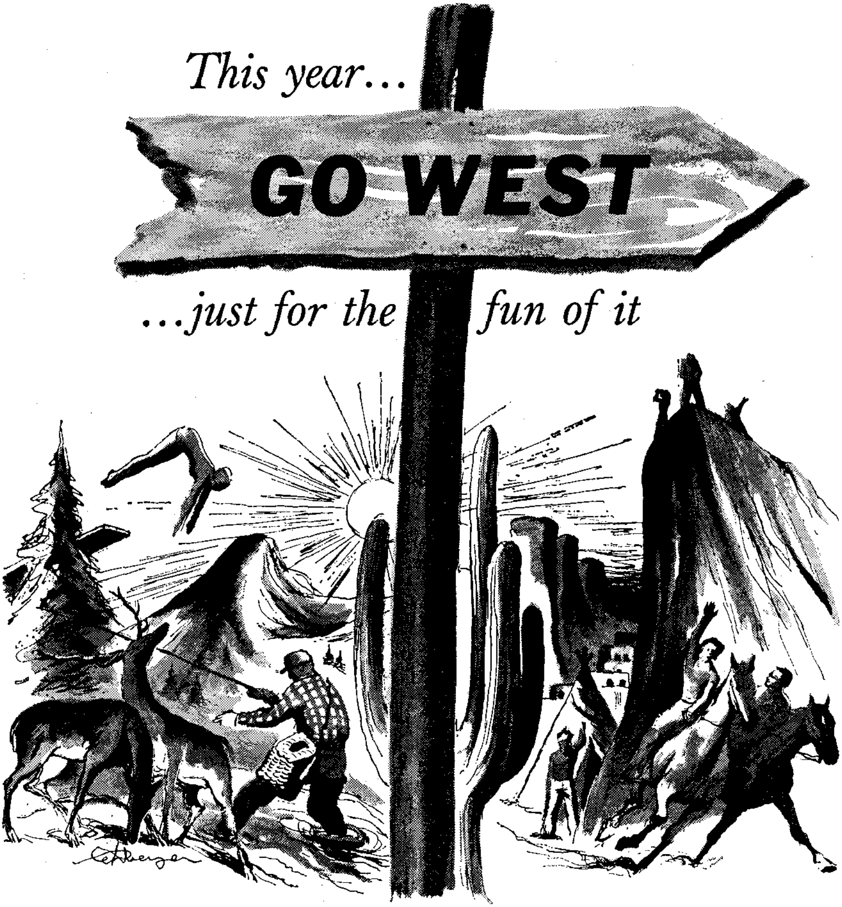
—E. E. EDGAR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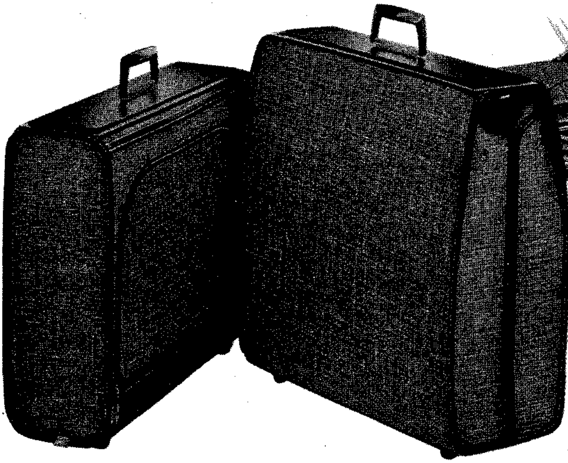

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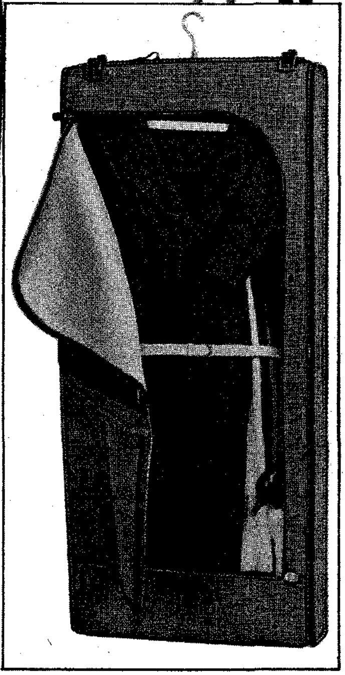

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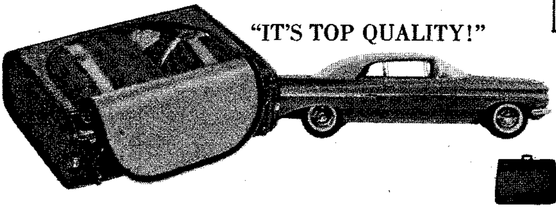

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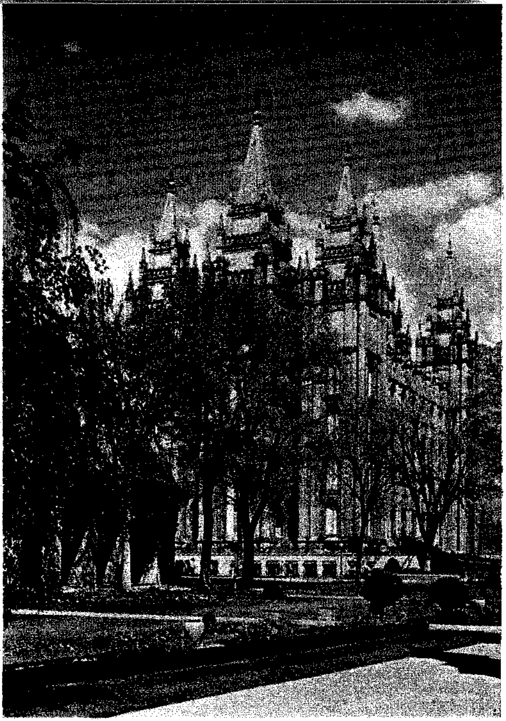

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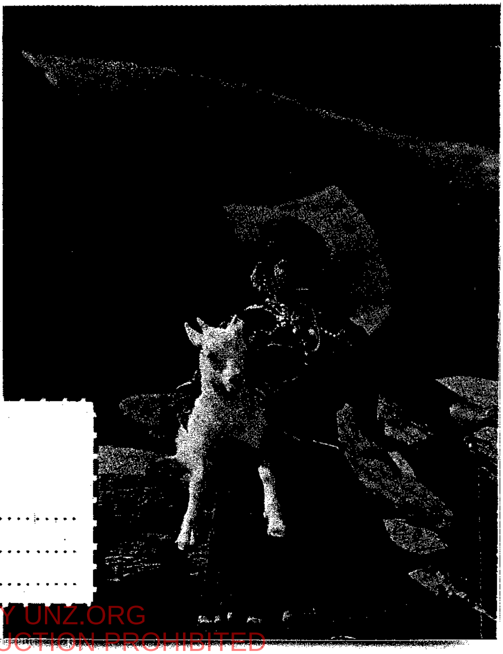

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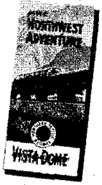

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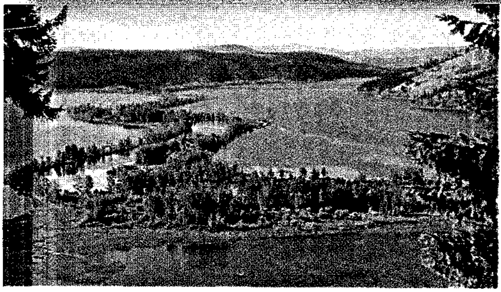

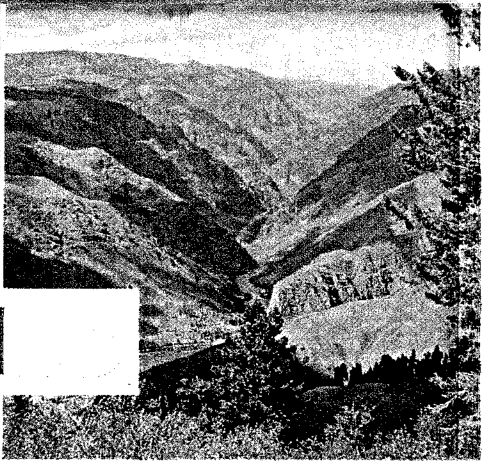

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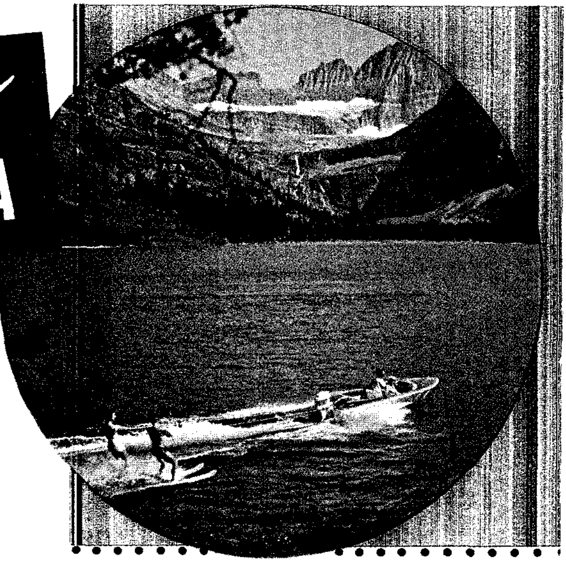

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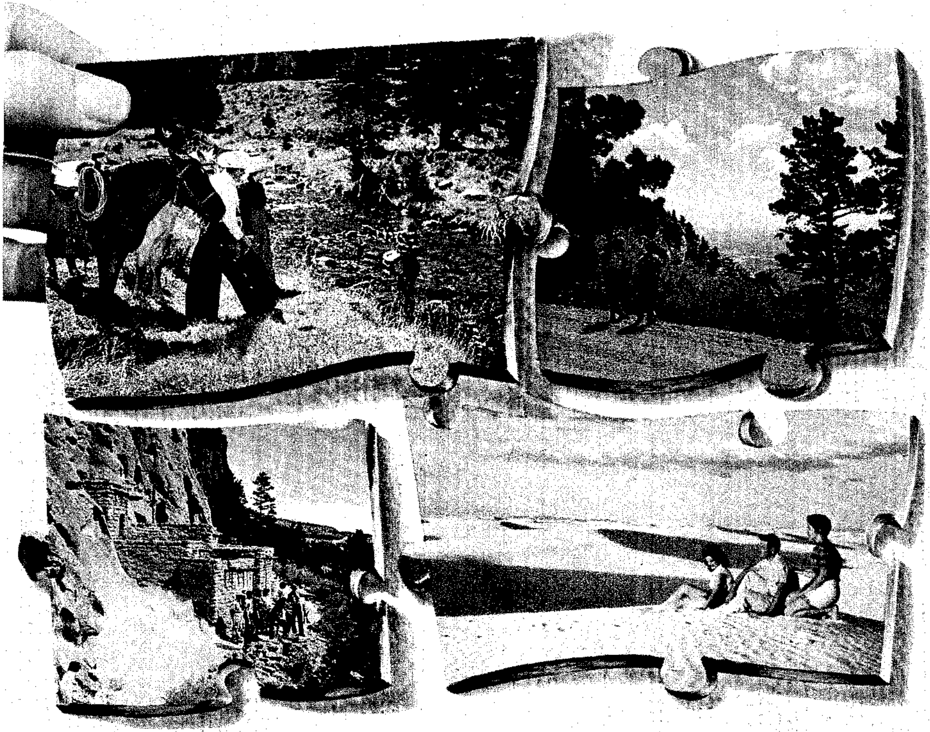

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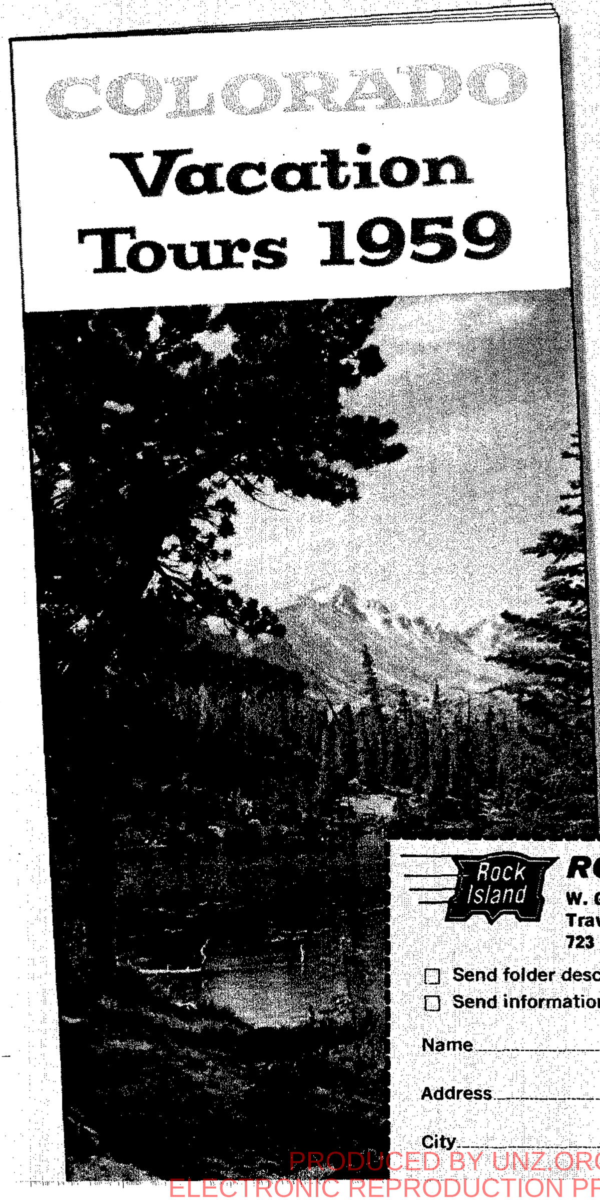

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This colorful folder tells how you can enjoy the vacation of your lifetime—at unbelievably low prices! Imagine: exciting tours of breathtaking Colorado wonders, luxurious accommodations, delectable food during your stay—all included in the one low price. And there's the relaxation . . . the conviviality . . . the *fun* of getting there and back on the Rock Island's sleek Rocky Mountain Rocket. *Go on your own time—leave any day from mid-June to mid-September.* Family Fare plan cuts expenses even more.

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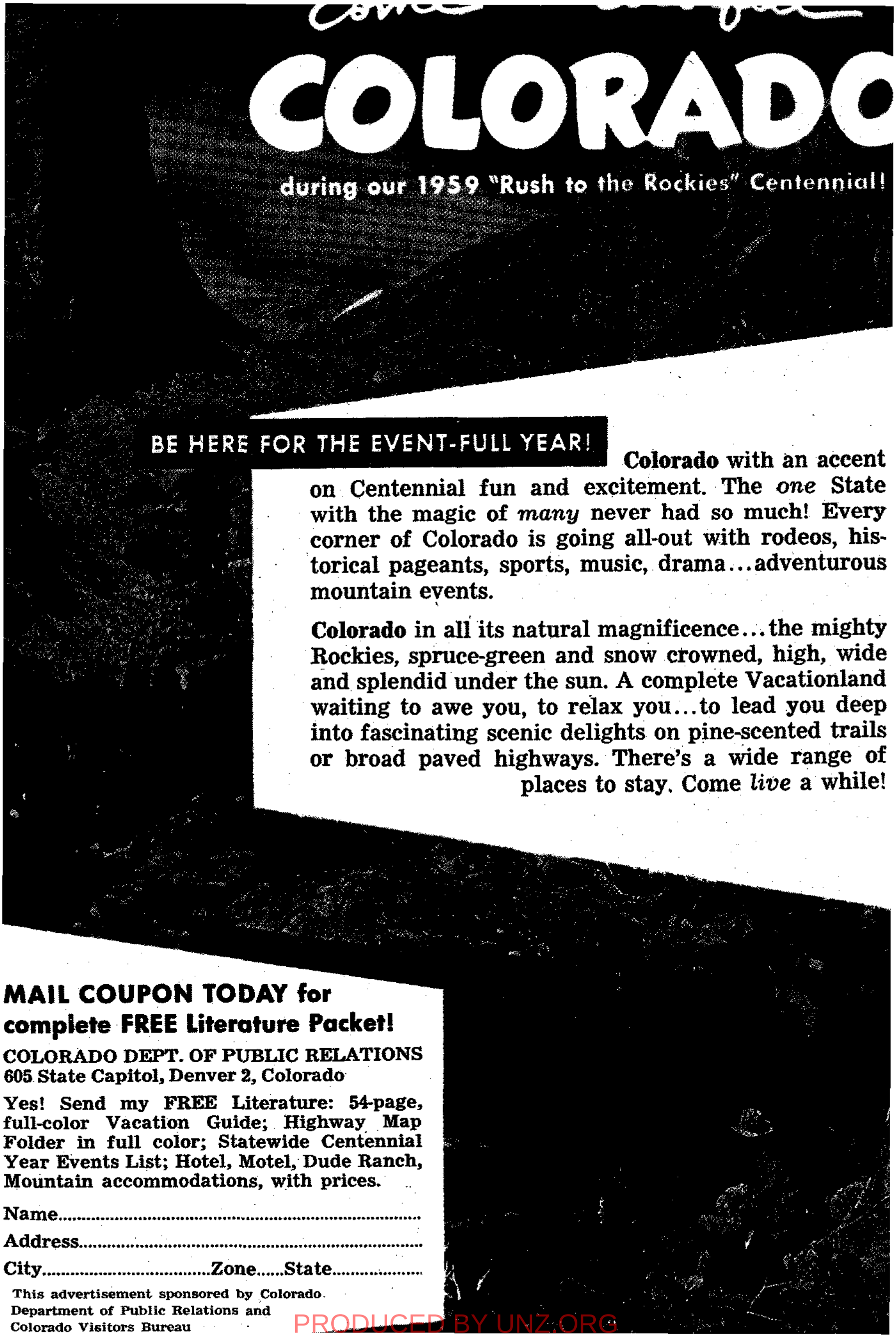

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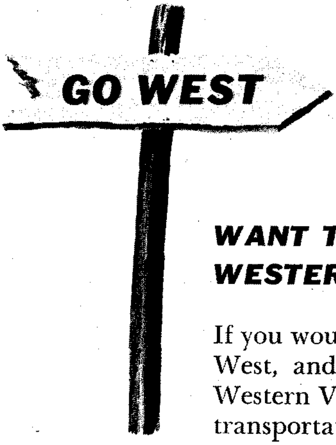

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Coronet will see that you receive beautiful color brochures to help you plan the vacation of your life...in the West.

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To:
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P.O. Box 686
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Yes, I'd like to know more about the West. Send me your colorful folders on a wonderful Western Vacation.

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Smart women everywhere are hailing Hazel Bishop's fabulous new No-Smear Eye Make-Up as the most exciting beauty discovery since Hazel Bishop introduced the first No-Smear Lipstick! Now, at last, you can have lovelier eyes instantly with the first and only mascara, eye shadow and eye pencil guaranteed to stay on beautifully all day—or night—without smudging, running or rubbing off! Each in a stunning Ultra-Matic metal case that looks and feels like solid gold! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Each only $1

Hazel Bishop®

HAZEL BISHOP
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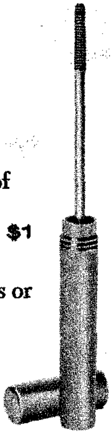
Instantly curls, colors, separates lashes! No brush! No water! No kerosene odor! As easy to use as your lipstick! Striking shades of black, brown, green, blue. In Ultra-Matic* applicator. **Only $1**

(No-Smear type Creme Mascara Refill with brush can be used as is or to re-fill your Ultra-Matic case. Only 79¢.)



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Beautiful Brows—Instantly!

HUMAN COMEDY

WHEN I ARRIVED one day for my usual half hour of supervision at an ultra-exclusive girls' school, I found most of the third grade gathered around a ten-foot square sandbox, which had just been filled. I asked what they were constructing, and was told that it was a castle. When I looked carefully I saw that it was, indeed, a very fine castle, complete with moat, drawbridge and outbuildings.

I went on asking the proper questions and was shown the outer wall, the church, and the village where the serfs lived. Suddenly, I noticed an unidentified space in the far corner. "And what is that place, children?" I asked. "Oh, don't you know?" they replied, seeming surprised. "Why, that's the Country Club."

—E. MITA PATTERSON

MY PARENTS, my sister and I were driving cross-country one summer when suddenly a police siren brought us to a halt just outside a small town. The patrolman took out his ticket book and angrily searched his pockets for a pencil. "I'd sure give you a ticket if I could find my pencil," he bellowed at my father.

From the rear seat of our car came a five-year-old boy's voice: "Daddy has a pencil!"

Many years have passed, but to this day my father still scowls at me whenever the incident is mentioned.

—L. R. SPALDING

A RECENTLY ORDAINED minister was explaining to the bishop why he had resigned from his first charge so soon. "There were thirty-four girls, old maids and widows, all eager to marry the pastor," he explained.

"Well," said the bishop, "you've heard the adage about safety in numbers."

"Not for me, sir," replied the minister. "I found it in Exodus."

—BILL GERARD

LAST HALLOWE'EN, my neighbor answered her doorbell and confronted a wee girl—beautifully costumed but without a mask. As the child opened her paper bag to stow away her treat, my neighbor noticed that her mask lay at the bottom of the bag. "Why don't you wear your mask?" she asked.

A tiny voice whispered, "I'm scared of it."

—MRS. BETTY LACEY

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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A unique organ that makes complex rhythm patterns as easy as tapping your toe.

So versatile that publishers have issued 3000 songs scored especially for it.

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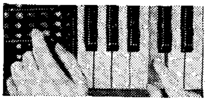

You'll play a complete tune with two fingers. One finger plays the melody. One finger presses buttons to play full chords. Hammond "Picture Music" shows exactly what to do if you don't read music.

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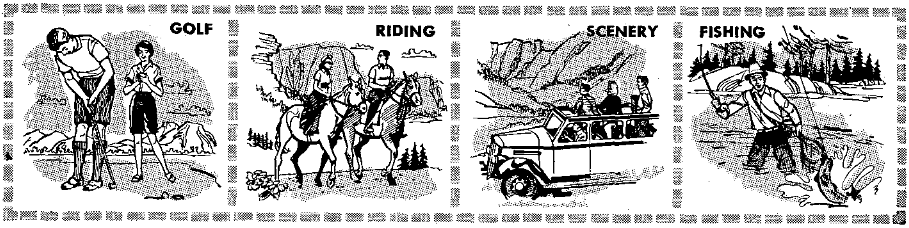
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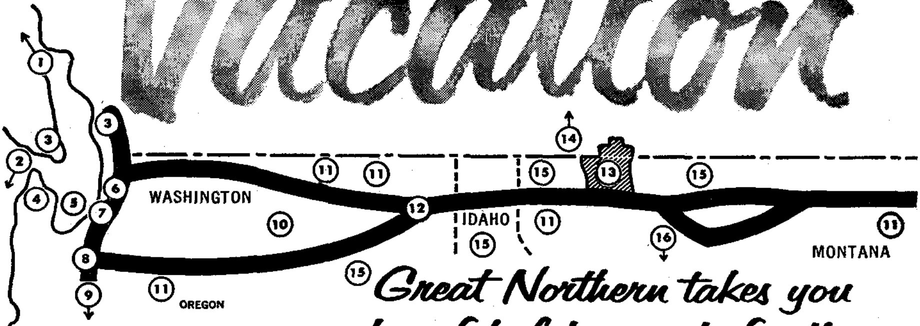
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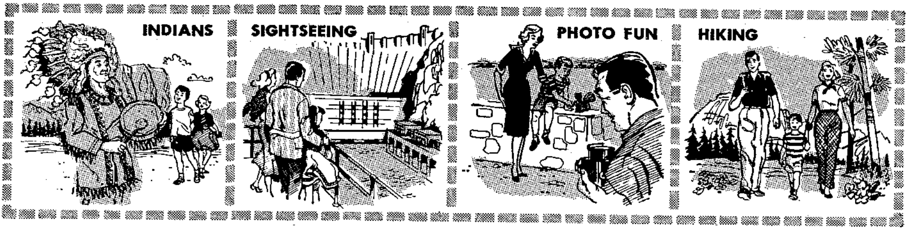
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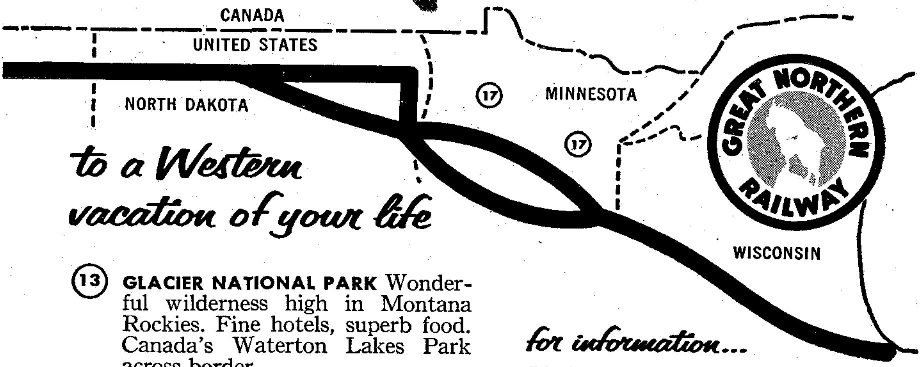
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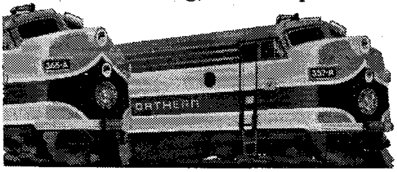

Anonymous as told to Evan Hill

My illness makes me "untouchable"

One of America's 1,500,000 victims of epilepsy reveals the tragic story of how it feels to suffer the stigma of second-class citizenship—because our laws have failed to keep pace with medical science

I AM A 28-YEAR-OLD bachelor, born in one of New Hampshire's largest cities. My I.Q. is normal. I operate my own small business. I spent four years in the U. S. Air Force as an air policeman, armed with loaded .45 or carbine. I handled explosives, trained with machine guns and drove government vehicles. I was honorably discharged as an airman first-class, three grades higher than when I enlisted.

Yet, many U. S. laws are attempting to breed me out of existence. In some of them, not yet caught up with the facts of the medical world, I am separated only by a comma from habitual criminals and imbeciles.

In 14 states the law refuses me the right to marry; in four states I can be surgically sterilized against my wishes; and seven states require that a doctor report me to the state capital if I go to him for treatment.

In six states I can marry only if I submit to sterilization or am too old to have children. In my home state I can be jailed for 30 days and fined $500 for disobeying the marriage law, and both the clerk who issued the license and the official marrying me can be similarly punished. In Michigan my wife may be sent to jail for as much as five years and be fined $1,000 for marrying me. In Washington I can be fined $1,000 and jailed for three years for the same act. In addition, if I marry in defiance of such laws, legally my wife could be no wife at all, but a common-law consort.

In ten states, to get a job I may be forced to waive my rights under Workmen's Compensation, and, if I am injured, receive reduced aid or none at all. And if I were foreign

she's resting, relaxing...
*REDUCING!
S-H-H-H...!
© Relax-A-cizor, 980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles

She's sleeping away inches...a wonderful NEW way—AT HOME!

**REDUCE SIZE of hips, waist, tummy...WITHOUT DIET!*

Romance begins with a trim, lovely figure. Now...with Relax-A-cizor, you can trim off inches effortlessly. Relax in the comfort and privacy of your own home while Relax-A-cizor's gentle neuro-muscular stimulation trims, firms and tightens.

Dieting may cause flabbiness and sagging. Relax-A-cizor tones muscular tissues and removes "bulges" safely ... and sensibly.

No bulky props to set up! You can carry Relax-A-cizor right in the palm of your hand! All you need is self-contained in an attractive carrying case, no larger than a makeup kit!

Husbands use Relax-A-cizor, too! For helping to relax tired back muscles ... aching calves and feet. It's wonderful for trimming that "hard-to-control" waistline!

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Selected ... for medical experiment by the U.S. Navy to be used by Officers and Crewmen of the new Atomic Subs ... where proper physical exercise is limited. Relax-A-cizor was acclaimed "highly effective" in helping keep waistlines trim ... and in aiding relaxation where tension is always present.

Free ... send for your FREE reprint of "Keeping Fit at Forty Fathoms," the dramatic story of how Relax-A-cizor was effectively used aboard the USS SEAWOLF on her record smashing undersea voyage ... as appeared in the February issue of ESQUIRE.

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Please send in PLAIN envelope, FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen. No cost.

☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Mr.

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CITY ________ ZONE ______ STATE ________
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Use margin for more writing space.

born, seeking admission to the U. S., I would be lumped with the feebleminded, the insane, the alcoholics, the lepers, the prostitutes and the paupers, and denied entry under Federal immigration laws. If I wanted to enter the U. S. for medical treatment, I would be required to post a bond.

Actually I could live normally only if I became a liar. But then the fear of perjury and possible imprisonment would always be with me; and that is hardly normal living.

All this is because of the simple fact that I am considered an epileptic. From birth to my late teens I suffered "petit mal" seizures lasting only a few seconds. Because of this I have fewer rights than many criminals. Where the U. S. Air Force and its competent doctors—fully aware of my history—trusted me, the laws of the land, for the most part, do not.

By a conservative estimate, 1,500,000 Americans—slightly more than one percent of the population—are faced with the same problem because they have had one or more epileptic seizures. In addition, approximately 7,000,000 more Americans—the families of those afflicted—are directly affected by the epileptic, rarely talking about him, often ashamed of him, frequently hiding him.

A half century ago, when today's restrictive laws were passed, epilepsy was thought to be inherited, uncontrollable and hopeless. Medical men and legislators alike agreed that the nation would be best protected by laws that would breed the affliction out of the race; thus the reason for statutes that can deny me a wife, or can cut away my manhood with a surgeon's knife.

But today we know better. Research has proved that although a predisposition toward the disorder can be inherited, certain types of epilepsy are not transmitted. Medical science has given us drugs that completely control seizures in 50 percent of the afflicted, and give nearly complete control in another 30 percent. Yet the laws remain on the books, making complete rehabilitation almost impossible in most cases.

Why should epilepsy be a dirty word, spoken only in hushed tones or whispers, as once was syphilis and tuberculosis? Why am I afraid to sign my name to this article? Why do I hide this part of my past, even though I know that this disorder is as common as diabetes and about twice as prevalent as tuberculosis?

The answer lies, for example, in one Gallup poll which showed that 24 percent of U.S. parents objected to their children being near an epileptic child—either in the schoolroom or in the play yard; it lies in the almost universal refusal of employers to hire anyone with *any* degree of epilepsy, and the attitude of some companies who are against hiring a worker if he is even *related* to an epileptic.

It does little good to tell myself—or others—that Julius Caesar was an epileptic. So were Socrates, Napoleon, Lord Byron, Guy de Maupassant, Van Gogh, Paganini, Dostoevsky and Alfred Nobel. The medieval myth that epilepsy is the work of witches or demons is no longer with us. But millions of Americans act as if it were.

EUROPE $654
1959
ROYAL CIRCLE TOURS

All I said was, "Let's take a KLM Royal Tour to Europe!"

FOR THRIFTY TRAVELERS. KLM Royal Circle Tours, 17 to 31 days, from $654 per person, visit up to 12 countries. Departures from New York, Houston and Montreal every Saturday. Price includes all hotel accommodations, meals, sightseeing!

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Please send me complete information on KLM Royal Tours and/or Royal Circle Tours to Europe.

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Epilepsy has been driven underground. Almost any epileptic knows others, who are successful doctors, lawyers, teachers and businessmen. I do. But I won't name them. I can't. Such identification could ruin their lives; these people refuse to be revealed as controlled epileptics for fear of retaliation. Friends would probably remain polite, but become distant, and business would somehow wander to other doors. Today we know that Tony Lazzeri, the great Yankee second baseman of the Babe Ruth era, was an epileptic. But this fact was revealed to the public only after his death in 1946.

We know of the frightening attacks of the hopeless cases—only about one-fifth of the total—and rarely discover how successful modern medicine has been with the rest of us.

ACTUALLY, doctors consider the epileptic seizure a symptom complex, not a disease. It is like a cough that indicates lung infection, or a shortness of breath that might signal heart trouble. It is a symptom of a disorder of the brain. The word *epilepsy* is derived from the Greek word meaning *seizure,* and a seizure is the result of an electrical thunderstorm in the brain.

All of us produce minute electrical currents in our brain cells. These brain waves can be measured by a delicate device called an electroencephalograph. Normally the brain generates electricity at a fairly steady rate, rhythmically pulsing out a person's brain wave pattern. During an epileptic attack, the rhythm suddenly shifts to rapid, high voltage peaks. The brain, for some unknown reason, is suddenly sending out a distorted pattern.

The result is an epileptic seizure, sometimes as short as a few seconds, recognizable by a vacant stare and occasionally accompanied by a rhythmic twitching of the eyelids or eyebrows. This is the petit mal, or small attack which, like most kinds of epilepsy, is most easily controlled by drugs. Petit mal usually occurs in children and tends to disappear before adulthood.

This is what *I* had, petit mal. When I was a child, I had as many as 35 or 40 attacks in a day, none lasting more than a few seconds, and none of which I remembered. They were harmless, and thanks to modern medical advice, I led an active, normal childhood, even playing high school baseball and football.

My petit mal was not a handicap because my parents and my doctors would not let it be. Unlike Americans in so many other cases, my teachers, neighbors and playmates understood and kept a watchful eye on me.

Once, after school, while walking near an open sewer ditch, my mind went blank long enough for me to wander to the ditch's edge. A classmate steered me back, and told me about it seconds later when I wondered what I was doing there. He walked home with me as someone always did. I needed help then and a friend was always there to give it and to understand.

But sympathy is more difficult and slower to come by in another form of epilepsy, the more dramatic and more common "grand mal." In this,

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the large attack, the result is distressing to the uninformed witness; yet the attack in itself is not painful and does little harm to the epileptic. The shame connected with having a seizure does more harm than the attack.

As the currents flicker wildly across his brain, the patient loses consciousness and falls. Sometimes he utters a sharp bird-like cry which is caused by convulsing muscles forcing air out of his lungs. Twitching, foaming at the mouth, rigid, and perhaps arching his back, the epileptic is at the mercy of electricity flashing at nerve centers which control the body. Then, in a few minutes, he becomes limp. He wakes, usually exhausted, probably with a headache and muscular soreness, confused and needing a rest. He does not remember what has happened.

It is this spectacular grand mal attack that has frightened humans since Biblical times (Matthew 17:15) when Jesus cured a boy after his father had prayed: "Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is an epileptic and he suffers terribly; for often he falls into the fire, and often into the water."

But today there is no cause for such despair. We know that one-third of today's epilepsy is caused by some injury to the brain—at birth, by a fall or an accident, by war wounds, by an infection of the brain, by tumors. But we do not yet know the cause of the other two-thirds, although new drugs are helping in some of these cases.

In my case it was a slow childbirth that was the cause of my youthful petit mal seizures, and I outgrew them with the help of medicines.

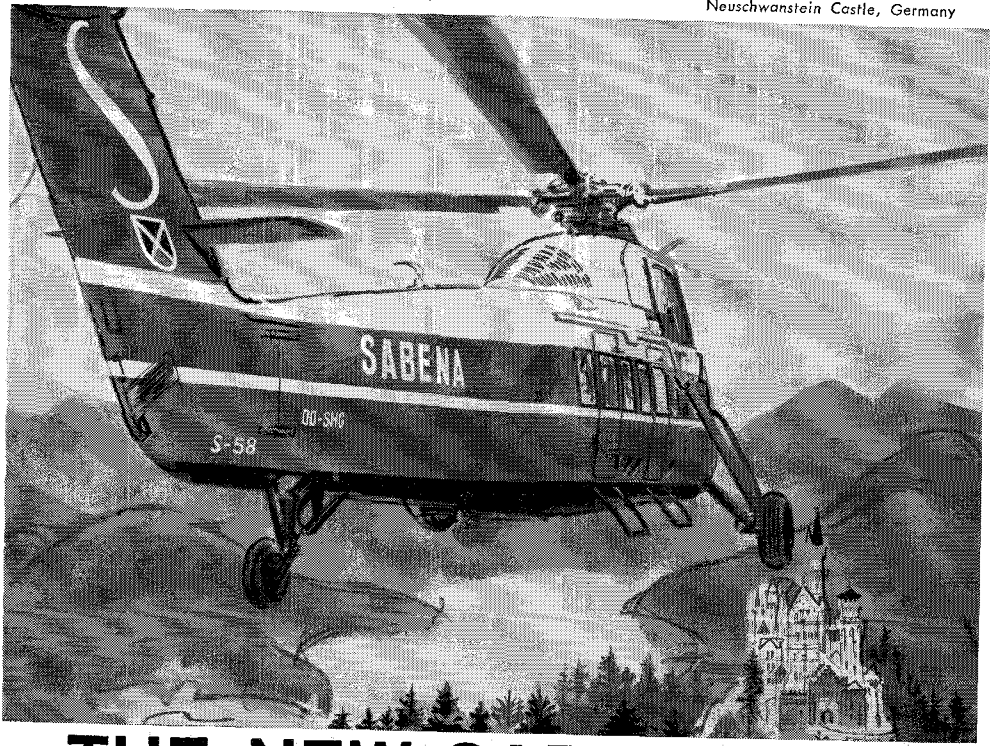
When I was three, my mother began to worry about my "staring spells," which seemed to her a sort of waking unconsciousness that was distressingly frequent. The family doctor diagnosed epilepsy and recommended a Boston specialist.

At that time the most effective treatment was a special diet, plenty of sleep and rest, and exercise—both mental and physical. The best drug available was phenobarbital, which had been used for controlling epileptic seizures since 1912 when it replaced the bromides which had been prescribed since the Civil War. Even as phenobarbital began to cut down the length of my seizures, two Boston doctors, teaching at Harvard Medical School, were searching for some medication that would be a specific anti-convulsant, especially intended to treat epilepsy. Dissatisfied with the sedative and other side effects of phenobarbital, and recognizing the drug's limitations, Dr. Tracy J. Putnam and Dr. H. Houston Merritt made the first concerted and purposeful attack on the problem. In 1937, after a two-year search and endless experiments, they discovered the effectiveness of diphenylhydantoin sodium, now marketed as Dilantin, in controlling seizures.

For epileptics this was a major breakthrough, since the patient could now be calm without having to take sedation that would incapacitate him. As the new drug began to reach doctors, thousands of epileptics found that Dilantin, sometimes in combination with phenobarbital, gave them complete relief from seizures, something phenobarbital alone had never done.

SEE MORE OF EUROPE

Neuschwanstein Castle, Germany



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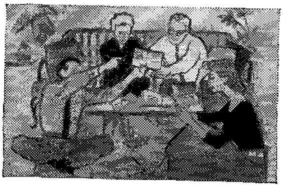

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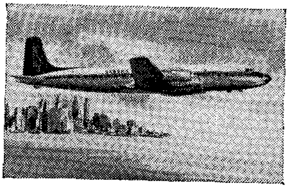

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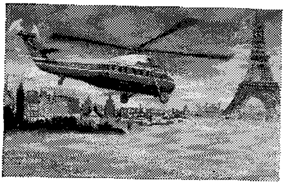

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Meanwhile another Boston doctor, Dr. William G. Lennox, later to become known throughout the nation as "Dr. Epilepsy," was experimenting with the electroencephalograph as a tool to diagnose epilepsy. In 1929, German psychiatrist Hans Berger had demonstrated that the brain's disturbed electrical activity was behind seizures. But it was Dr. Lennox who in 1935, with Dr. and Mrs. Frederic Gibbs, recorded the brain waves of petit mal.

Although the laws continued to discriminate against the afflicted, and the public still whispered in shame about epilepsy, we epileptics were about to be reborn. For Dr. Lennox and his associates had fitted the brain wave recorder—the EEG—to diagnosis. And the EEG not only diagnosed accurately, but helped a doctor to determine the type of epilepsy, and the kind of medicine that could control it.

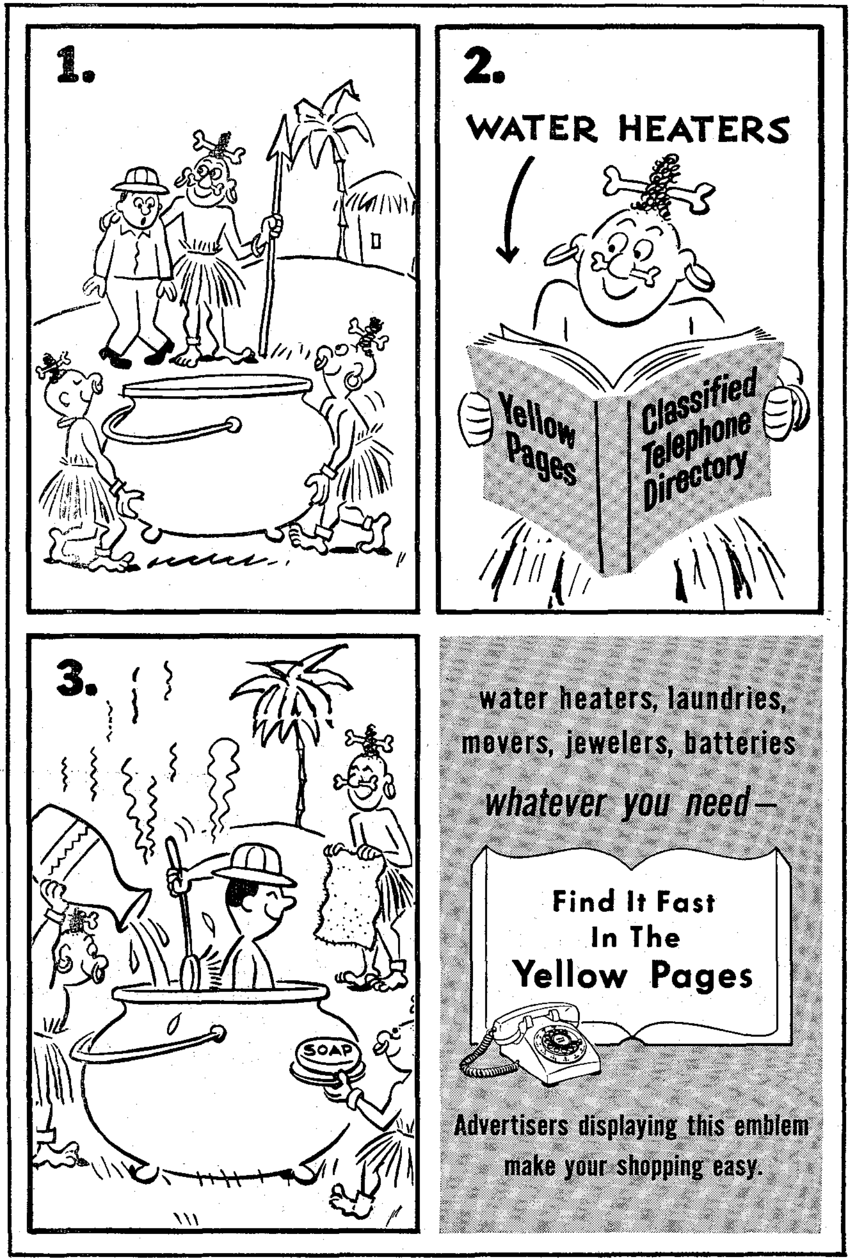
It was then that my parents again took me to Boston, this time to see Dr. Lennox—who later was to become Chief of the Seizure Division of Children's Medical Center in Boston—one of the kindest, most understanding men I have ever known. My brain wave pattern was recorded—a simple, painless procedure which takes only about half an hour—and I was put under the care of one of Dr. Lennox' colleagues, a former epileptic whose seizures had been controlled by Dr. Lennox.

I was a guinea pig for the EEG and for Dilantin, which began to get immediate results. The new drug, continued with phenobarbital, slashed the number of my seizures radically. But the attacks, when they came, were more severe and lasted longer. In addition, I reacted adversely to the drug; I broke out in a rash, and my gums swelled. It was obvious that Dilantin was not the specific drug for me, despite its great help. We hoped that soon another medicine would be found.

It was—Tridione. It had no side effects for me. I was withdrawn from Dilantin while taking the new drug, and soon I had no seizures at all. Then came the time for test withdrawal of all medication. We were all elated and hopeful, but I was not quite ready. Another seizure struck, and I went back to Tridione for a few months. The second withdrawal attempt was successful. I stopped using drugs, and the seizures have never returned. That was ten years ago when I was 18.

If I had been stricken 50 years ago the story would be different. I might have been illiterate, with no one ever attempting to teach me to read or write, for the present arsenal of epilepsy-controlling drugs was not then even in the dream stage. Since Dilantin, there have been many new drugs discovered to control epilepsy. Of these, 15 are now on the market and are helping thousands of epileptics by eliminating or reducing seizures.

Three times in the last eight years I have been on the thin edge of proposing marriage. Each time I held back because I could sense the answer. Once I went to Boston for a brain wave test so I would really know my condition. I was fine, and it was reassuring. The doctor was my old friend, the former epileptic, and he could understand my problem.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"Got a girl?" he asked.

I blurted out my worries, telling him about the friendly coolness that had resulted previously when I had been honest and told girls that I once had petit mal, about my concern over heredity.

He smiled. "I see no reason for worry. If you've found the right girl, marry her. Sure you can have an epileptic child—the odds are 100 to one that *anyone* can. In your case, if you have 40 children, *one* might be epileptic. Those are your odds."

But still I hesitate.

The laws are always haunting me. Even if they are not enforced, they *could* be. And laws should not be ignored; if they're good laws they should be obeyed; if they're not, they should be repealed.

I don't suggest that an uncontroled epileptic be permitted to drive an automobile or an aircraft or a locomotive, or to operate dangerous machinery. Unconsciousness could strike at any moment; he could harm himself and others; this would be folly.

But it is also folly—and cruelty—to deny equal rights to 750,000 Americans whose illness is completely controlled by drugs, and to another 450,000 who have almost complete control.

There are 300,000 epileptic Americans whose condition cannot be improved with present medical knowledge. But the needed research funds sought by such organizations as the United Epilepsy Association to help epilepsy victims will not come until the nation knows the truth about this illness.

It is time that outmoded epilepsy laws be changed. They are lagging two decades behind medical knowledge and are harming the nation. Like 1,500,000 other Americans with epileptic histories, I would like an invitation to join the human race.

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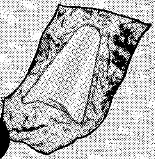

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"Macy's" of Moscow

by Caroline Bird

A bizarre showpiece, GUM scorns advertising, charges outrageous prices—and outsells every department store in the world

THE BUSIEST department store with the biggest sales in the world has no charge accounts, no regular delivery service, and accepts no mail or phone orders. Yet it serves such eager customers that it could double its volume without raising its advertising budget to one percent of sales.

The store is Moscow's Gosundarstvennyi Universalnyi Magazin, known throughout Russia and the Communist world as GUM. In 1957, GUM sold $307,700,000 worth of goods—more than Macy's giant store in New York's Herald Square, although GUM must make do with one-fifth of Macy's floor space.

But GUM is more than a great store; it is a museum of the Soviet future. Forty percent of the 250,000 people who jam its bazaar-like interior every day are Russian tourists. From his office in GUM, Director Vladimir Kamenev can always see thousands of Russians lined up four abreast waiting to enter the Red Square crypt where Lenin and Stalin, the architects of the Soviet Union, lie encased in glass coffins. When the pilgrims come out of the crypt, they swarm across Red Square to the display windows of GUM for a peek into the land of Communist plenty promised by Lenin and Stalin.

Except for its red star and deep display windows, the exterior of GUM is the same handsome baroque building which, since Czarist days, has decorated the side of Red Square opposite the Kremlin. Inside, however, the light is dim. It filters down four stories from the skylight roof past tiers of arcaded balconies to the broad aisles of the main floor. At every intersection, rickety stairs lead to the upper shops. The stone floors are worn wavy by the pounding of millions of feet and the walls are slowly crumbling. Marble railings are being ground to powder, but the iron filigree work of the upstairs balconies recalls Czarist splendor, while a central fountain on the main floor tries hard to maintain its reputation as Moscow's favorite meeting place.

GUM was built in 1886 by 300 Moscow peddlers who wanted to get their outdoor stands under one roof; therefore, the store is an inconvenient series of little cubbyholes. The Communists confiscated the "Auctioneering Company" which once managed the building and tried to run it as one big state store. But they made such a mess of it that in 1931 they gave up and used the building as a government office.

After World War II, when the Russians were impatiently waiting for more consumer goods, the Soviet leaders spent 100,000,000 rubles to convert the strategically-located, old capitalist bazaar into a showpiece for the good things to come. Legally, the Moscow GUM, which opened in 1953, must keep the same stock, prices and wages as GUM branches in other cities. But Director Kamenev, an old Communist who joined the party in 1930, seems to have the necessary *blat* or pull to get the merchandise that attracts and dazzles the whole Communist world. For example, 25 percent of GUM stock is imported—compared with three percent in ordinary Russian stores.

GUM's show windows, the finest in the Soviet Union, are filled with displays of pastel silk stockings and low-cut evening dresses. The store's own fashion designs set styles for the Communist world from Bucharest to Peking. For the daily fashion shows on the third floor, GUM has trained comely if plump Moscow girls to walk out, hesitate with hand on hip, and show off simple dresses and sometimes even overalls to soft music à la decadently sexy Paris.

GUM is in the forefront of a drive to slenderize and feminize the working Soviet woman. Its cosmetic department stands out on the main floor like a mirage of New York's Saks Fifth Avenue. There are other tokens of luxury living scattered throughout the store—such as coin-operated machines which spray you with perfume. Men from collective farms sometimes ply them with childlike glee until their heads and beards are dripping with perfume.

Director Kamenev's major problem is finding enough attractions to keep Moscow dazzled. He has over 100 men roaming the Soviet Union, prodding factories into making something unusual for GUM. (A few years ago, for instance, one of his buyers unearthed a cache of scrap metal in a Moscow automobile factory and persuaded the manager to make it into tricycles.) To give GUM goods the widest exposure, the store stays open from 8 to 8 instead of the usual 11 to 8—with an hour's luncheon shutdown—and it closes

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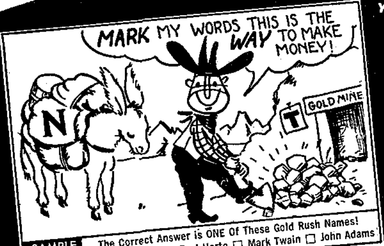
MARK MY WORDS THIS IS THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY!
N
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GOLD MINE

SAMPLE PUZZLE The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Gold Rush Names!
☐ Jesse James ☐ Bret Harte ☐ Mark Twain ☐ John Adams

T W A I N

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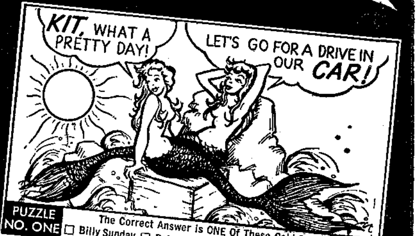
This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying MARK, and he also mentions the word WAY. The letter "T" and the letter "N" appear. What else can the answer be but MARK TWAIN?


KIT, WHAT A PRETTY DAY!
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PUZZLE NO. ONE The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Gold Rush Names!
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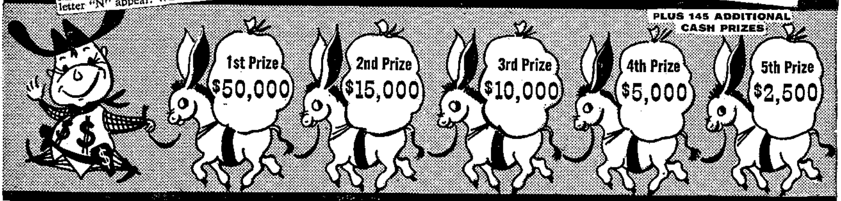

Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them? You should be able to...because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful GOLD RUSH Game...offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure...*and* a chance at any one of 150 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00! There's no red tape when you enter...no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a *quick action* contest!

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on Monday so that it can stay open on Sunday and still conform with Russia's six-day work week.

The gracious living GUM promises is uneven. Aside from books, the biggest department is "cultural goods"— radios, typewriters, musical instruments, stationery and other commodities regarded as improving the mind. The women's apparel department, the leader in most American stores, is small compared to the piece goods department. Apparently sewing hasn't been forgotten as rapidly as Soviet planners would like.

To an American, GUM's home furnishings department looks like a museum of turn-of-the-century horrors. Those hideous silk shades with tassels which used to top the standing lamp beside windup phonographs are the rage in Moscow. Yet hot-dog-shaped and tank-style vacuum cleaners sell like mad at $40 to $70. The customers may not have carpets, but cleanliness and machinery are both glamorous in Russia. Meanwhile, ordinary kitchen utensils are primitive. The Russians can launch earth satellites but they haven't yet figured out how to beat eggs mechanically.

At the official exchange rate of four rubles to the U.S. dollar, GUM prices are outrageously high. But at the black-market rate of 30 to 40 rubles per dollar, many of the things become bargains. Shopping with my ten-cent rubles, I found bargains like long-playing Van Cliburn records at $1 apiece; a $2.40 hot plate; and a 60-cent electric kettle which does the work of a samovar. But nylon stockings were $3.50, a nylon blouse $32, a man's hat $16, oranges $1.50 apiece, chocolate $1.50 a bar, and filter-tipped cigarettes $1.50 a pack.

The relationship between wages and prices is just as lopsided, by our standards. The base pay of GUM's 5,000 employees is 800 rubles a month, slightly higher than the Soviet average. A salesgirl can buy the navy blue sateen for her store uniform at $2.50 a meter, deducted over several pay periods, but she gets no discount on store goods. At four rubles an hour, she would have to work over two hours for a phonograph record; half a day for an orange or a chicken; a day for a pint of vodka; over a day for a pair of nylon stockings; two days for an alarm clock; a month for a typewriter, a washing machine, or a television set with an eight-inch screen.

If these prices seem high, it's not Comrade Kamenev's fault. He has so little control over price tags that he has to get the permission of an outside control bureau to mark down a leftover hat. Prices of hard goods are the same all over the country. They are set by state authorities who pay little attention to supply, demand, or even the cost of producing the item. Prices are arbitrarily adjusted to serve the interests of the state. An American nurse who paid $15 for a handsome lacquered wooden box in GUM's House of Gifts was chagrined to find it selling for $2.50 in Belgian money at the Brussels World's Fair.

A form of "social pricing" polices Russian recreation by making vodka and cigarettes expensive, while approved books, records and radio sets are cheap. It nudges women into

LIANG MEI NEEDS A GLASS SLIPPER

An orphan, Liang Mei lives with a widowed stepmother in a squatter's hut, 12 x 12 feet in size, in which three other families exist. This is in a section of Hong Kong where three to five people sleep to a bed, with a population of 2,000 to the acre, where 80% have TB, 95% need dental care and 75,000 children are unable to attend school. Liang Mei begs for and collects garbage ten hours a day and acts as a baby sitter for two or three extra hours after she gets to what she calls home. It is true that she is not quite as bad off as some refugee children because she gets first pick of the garbage which is really pretty much what she lives on.

But she deserves a glass slipper because she is by nature a sweet, bright and interesting child. It would not be difficult to make a fine lady out of this little garbage collector. A month in a CCF Home and she would be transformed into "a beautiful princess."

Hong Kong, a British possession adjacent to Communist China, in 1947 had a population of 1,800,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has increased the population to approximately 4,000,000. The Hong Kong Government is doing a noble work in trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers but the task is gigantic. Children like Liang Mei can be "adopted" and admitted to the nine CCF Homes in Hong Kong, which include Children's Garden, the largest cottage-plan Home in the Far East. The cost is the same in Hong Kong as in all the countries listed—$10 a month.

Liang Mei.

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 288 affiliated orphanage schools in 35 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world. It serves 25 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

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For Information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

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Richmond 4, Virginia

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ for one year in________________
(Name Country)
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ________ first month ________. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

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☐ Please send me further information.

NAME____________________

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Gifts of any amount are welcome. Gifts are deductible from income tax.

factory work by making ready-made clothes, canteen meals and community nursery care inexpensive. Necessities such as hot plates and samovars are cheap. Luxuries that might set up class distinctions are priced high.

Soviet citizens are all for equality—in theory. But when confronted by the showcase goodies of GUM, they are human enough to want to be a little more equal than the next fellow. The result is that GUM may be the only department store in the world which can sell high-priced goods faster than cheaper ones. In shoes, candies, refrigerators, radios—all across the board—the expensive luxury models walk off the shelves while the state utility models lag behind.

People in Moscow look shabby by Fifth Avenue standards. They live two or three to a room. They don't have cars. They change to pajamas when they get home at night to save their good trousers. But rent is legally limited to six percent of wages, there are no school or doctor bills to pay, recreation and vacations are largely free, and most families have two wage earners. When word spreads that GUM is getting big-screen television sets, imported cloth, or large refrigerators with gadgets inside, thousands of Muscovites descend on the big store.

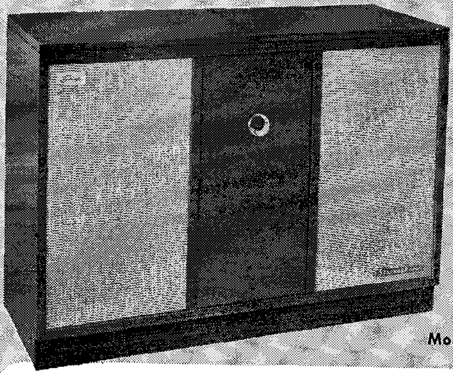
When I discovered a huge throng in Red Square at 6 A.M. waiting for GUM to open at eight, no Russian wanted to tell me exactly what it was all about. They were there, it seems, because GUM might have refrigerators—five-cubic-foot contraptions that would sell for 2,100 rubles.

When I plied English-speaking Russians with questions, they good-humoredly tried to "enlighten" me.

How did they know the refrigerators were coming? They said a man with a "list" told them. How did he know? Maybe he had a friend in the store. Who keeps the list? The first man in line. When he gets his refrigerator, he turns the list over to the next man. How many times do you have to stand in line to get scarce merchandise? Sometimes you can get a desirable television set by standing in line two or three times in two months. Can you buy someone's place in line? No, that would be the Soviet crime of speculation. Why doesn't GUM keep the list? The store doesn't want to be bothered.

Comrade Kamenev had greeted me with the promise that he would answer all my questions. He readily told me his salary and revealed sales figures which Macy's doesn't tell Gimbel's. But he backed away when I asked him about the line of waiting customers. Most Moscow stores do keep lists, he explained, but GUM is different. It has so many customers from out of town that it wants all of them to have an equal chance with the Muscovites. He did not say exactly how the visitor from Kiev would get a refrigerator home in the absence of a delivery system. It is the sort of problem the state allows shoppers to work out for themselves.

By American standards, all Soviet retailing is on a bare rack basis. The average GUM markup, or *skidka,* is seven-and-a-half percent. In 1957, our Controllers Congress of the National Retail Merchants



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Association reported an average markup of close to 39 percent for large American department stores. The difference brings American customers the services which make shopping pleasant and even possible: advertising, displays, returns, delivery, charge accounts, time-buying, try-on booths, alterations, special orders and the little niceties that add up to salesmanship.

Shopping in GUM is an ordeal. First you stand in line at the counter to examine the goods. Then you stand in line to pay for what you want and are handed a receipt. Finally, you stand in line with your chit to claim your goods. A few years ago, an American retailer commented that GUM might sell more dresses if women could get at them before they bought a chit. Thanks to him, Moscow women can now buy dresses from racks as they do in the U.S.

All sales in all Soviet stores are rubles on the barrelhead. After a disastrous experiment with consumer credit in 1926, the Reds resurrected the old Russian proverb "Credit spoils friendship." On peak sales days (during the Christmas season), before May Day (when Russians buy their spring clothes) and before Woman's Day on March 8 (when most Russians give presents to wives, mothers and sweethearts), 350,000 people may spend $1,500,000 at GUM. Salesgirls threw crumpled bills into primitive cash registers so carelessly that it astounded me.

My amazement amused Comrade Kamenev. "Money is no problem," he replied through our interpreter. "Sixty trucks to take the goods in every morning, only three trucks to take the money out at night." Money sometimes gets mislaid in the crowd and even stolen, but there's never been a robbery.

Soviet retailers know they have a long way to go to provide even a minimum of customer service, and they are trying to do it. The newspapers print letters from disgruntled customers; and high authorities are always urging salespeople to "take a more cultured attitude to people." Russians are particularly sensitive to Western reactions and, as the showplace of Soviet retailing, GUM is most sensitive of all.

Last summer, Kamenev prepared for the American tourist invasion of Moscow by hiring an English translator who had worked for several years in Gimbels, New York. His job is to see that Americans visiting the store get extra attention. When I praised GUM's windows, he looked at me sharply to see if I was being sarcastic.

When we parted, I asked him the question I feared might embarrass him: "Why did you go back to Russia?"

"We do not have an easy life here," he answered.

He paused for a moment. "But for me, Russia is home."

Why Editors Leave Town

A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER, in an article on air-raid procedures, stated: "Funeral coaches also must park, but the occupants may remain in them." —DIANA MORELLI

WONDERLAND VIRGINIA . . . where you'll stand beneath the mighty arch of Natural Bridge. Explore 20,000 sights under the earth in nine beautiful caverns. See trains roll through vast Natural Tunnel . . . carved ages before the first locomotive!

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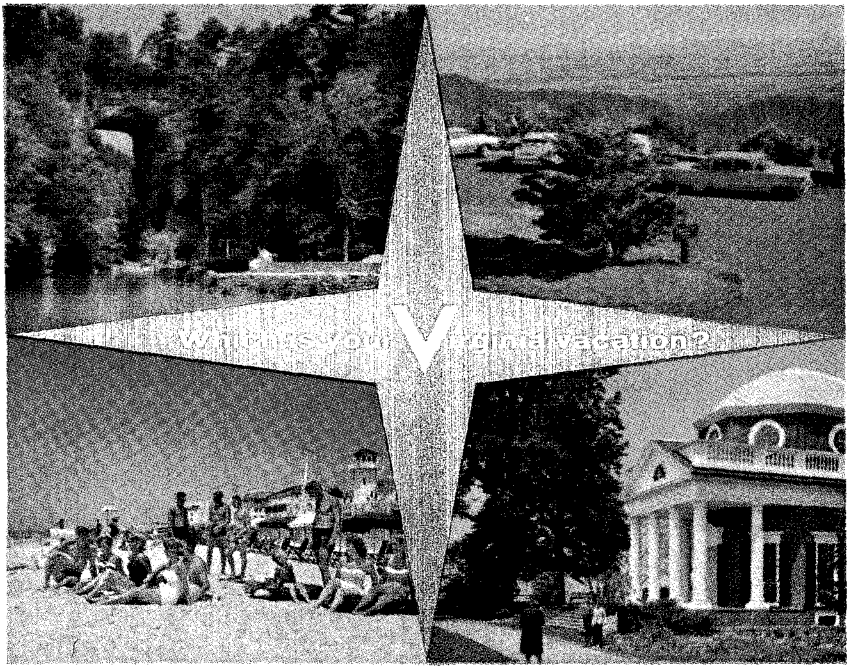

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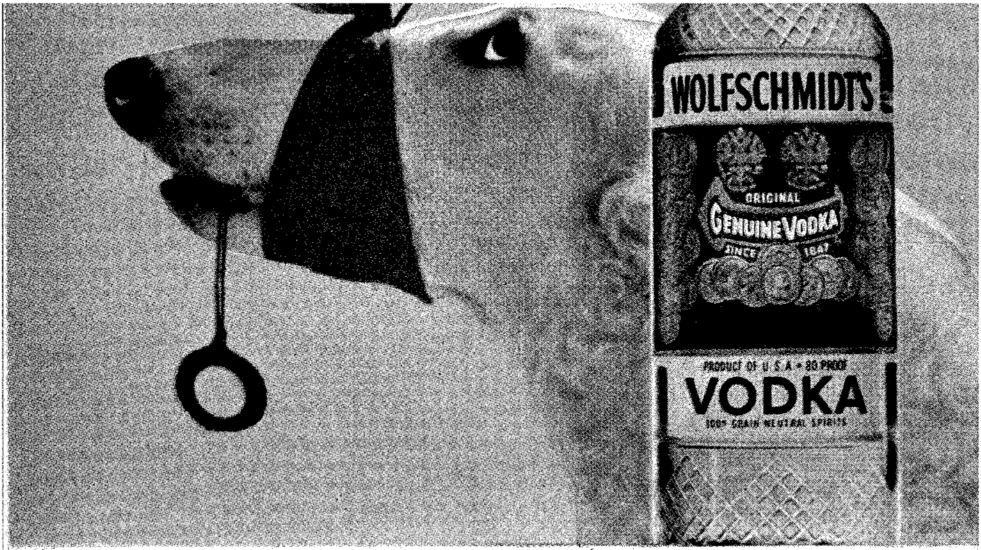
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merry mixups

WHEN MY COUSIN mailed me what appeared to be only one half of a pair of book ends for Christmas, I was a little in doubt as to what to say when I wrote to thank her for her gift. It seemed unlikely she'd have sent just the one half without realizing it, so I bluntly asked her, and, in the same letter, questioned her about the arrival of her present from me. (I'd sent her a fancy cover for her canary cage.) Her reply soon followed. My "book end" was actually a door stop and she was sorry she hadn't explained.

In the same letter she thanked me several times for my beautiful bed jacket. —HENRY E. GREENE

A MAN IN MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, was brought up rather sharply one day when he opened a letter from his attorney that read:

"Dear Fred: Your will is ready to be executed. Will you please call me so that we can make arrangements for your execution?"

—*Milwaukee Journal*

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR, an ex-G.I., married a German girl while stationed overseas. Consequently, his small daughter had lived all of her four years in Germany, and spoke very little English.

Upon his homecoming, he was elated to learn that my son and his daughter were the same age.

"She'll learn English in no time when they get out playing together," he said.

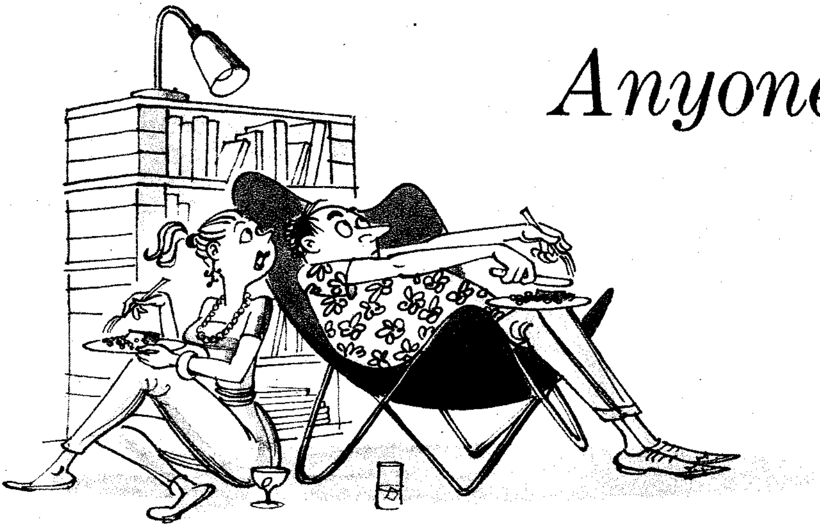
So the first time they played together, my boy came in for lunch saying, "Mutter, take off mein jackket!" —MRS. PETER BOSCO

A SALESMAN, stopping at a small midwestern hotel, unpacked his new electric shaver and noticed, among other instructions for its use, a warning to plug it in only on alternating current. He called the hotel switchboard and asked, "Do you have A. C. current or D. C. current in the hotel?"

"Just a moment, Sir," replied the operator, "I'll let you know."

A minute later she was back on the line. "Sorry, Sir," she informed him, "but neither of the gentlemen is registered here."

—JOAN CARSON



Anyone

IN SUBURBIA, where so many Americans live these days, "modern, casual living" is stone cold dead. No longer must you be sloppy. The new way to show that you're really moving with the times is to become an inconspicuous consumer of elegance—for elegance is the momentary word in suburban fashion, food, household furnishings, entertainment and recreation.

To see just what's going on, let's visit people we'll call Fran and Nick Baxter. They live with their three kids in a brick rambler on Apple Drive in one of Virginia's sprawling housing developments across the Potomac from Washington.

Nick and Fran have always been taste-setters. They have never been quite the first to try the new. Yet they have always been among those who first carry any taste to its best example, thus inspiring everyone else to further efforts. They came to Apple Drive from Illinois, together with a load of somewhat gloomy furniture of no particular description. Fran was rather nowhere herself, with hair severely parted on one side, then curled up around her ears. She wore cotton house dresses; Nick drove a matter-of-fact Chevrolet. The kids wore cotton shirts and corduroy trousers. In short, the family came right out of a Norman Rockwell-type painting of happy home life in a Midwestern town.

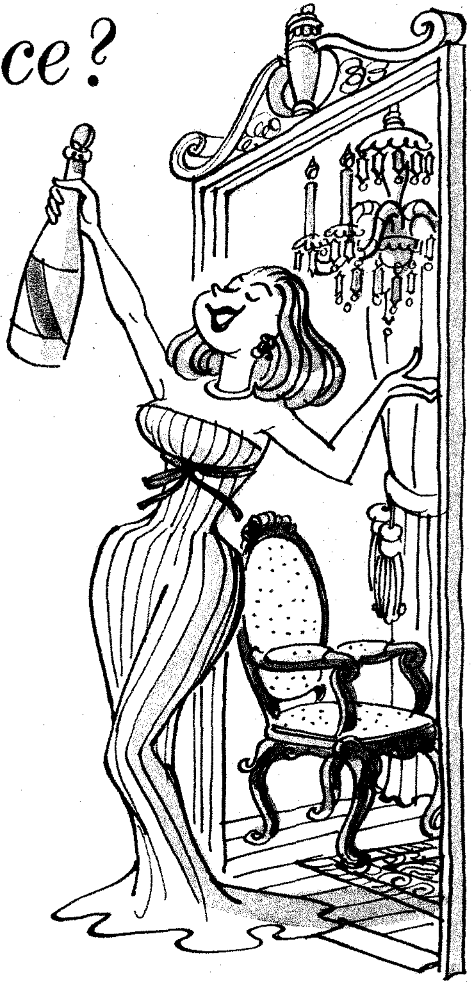
by John Keats

for Elegance?

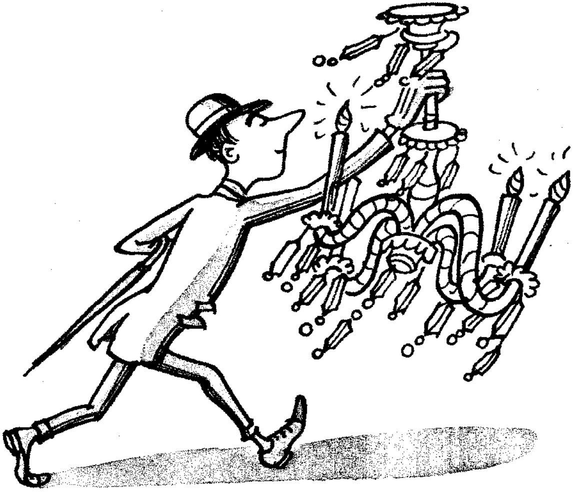
In Suburbia you're "dead" if you still live in toreador pants and swig Bloody Marys. To be resurrected, you must join the cult of champagne, evening gowns and studied gentility

During their first year on Apple Drive—1949—Fran paid close attention to her new surroundings. Everywhere, she saw women wearing blue jeans and shirts to clean house and go to market. She saw the Picasso prints on the walls, the sling and bucket chairs, the low coffee tables made of old doors, the cute window drapes made of mattress ticking, the bookshelves of bricks and blond wood planks.

Husbands "did-it-themselves"; families cooked out in back yards and engaged in block parties. When people entertained indoors, everyone enjoyed casseroles set out buffet-style (because the parties were always large and there are no dining



DRAWINGS BY Ralph Stein



They couldn't even give them away two years ago. But now these clanking prism chandeliers are de rigueur.

rooms in Apple Drive ramblers) and the hostesses wore fancied-up tight trousers and sat on the solid-color rugs. Brain-numbing Martinis were served by the gallon. Modern, casual living was the style, so Fran opened her first charge accounts and got with it.

Out went the nondescript furniture. In came the Hardoy, Saarinen, Eames and Herman Miller chairs. Fran paid $250 for her Saarinen. Picasso's blue period went up over the fireplace. Fran hacked off her hair, curling what was left of it *under* her ears; tossed out the house dresses and went in for Ship 'n' Shore blouses and blue jeans. The kids wore cotton shirts, sweaters and jeans. Nick bought the second station wagon to appear on Apple Drive, and Fran gave him a swatch of power tools for Christmas. Nick made a coffee table out of the cellar door of a deserted 18th-century farmhouse.

Fran's bookcase was built of *glass* bricks and *bleached-oak* planks; hers were the third driftwood lamps in the neighborhood, but hers were the *first* wall-to-wall single color rugs. The Baxters' Martinis became drier than anybody's, and in no time at all, the first metamorphosis was complete.

The Baxters did not, however, look like all their neighbors in all things. They looked—in George Orwell's words—"more equal" than anybody, because they brought casual living to its fullest bloom. Best of all, the modern things looked just right in Fran's new house.

Today, you'd never know Apple Drive. Another transformation is taking place, and the Baxters are again doing just a little better at the job than their neighbors.

Gone is Fran's white Arzberg china, replaced by an English pattern. Her flat silver is no longer Scandinavian stainless steel but traditional Chantilly in sterling. Picasso has given way to a classical still life. The driftwood lamps have vanished; tall, rococo table lamps with big, tubular shades, ruffled at the edges, have taken their places.

Nick doesn't "do-it-himself" any more, and the ashes in the outdoor fireplace are cold and dead. Fran's hair is long again, this time with a gentle wave to her shoulders. She wears a housecoat for breakfast and to clean house; sweater and skirt in the yard; a suit to the supermarket, and a long dress at dinner. The children dress in Viyella shirts and Ivy-cut khakis.

The Baxters no longer pitch big buffets, but small supper parties featuring wines and roasts, ending with cheese and brandy. The white walls and the raspberry ceilings have been done over into off-white ceilings and a kind of folksy, homey wallpaper featuring early Americana. Despite the still-brisk sale of car coats, Fran's coat is long.

Foreign cars being the vogue, Nick's station wagon has been replaced—not by a Volkswagen, but by a Volvo or Simca. A chandelier now hangs from the living-room ceiling, and that expensive Saarinen chair has been disposed of, along with all the other slings, baskets and buckets.

Long, single-color drapes replace the sequined mattress ticking that once looked so clever. Floor-to-ceiling bookcases have been built; the new furniture is all Italian and French Provincial; the wall-to-wall rugs are gone and dark-stained floors now show around the edges of the bright Orientals.

Perhaps the most dramatic change—to one who knew the Baxters when—is that the Martini has disappeared from their lives as though it had finally dried up altogether. The Baxters now serve Vermouth Cassis. Indeed, the only thing Nick and Fran have carried over from their days of "casual living" has been their habit of buying everything on time.

Finally, the Baxters are planning to move—but not to a split-level. They're looking for an older house in the city; will settle for a two-story colonial in one of the closer-in, longer-established suburbs.

As with the Baxters, so with their neighbors. One wonders why.

Unfortunately, the Baxters aren't the kind of people who could, or would tell you why, but their next-door neighbors, whom we'll call the Howards, were glad to explain.

"Well," Sarah Howard said, stubbing out a king-size filter cigarette and picking up *her* Vermouth Cassis, "I guess we just got tired of being slobs."

"But you never really looked like slobs."

"We got to feeling we were," Mrs. Howard murmured. "Anyway, I guess we all thought it was time we grew up. We're all making more money.

(Apple Drive families in 1949 earned between $4,000 and $5,500; today, between $6,200 and $8,500. Most American suburbanites earn between $4,000 and $7,500. Apple Drive is a fairly fancy, but not very fancy development.)

"All the kids are in school now; they're not only out of the house most of the day, but they're big enough to know not to put their feet on the couch. Let's just say we got to feeling it was more ladylike to wear a housecoat in the morning than to go around in blue jeans with our shirt tails hanging out."

But the neighborhood parties? Why did they vanish from Apple Drive?

"Look," Sarah Howard said. "Let's not kid ourselves. Block parties were *boring*. Besides, the neighborhood is changing. You don't know all the people on the block anymore, so you aren't buddy-buddy with them as we were in the beginning when we were all politicking like crazy to get storm drains put in."

Growing up, as Sarah put it, might be one explanation; perhaps the best. For instance, as recently as last year, *The Nation* was able to report that people spent time, money and effort quite uselessly in the pleasurable business of inflating their egos—they spent simply to show that they could.

Apple Drive was guilty of this to some extent, buying high-fidelity recordings of the voices of frogs in a New York State swamp in order to ooh and aah over woofers and tweeters—as though the machine was a good thing in itself; a proof of affluence and discrimination.

This is no longer the case; for despite Apple Drive's heavy spending, the thrust toward elegance is characterized by a search for value. If the hi-fi set is encased in Italian Provincial, it at least produces Wanda Landowska's harpsichord instead of the mating calls of up-state batrachians, and nobody chatters knowingly about woofers.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the trend toward elegance than a recent party:

Fran Baxter and her neighbor, Sarah Howard, are still friends with a former Apple Driver who moved to a large, older house in Washington. The three ladies decided to pitch a party in this house. It would be black-tie—Apple Drive is not yet in the white-tie class. Everyone was to bring his own bottle—of champagne! A butler (hired by the three hostesses for the evening) iced the bottles and served them. A maid (hired for the evening) took the coats and tidied up. A four-piece orchestra (also doing a one-night stand) provided the waltzes. And Apple Drivers past and present danced the night away and sipped champagne in evening clothes!

This many-sided change in taste has brought about a change in manners. In 1949 there was much backslapping and double hand-shaking; ladies were always swirling in and out of one another's houses for coffee breaks—uninvited but hardly unexpected. In 1956, everyone was a little older, and given, now, to kissing each other when meeting socially. In 1959, however, everyone seems more grown up than in 1956; a gentle embrace replaces the kiss; we hear the dulcet accents of understatements, of the soft sell. The consumption is deliberately inconspicuous.

Department store buyers confirm the trend to elegance. I have no intention of burdening you with dull statistics, but let me cite one numerical example. It is just as revealing of changing purchasing patterns as the bring-your-own-champagne party is revealing of changing taste in casual entertainment:

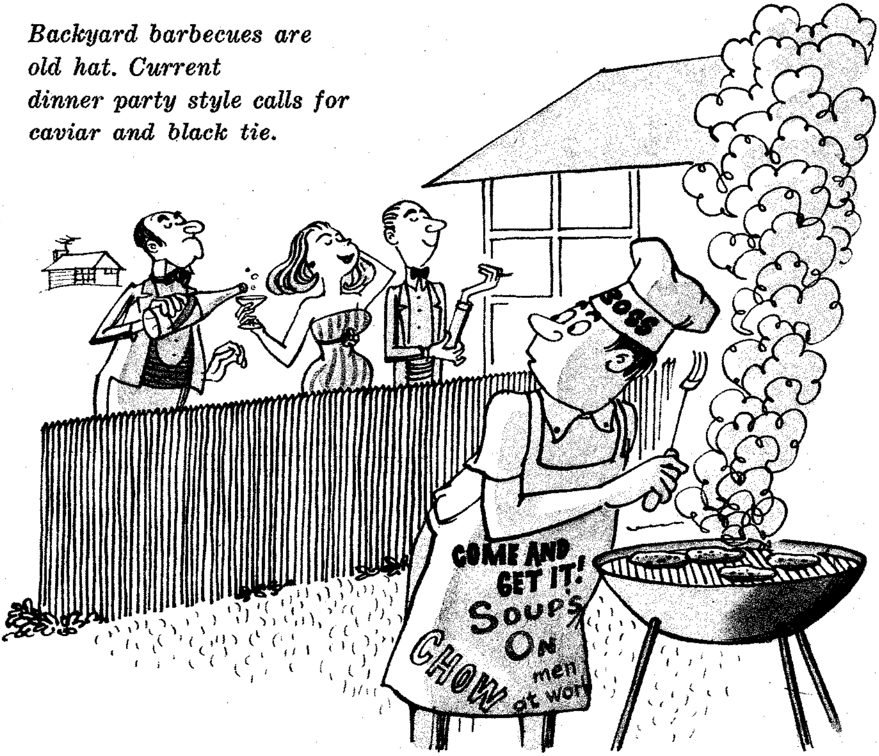
An electrical appliance store in Apple Drive's nearest shopping center has sold 1,000 cut-glass chandeliers so far this year. Two years ago, it sold *none.*

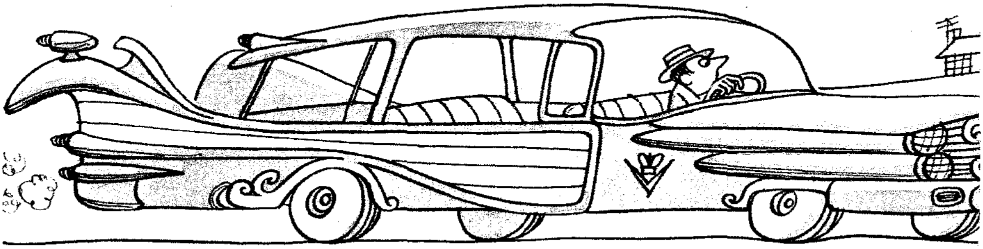
No matter what you think of Apple Drive's neighbors changing their lives much as a woman might change hats; no matter what reasons you may wish to discover for the phenomenon, the fact is that a trend toward elegance *is* underway on Apple Drive.

It probably won't last. In fact, Apple Drive is nearly ready for yet another change. For it is historically true that the final realization of an art form is the end of it; when people like Fran and Nick—never the leaders, but always the exponents—take up Vermouth Cassis drinking, someone else is already bored and is hitting out for undiscovered territory. (For instance, Apple Drive's drinking habits eventually filter down to Apple Drive from Madison Avenue; and up and down Madison Avenue, people are already saying, "Never mind the Cassis bit, let's just have the Vermouth." Next year, Nick and Fran will be saying this, too.)

Meanwhile, if you live on one of America's Apple Drives, and/or

Backyard barbecues are old hat. Current dinner party style calls for caviar and black tie.

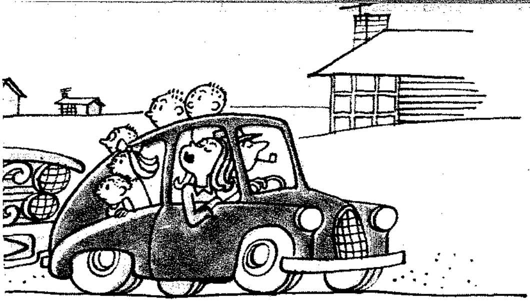




would like to join in the current gaiety, here follows a rough reference guide:

You're Elegant if you:

- Have small rugs that permit you to show off the wood of your floors; these rugs may be beige, or Oriental—real or domestic.
- Use candles to light your living room at party time. Best are scented, dripless candles.
- Read *The Affluent Society.* It is considered even more elegant to be able to understand it.
- Follow Fran's changes of clothes. Subdued colors, please—high fashion is NOT Elegant, but garish. For men, Ivy is still in, but not too poisonous an Ivy. Some men need shoulder padding; slightly more hat brim. Clothes should look "sensible."
- Use patterned China. English rose is Elegant.
- Change to French and Italian Provincial chairs, furnishings. Both styles are comfortable; traditional. French Provincial has warmth of curves; Italian consists of graceful rectilinear lines. It is Most Elegant to have two or more Elegant styles in the same room.
- Put valences across your picture window. Drapes must pull together by means of draw strings; reach the floor; may be ruffled. Plain colors. A favorite is electric blue.
- Say that modernistic houses and furnishings are "cold." An even More Elegant epithet is "sterile." (Only a clod says they are "uncomfortable" even if this is the most accurate description.)
- Go to the concert instead of the movies.
- Entertain in tiny groups. Most Elegant are black-tie suppers for four. At such times, caviar with sour cream and chopped onion is Elegant. But it's More Elegant to serve salmon eggs with the same dressing, because this shows you (a) know the taste is just as good, if not better and (b) that it costs far less to achieve the same value, and thus shows thoughtful discrimination, lack of fear of conformity, etc.
- Drive a foreign car, even if you have ten kids and need a station wagon. (Everyone knows you can afford a station wagon, but station wagons aren't Elegant any more. A foreign car implies you have a sense of values; it suggests you're not spending much for transportation because you're sinking the dough on a trip to Europe or a summer place.)



It's inelegant to drive a roomy American car, fashionable to stuff your tribe into a tiny foreign job.

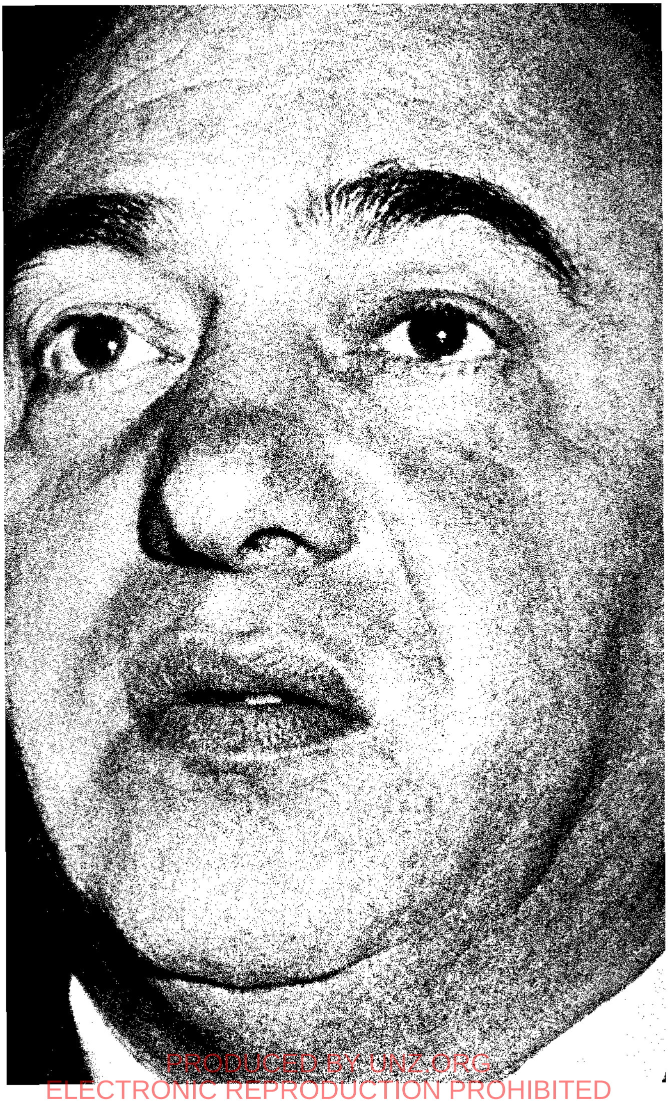
- Say that you're anti-social; that there's no real reason to have "to get along with everyone."
- Discover "good" American wines and cheeses.
- Hang old gold watches on dark green walls. (Severe, dark etchings and tiny landscapes in three shades of dark brown are also quite Elegant. They're so bad that everyone supposes they're originals by some famous artist.)
- Join an amateur theatrical group.

On the other hand, you're Dead if you:

- Serve clam dip with Martinis. (You're also Dead if you serve Bloody Marys, Screwdrivers—and Very Dead if you serve Bull Shots. All that was *last* year's last gasp.)
- Ladies, wear blue jeans, fancy pants, open-toed or gimmicky shoes; sacks, chemises. Men are Dead if they still wear duffel coats. Rigor mortis is setting in if you still buy suburban coats. ALL coats are *long*, if they're Elegant.
- Drive a big, overchromed car. (So it's comfortable, but is it Elegant?)
- Have wall-to-wall carpets. (This means your floor is a splintery mess.)
- Still have brick-and-plank bookcases. (Grow up, chum, we're out of Bohemia now.)
- Smoke "real" cigarets.
- Go to square dances. (They may be fun, but they're for squares. They're surely not Elegant.)
- Say "that's for sure."
- Do-it-yourself. (It is Elegant to understand, at last, that almost anyone else can do it better, and in many cases, cheaper. At any rate, it's Elegant to be able to say somebody did it for you.)
- Serve barbecued chicken at your outdoor fireplace, meanwhile wearing a funny apron and claiming to have made the sauce yourself. (1952 was so long ago.)
- These lists of the Elegant and the Dead are by no means complete, but they do illustrate ways in which Apple Drive currently separates the chic from the gauche. Anything you can do or acquire which trends in the general direction of the life and manners of the Hapsburg Empire is welcome on Apple Drive today, and you are cordially invited to use your imagination to take it (or leave it) from here. At the moment, we have Elegance.

A Vermouth Cassis, anyone?

I mean, while it lasts? ♛



Labor's brazen butcher boss

by Al Toffler

Max Block ran his union like a family empire — until he made one "deal" too many. Here is the shocking story of his rise and fall

THE BEEFY MAN sat fidgeting in the huge Senate Caucus Room in Washington not long ago. For hours, members of the Senate Labor-Management Rackets Committee flung questions at him—and got nowhere. Again and again, Max Block would shrug his shoulders and mumble with aggrieved innocence, "I can't recollect."

In exasperation, Sen. John McClellan, the Committee chairman, finally burst out, "You are pretending to be the dumbest labor leader I ever heard of."

Meaty yet muscular, with shapeless features and a lunge-like walk, 49-year-old Max Block looked the part—superficially. But in his natty suit and expensive shoes, he was living proof of the way a shrewd operator can manipulate a decent labor union into a personal empire.

Until his recent downfall, the geographical hub of Block's domain was New York's eight-block Washington Market, the world's greatest meat distribution center. As President of Local 640, Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, he ruled 1,500 market workers. Labor relations in this union were mostly informal. Max had been known to decide with an employer who got what and how much. When this happened, workers were unaware that "negotiations" were taking place, and asking questions—either of the employers or Max—endangered a man's job.

In addition to the 1,500 men in the market, Max controlled another

2,700 workers in meat-rendering plants and on trucks throughout the metropolitan area. Using his dominating role in the wholesale meat industry as a lever, Max also organized Local 342, which represented butchers in the Greater New York retail meat markets.

Before long, Max's retail local had about 5,000 members. Combined, his two locals boasted a membership larger than that of any other meat locals in the entire New York-New Jersey region—making Max top man in the Butchers' District Council. And this group, with its 70,000 members, was so powerful that Max became a vice president of the 350,000-member Amalgamated union and a member of its executive board.

FOR HOLDING these jobs, Max earned about $40,000 a year in salary and expenses. The organizations also provided jobs for his relatives. Brother Louis Block became a trustee of the $2,500,000 union welfare and pension fund—which was administered by *both* the employers and Local 640. His salary: $10,400 a year. He was also administrator of a union health clinic. Salary: another $10,400 a year.

Then there was Louis' brother-in-law, Harold Lippel, an insurance broker. In 1957, he made $16,380 as secretary-treasurer of Local 640. The union took out annuity policies which guaranteed Max, Louis, Lippel and a fourth officeholder retirement bonuses of from $500 to $700 a month. Finally, there was Sonia, Max's sister, who, in 1957, was paid $5,720 for running the office of Local 640. Together, the four drew about $250,000 in salaries and expenses over a three-year period.

The Senate Committee also found $293,000 in what it termed "questionable items" of union expenditure, $119,000 "directly chargeable to Max Block and members of his family." There was testimony that more than $85,000 was withdrawn through union checks made out to "cash" without supporting vouchers, and key records were missing.

And Max took pains to see that the union took proper care of his offspring, too. When his daughter Iris married Martin Zeitler in December, 1952, the newlyweds received a check for $500 as a token of affection from the Amalgamated Meat Cutters Union of Greater New York. No union minutes were ever produced to indicate the gift had been approved by the members. At the hearing, a number of employers testified that Block approached them soliciting some of their paper bag and box business for son-in-law Martin. They obliged. One firm gave Zeitler, over a number of years, more than half a million dollars' worth of business.

Oddly, Max couldn't recall this act of generosity. Questioned about it at the Senate hearing, he replied with ungrammatical indignation: "I don't remember of any."

But the union itself was only a springboard for the freewheeling Blocks. As a private sideline, they founded the plush Deercrest Country Club in Greenwich, Connecticut, where meat industry executives—together with other citizens—could disport themselves. Max and Louis chipped in $76,541.16 to set up the club, but they needed a lot more. So they got the Amalgamated to participate through a bond investment of $25,000. And employers rushed to do likewise. By just four of the companies which the union represented, $40,000 was invested.

But these were peanut transactions compared with the Deercrest Country Club mortgage Louis Block obtained from the Connecticut General Life Insurance Co. What happened after he asked for the mortgage came to light when the Senate Committee produced a private memo from Connecticut General's files. The memo revealed that the company representative tried to "point out to Mr. Block our money situation, and the tightness of the money market in general."

But Louis wouldn't take no for an answer. He had an ace up his sleeve. Between 1949 and 1956, Connecticut General had done business to the tune of a few million dollars with the union's welfare and pension fund —more than $5,000,000 up to 1957. Reluctantly, the insurance company granted Louis a $350,000 mortgage.

Other firms also leaned over backwards to be nice to the Blocks. When one of them put certain securities up for sale, Max and Louis were included in a list of VIPs given the right to buy them below market price, picking up approximately $24,800 worth of stocks and bonds for $14,000.

When this same firm signed a contract with the union, they were exempted from paying $2 per worker per week into the employees' pension fund.

The Committee charged that this exemption, which almost all of the firm's competitors did not enjoy, saved the company approximately $25,000 per year for two years.

While all this went on, Max led a serene and well-ordered life. During the horse-racing season he would rise at 11 in his suburban New Rochelle, New York, home, and breakfast on prunes and black coffee. While eating, he would keep in touch with affairs most important to him through the pages of the *Morning Telegraph*, a racing sheet.

Later, a union "bodyguard" would drive with him to the racetrack in an air-conditioned Cadillac. Frequently, Max would lose $200 to $300 betting. "It's nothing," he would insist, wolfing a snack of calves' liver and black coffee.

After the last race, Max would drive to Manhattan for his daily visit to a hotel barber shop. Then it was off to a phone booth to check in with the union office. Afterward, Max would lumber around the corner to The Black Angus, a thriving Manhattan restaurant owned by members of Louis' family, where, often, businessmen from well-known firms discussed business with him during dinner.

The Blocks' new-found affluence made them pillars of respectability. Louis became a power in the labor ranks of the New York State Republican Party. Thomas E. Dewey, at that time Governor, appointed him to the Selective Service Appeals Board. A college in Canada, Louis Block boasts, awarded him an honorary Doctor of Humanities degree —the "same one they gave Eleanor Roosevelt," although he has trouble recalling the name of the college.

Then, in 1952, Max Block achieved his greatest coup. Ironically, it sowed the seeds of his own downfall.

In the summer and fall of 1952, a union attempted to organize the clerks of a large chain of supermarkets with 700 stores in the New York area. For 20 years similar attempts had been unsuccessful, as was this one. Now, suddenly, the firm entered into a private agreement with another union—the Amalgamated—for a card check among the employees in the grocery departments of its stores.

The butchers' union had to "prove" to the National Labor Relations Board that the company's workers really wanted it to represent them. So Local 342, according to the sworn testimony of a former union business agent, had office girls and business agents simply forge the signatures of workers to cards which authorized Block's union to represent them.

"The signatures were written backhand and left-handed and every other which way . . . some with pencils, some with pen," a witness told the McClellan committee. "We didn't know their address; we didn't know their Social Security number; so we just put down anything."

Now someone was needed to certify the legitimacy of the cards. Joseph O'Grady, former Commissioner of the New York City Department of Labor, was hired. He and his assistant worked for two days checking the cards to see if there were enough signatures and if they were valid.

O'Grady made a spot check of signatures, checking the names against the company records. And he also compared some of the signatures. He came across questionable ones but, as he testified, he did not have enough time to do a full job and he felt there was not sufficient evidence of error to prompt him to extend his checking.

Upon completion of O'Grady's work, a notarized report was handed to the parties by him and the next day the company and the Butchers District Council of New York and New Jersey signed contracts.

For a considerable time to come, this contract and subsequent ones made sure that the 45-hour work week would be maintained. (Other chain stores were beginning to introduce the 40-hour week.) A company executive testified that Block had asked him later to keep secret subsequent agreements maintaining the original contract.

It was a stunning victory for Max's union, bringing 10,000 additional workers into the Amalgamated fold—many of them into his own Local 342. The Block boys had come a long way from Brownsville, a rough, run-down Brooklyn neighborhood where their mother had owned a grocery store.

In Brownsville, a kid survived only if he was fast on his feet or fast with his fists. As teenagers, Max and Louis Block learned to be fast with their fists. They tried their hand at prize fighting but gave it up. In the late 1920s, they drifted into the Food Workers Industrial Union.

According to old friends, it was not their prize-fighting career which got them into the labor movement; they "sincerely believed in labor as an uplift movement." But Max and Louis were shrewd youngsters. When they felt that promotions were too slow in the food workers union, they joined the rival Amalgamated butchers' union.

Later in their careers they were approached—according to the Senate Committee—by a labor hoodlum named George Scalise. The Committee charged that when Scalise wanted a foothold in the butchers' union, he set the Block boys up in a local of their own.

Max and Louis heatedly deny the allegation. "I don't even know the gentleman," Louis complains. "The Committee dropped that into the record just like a stinkbomb to hurt me. I have a long record of fighting communism and racketeering."

As a union boss, Max Block relied on apathy and fear among his rank and file to stay in office. His butchers were scattered all over the city, and workers in one store never knew what was going on in another. Only the downtown meat market brought a large number of workers together physically, and Max controlled that group through his operation of the union hiring hall. Also, Max's infrequent union meetings were poorly attended, so that he was able to build a political machine of yes-men.

Under the Blocks, labor management relations were honeycombed with private "deals." Many of Max's members had never seen a copy of the contract under which they worked nor a copy of the union constitution.

All this began to change after the 1952 coup. The food-chain workers who came into Max's union made up a larger and more cohesive group than any other in the Block empire, and other unions, anxious to crack the firm, kept up a drumfire of criticism.

Inside the union, a small core of opposition formed. The company workers fumed when they learned they had been euchred out of the 40-hour week and dragooned into a union without an election. By 1956 the opposition had hardened into a "reform group." For the first time, Max found himself opposed for reelection. But he won, in spite of the opposition.

When the McClellan Committee started investigating union and management corruption, angry members of Max's union tipped off the Senate sleuths to his activities. This tip led to ten days of testimony filling more than 600 pages of testimony.

After his "I can't recollect" exhibition before the Senate Committee, Max was hastily summoned to Chicago, where the Amalgamated's executive board was in meeting. At first, he agreed to quit. Then he sped back to New York. From there he notified the board that he had changed his mind. His members, he said, just wouldn't let him leave. To prove it, Max called a mass membership meeting at the Manhattan Center on a hot Saturday afternoon last summer. All his business agents were told to be on hand with their stooges, and paper hats were emblazoned with the message, "Keep Max Block in Office!"

All morning Max waited nervously in a coffee shop nearby. Three times he approached the meeting hall, each time to be advised that not enough members had arrived. Finally, at about 11 A.M., he strode into the hall. Only 300 of his thousands of members had turned out. Half were his claque.

As soon as Max finished leading the Pledge of Allegiance, the storm broke. For 45 minutes, boos filled the hall. Speakers were outshouted and resolutions were offered, only to be drowned in noise. By noon the meeting broke up in confusion. But one thing was certain: there was no overwhelming demand to "Keep Max Block in Office."

This time Max resigned for keeps. He had no other choice. With Max gone, the empire of Blocks crumbled. Brother Louis, sister Sonia, brother-in-law Harold Lippel and other cronies were soon forced to resign, too.

Today, Max and Louis Block still protest their innocence. Bewildered by the loss of their plushy jobs and shaken by the possibility of prosecution, the brothers ask pathetically, "What did we do wrong?"

SEEN ON A BULLETIN BOARD of a church in Grand Rapids, Michigan: "We Are Open Between Easter And Christmas."

—ANNE KING

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The invisible divorce in every marriage

At some time, every couple suddenly finds itself divorced in spirit, together only by law. Here, a gifted writer probes these anguished suspensions of love

by Herbert Gold

WRITTEN IN EVERY marriage, sooner or later, there is a chapter of trespass and regret. In any given year, there is one divorce for every three marriages in America. The history of a love stops. The book is closed.

But happily, for two out of three marriages annually—for four out of six people—the story goes on. It goes on despite passages of intense distress, found in every love, during which the relationship seems strained to the breaking point. Reviewing such times, the couple asks in wonderment, "How did we weather that storm? By what magic did we survive? What happened to save us?"

During the crisis, the man and wife retreated from the other, but for the sake of appearances or the children or for religious reasons, or simply because of lack of money or energy, neither dared cut the legal tie. Instead, the marriage is crudely cemented.

They are still together. Yet these are divorces-in-spirit, every bit as real and painful as most tragic legal divorces.

In the beginning, when legal divorce seemed inescapable, perhaps the two actually parted. The husband folded his favorite ties into his overnight bag and left, slamming the door "forever." But the mocking loneliness of the hotel room quickly became more than he could bear. And the wife's world, without her husband, became suddenly ringed with terror. They reunited. They resolved: we have built something together; we must not tear it down.

So the show goes on. It may be *only* a show, but at least each has finally given up the romantic dream of heavenly perfection in love. With the abandonment of that dream, they are that much ahead. They have learned that marriage is not a movie fadeout into carefree, sheltering arms. It is a struggle and achievement in which two people decide: we will make the best of a real world. It is all we have—the daily rhythm of work, joy, disappointment and renewed hope—and it is all we can expect.

Because of this new pact with reality, because of habit and loneliness, guilt and hope, children and convenience—often because of passion heightened by separation—they come together again.

Once again they try to wave away disagreements — about relatives, about money, about television programs, about nothing. They forget all the issues, comic and serious, that drove them apart. They sit together, and court almost shyly. They touch. They promise.

But, are the promises kept?

No, of course not. They will quarrel again; there will be more small, invisible divorces within their marriage. But they have learned something about need and desire despite resentment and anger; they have made up their minds: *we stand together.*

This is probably the greatest balm after reconciliation — the simple knowledge that no other solution can work. The show must go on, "for better, for worse."

First efforts to resolve differences frequently end poorly. The husband suggests a compromise: "I can go my way, and she can go *my* way." The wife purrs sweetly, "I'll let him decide the big things if he lets me decide the small matters. Isn't that fair? But I'll decide what is big and what is small."

Or the quarrel may be more serious. The wife may think: "I married *that?* What can I do about it?" Often a period of hopeless fury follows, leading to absolute stalemate. The husband thinks, "Well, perhaps I am selfish, inconsiderate, unsuccessful in my work, a liar, complaining, cold, rude, uninterested in the children, impatient, critical, lazy, stingy, argumentative, and jealous, as she says. Maybe I have no backbone, no respect for others, and no business marrying a paragon of virtue like her. But these minor flaws are as nothing compared with her crime—*she nags.*"

Within the comedy of marriage, we can recognize all the little deaths, the invisible divorces—and reconciliations—which enter into every lasting union.

It is impossible to estimate the

number of marriages that have been saved by these periods of estrangement. While the couple is separated, the imagination which once labored overtime to dream of liberty now dreams of the perfection of the conjugal past. The wife, who had fantasies of dining by candlelight with some fine figure with heroic sideburns, now dreams of picnicking in the sun with her balding husband. She may remember that Sir Galahad didn't bathe the whole winter long; the husband recalls that Carole Lombard sometimes had tantrums.

As he and she once falsified the possibilities of the future, they may in a time of temporary estrangement glamorize the happier moments of their past life together. The investment a couple has made in each other is usually the heaviest they have made in life. To destroy this investment risks emotional bankruptcy. Before this danger, all else can be forgotten and forgiven—even the secret and invisible issues clustered about sexual harmony.

In a series of family studies presently being conducted by a large Midwestern university, researchers are getting some surprising answers to some old questions. "Are you happy in your intimate relations?" they ask. In many cases, the wife's reply has been, "No, but my husband is satisfied." And her husband is answering the same question in another room: "No, but my wife is satisfied."

Oddly enough, this failure of communication may lead to a high degree of compatibility in marriage. Each partner, despairing of "perfection," has at least the gratification of pleasing someone else. On this illusion may be founded the reality of contentment and stability. To be sure, any hidden tension is a sleeping dog; a breakdown of communication, an isolation from the vital interchange of love, may lead to despair and a new dispute. But—and this is a very large but—the marriages on which the above study is based have already endured over 20 years! As long as each partner avoids complaint and keeps up the pretense, they go on, and they seem to continue with a sense of pride and creative achievement. Many of the disputes which lead to the total war of divorce are like that ancient story about the little boy who came home black and blue and with his clothes torn. What happened? "Well," he says, "it all started when he hit me back."

Perhaps it is time to recall that to avoid striking back—and particularly to avoid striking back before you are struck!—seems to be one of the realistic solutions to conflict in marriage. Discussion is of value when the issues are defined and the solution can be realistically imagined. "Talking it out" has become a great fetish in America. But to talk in order to impress your partner with your suffering is a sure way of ending the discussion emotionally black and blue.

The language of marriage counselling has changed entirely since the 17th century when John Milton wrote that in marriage we have "a duty to God to be happy." Today we are more likely to be told that marriage is "a continuous pleasure-yielding relationship." The *right to* *be happy* has steadily become more important than any other element, and "to communicate" is considered the key to such happiness.

Implied in the frequent complaint about "failure to communicate, failure to adjust," is this threat to contemporary marriage: *I will communicate elsewhere; I will adjust without you.* The emphasis on sex has placed this thought at the very center of marriage. The easy-going separation of pleasure from the many other functions of a marriage is almost unknown in contemporary America.

We long for strong feeling. When we have fallen away from the ability to feel, the suffering of a break and reappraisal of the marriage may freshen a couple. They have quarreled exactly because of the pleasure of beginning courtship anew.

What advice to give a couple after their time of trouble? Probably the worst thing would be to blot out the memory of separation. Return to passionate hope, yes; resolve not to let it happen again, yes; but hold to your history and remember the occasions of solitude and resolution so that you can learn from the disaster. Perhaps the small divorce, the weight of hurt and disappointment, is the ballast needed to prevent the ship of marriage from capsizing.

A crisis overcome is a step toward strengthening the marriage, a step of understanding and recognition. The difference between conflict and tension is that conflict is recognized and can be dealt with; tension may cause unhappiness without being understood. Very often, for example, tension about money is actually tension about unhappy sexual relations. It requires intelligence, good will, and real courage to transform a tension into a conflict which can be recognized for what it is and then be resolved.

A temporary separation or withdrawal may offer the respite within which conflicts can be reshaped into solvable form. The painful, necessary separation can be seen then as a mere extension of the normal privacy which even two people very much in love must learn to protect. A separation may give time for the gathering unto itself of a personality, making a more firm relationship with the partner possible. Of course, in the loneliness of separation, the issues which have divided a couple may become exaggerated. That is the risk that must be taken.

Very often, however, a more mature understanding of marriage follows. The ideal of absolute perfection is abandoned. We learn to accept the fact that the largest things we love cannot ever be completely known, as we cannot ever completely comprehend a great work of art, or the movements of the stars. The romantic desire to possess the beloved one utterly is a childish, hopeless and dangerous desire. If the lover succeeds, he despises his loved one for being so predictable. Occasional periods of quiet and isolation, even the brutal isolation of estrangement, may well serve to preserve the vital mystery of the other person.

The necessary divorce in every marriage is that essential privacy which is often forgotten in our contemporary American relish for shared experience. To be too much together is to forget the joy of being together. One of the most dramatic incidents in the disastrous history of absolute idealism in marriage concerns the great Russian writer Tolstoy and his wife.

They decided to hide nothing from each other. They began their marriage with a resolution to keep journals in which they would report every vagrant thought, quibble and objection. They would then read each other's diaries. "She makes noises when she eats. Sometimes I think she has no sense of humor. I remember that peasant girl who used to laugh so. . . . He believes he is smarter than anyone. His feet smell in bed. He. . . ."

Naturally, instead of being perfectly united, they were quickly at each other's throats. The author of "War and Peace" wanted to cease this terrible truth-trumpeting, but his wife had caught a severe case of the disease. Her effort to invade his privacy—and his angry exclusions of her—provide one of the tragic examples of unhappy marriage.

As Kahlil Gibran's "The Prophet" says,

Let there be spaces in your togetherness. . . .
And stand together yet not too near together:
For the pillars of the temple stand apart. . . .

The temple of marriage needs spaced pillars for good support. Otherwise the slightest trembling may topple it. Let us be reconciled to the space between the pillars. Marriage is a social entity, requiring two separate human beings, not a variety of four-legged animals. The separateness may generate estrangement; it also produces strength.

Despite trouble, the bonds of love can fill the spaces between two human beings in the same way that the sky gives dignity to the stars, which make sense only because they are related by space within the broad expanse of sky. The black mystery of isolation gives the stars their brave clarity and brightness. In marriage, too, coherence may be gained by sometimes standing apart in a small, necessary divorce.

Feminine Logic

AN EMPLOYEE of the Harewood, England, Telephone Company, finding too much money in a telephone call box, finally traced it to an elderly woman who admitted that she always put loose change into the box because "the poor 'phone girls don't get much money, you know."

—Photo Magazine

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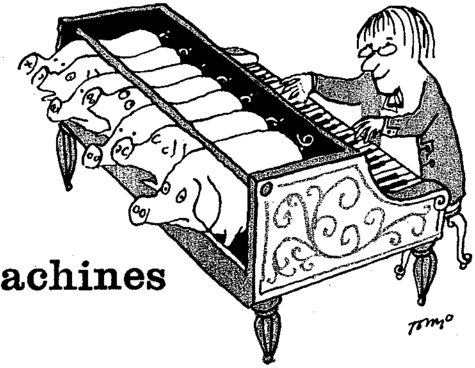
Squealing pigs, propellers
and whirling buckets are just
a few of history's . . .



Madcap music machines

by Frank L. Remington

THE FRENCH imperial court was agog. Abbe de Baigne, musical director for Louis XI and irrepressible practitioner of screwball syncopation, was about to present his latest melodic innovation—the "pig-o-phone." On the royal stage a score of pigs of all sizes and descriptions were displayed, secured side by side in a long line.

The inventor manipulated a keyboard, whereupon various of the swine squealed. The audience roared, as out of the welter of squeals came the recognizable notes of a familiar song.

When questioned, de Baigne refused to divulge the secret of his pig-o-phone, but eventually it leaked out. Ingeniously, though somewhat cruelly, he'd fixed a "pricker" to the end of each wire from the keyboard. By thumping the right key at the right time the maestro pricked the proper pig, thereby inducing an outraged squeal of predetermined pitch.

The pig-o-phone is but one of a long line of monstrosities dreamed up by musical madcaps.

For sheer size, doubtless the "immensaphone," constructed by the C. G. Conn, Ltd. company more than half a century ago, comes close to taking top honors. Resembling a mammoth megaphone, the immensaphone measured 12 feet across the bell and weighed 35 tons. The tunes blown into the small end of the monstrosity by an octet of horn tooters supposedly could be heard 30 miles away.

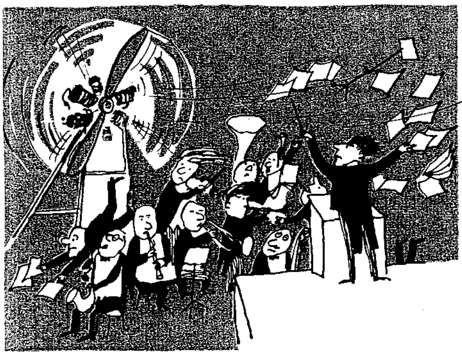
The "armonica" invented by Benjamin Franklin around 1762 falls in a class by itself. Made from a series of 35 glass discs, varying in diameter from three inches to nine inches, and arranged on a central rod, the armonica gave out melodious tones when wet finger tips caressed the rotating glasses.

The armonica, however, did not come close to producing the "warm" music of the "pyrophone." This musical device stood about 12 feet high and boasted 32 glass cylinders of graduated lengths and diameters, each containing a gas flame. By a clever keyboard hook-up, plunking the various keys reduced the flames and created the orchestra world's "coolest" obbligatos.

At one time, a percussion man was

asked to produce an unorthodox bit of harmony by whirling in circles a bucket on the end of a rope. And a few years back Leopold Stokowski conducted Lou Harrison's "Canticle No. 3." For several days before the performance Columbia Broadcasting System technicians scrounged around broken-down automobiles in local junk yards for 18 rather singular percussion "instruments" and tested them against a tuning fork. Seems that only the brake drums from ancient Reos and Hupmobiles could produce the exotic timbre required by the orchestration.

The audience at the première performance of George Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique" in Paris some years back were nonplused to glimpse a huge airplane propeller among the orchestra instruments. But when the giant blades began to whir, adding their peculiar tonal qualities to the score, the resultant wind blew up a pandemonium.



Programs blown from laps fluttered about like confetti. Some of the shivering music lovers turned up their coat collars. A frail little woman down front hid behind her open umbrella as protection against this cyclonic orchestral "instrument."

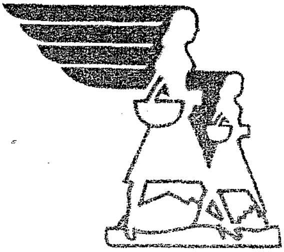
For the ultimate in crazy concerts the Cat Harmonicon takes the cake. Performed in Cincinnati in 1829, this feline fantasy was vaguely reminiscent of de Baigne's pig-o-phone. Over a month's period one Mr. Curtis collected a "chorus" of 48 cats, ranging from two-month-old kittens to venerable toms.

To accompany them, he had someone build a special organ with extra blade keys, which elicited feline yowls when applied to the tails. Arranged in two rows of narrow individual boxes, the cats had their tails enclosed in tubes provided with longitudinal slats across which the blade keys worked. These keys were connected with those of the organ, so that the keys and their appropriate feline tones would be in unison.

At the première performance, the long-suffering feline "singers" sported little cloth ruffles about their necks and in front of each stood a miniature music stand replete with books and candles. With the opening number, *Auld Lang Syne,* the tormented toms refused to perform. In a flood of outraged dignity, they shrieked, mewed, spat, and hissed a cacophony of caterwauling.

Completely enchanted, the audience yelled, hooted and stamped. The four-legged performers were freed and darted in every direction. Someone yelled "Fire" and the one and only performance of the Cat Harmonicon terminated with the spectators drenched in a deluge of water poured through a window by the local fire company. ♛

Canada's lady lobbyists



Dynamic but down-to-earth, this association of consumers fights for everything from sanitary milk caps to markings of leg lengths on stockings

by Robert Walker

HOUSEWIVES who were customers of one Montreal dairy were pleasantly surprised one morning not long ago. Milk arrived under a new, sanitary cap, which covered the pouring lip of the bottle.

Under immediate pressure from competing dairies, which didn't want the expensive change-over to the new caps, the Quebec Dairy Commission ruled the sanitary caps illegal.

In issuing its ruling the Commission made the mistake of failing to reckon with the women of Canada; and, as a result, found that it had stirred up a hornet's nest of public resentment.

As it happened, many of the milk customers were housewives who were also members of the Canadian Association of Consumers, an organization formed to protect the interests of the buying public.

When these ladies were suddenly and high-handedly deprived of their fine new bottle caps, they immediately picked up the phone and made a strenuous protest to the national headquarters of their association. Within an hour after the Commission's ruling appeared in the morning papers, officials of the Quebec Province CAC were already besieging the astonished commissioners.

In Montreal, the sanitary milk caps were promptly ruled legal; the dairy that introduced them put them back on its bottles; and competing dairies in the industry reluctantly prepared to follow suit. The CAC had scored a smashing victory.

Such triumphs are becoming the rule rather than the exception for the CAC, which is an association with a shrewd national governing body composed entirely of women—economists, doctors, lawyers and businesswomen backed up by a coast-to-coast grass-roots membership.

The only national group of its kind in the world, the CAC has built up a membership of approximately 25,000 women in less than 12 years. And, since the organization reaches some 500,000 people, either directly or indirectly, no attempt to shortchange the housewife escapes the CAC for long.

The CAC, among other things, has won most Canadian women the right to buy margarine, if they wish, instead of more costly butter; it has made manufacturers mark the leg length on stockings, and is trying to get dress sizes standardized.

To persuade the government to ban the deceptive red stripes on the cellophane wrapping of bacon, the CAC flexed its feminine muscles, and made the meat packers yell "Uncle!"

Letters to CAC headquarters in Ottawa, the Canadian capital, had complained that the red stripes made all bacon appear lean. The CAC had been lobbying in Ottawa—without success by early 1955—to have the stripes banned through an additional ruling to the Canadian Food and Drug Act.

As an experiment, all members in one small town near Montreal were instructed to say to the butcher or grocer: "I believe I want this package of bacon. Please unwrap it."

Naturally, the mystified storekeepers asked, "Why?"

"Because of those red stripes," was the reply. "I can't tell whether or not it's really lean."

The unhappy butchers unwrapped the bacon. "Hmm," said the customers, "It's too fat. Unwrap that package over there; it looks better."

The storekeepers had the choice between refusing to unwrap the bacon and losing the business, or being surrounded at the end of the day by hundreds of slices of loose bacon, and shreds of torn cellophane.

With the howls of retailers ringing in their ears, and facing the possibility of a nation-wide campaign to have every bacon package unwrapped, the meat packers were as happy as the CAC on June 30, 1955, when the red stripes were ruled illegal.

H.D. Beswick, of Swift Canadian Company Limited, one of Canada's biggest packers, said, "Sales in the clear wrappers are going ahead as usual. We never intended to deceive anyone; we simply thought the stripes more attractive. Naturally, we want to wrap our products the way the ladies like them."

After World War II, Canadian women returning from visits to the U.S. told the CAC's national executive: "They have a wonderful product down there—oleomargarine. It looks, spreads and tastes like butter, and costs about half as much. Why don't we have it in Canada?"

Margaret Hindman, a $50,000-per-year Toronto lawyer and, at that time, a CAC executive member, looked into the matter and decided Canada should have margarine. It was banned, just then, by the federal government.

At no charge to the CAC, she fought a case through several appeals, and finally got the courts to rule that it was the constitutional right of the individual provinces—rather than the national government— to regulate such matters as the sale of margarine. Quebec and Prince Edward Island were the only provinces to pass legislation prohibiting the sale of margarine. And these two holdouts are under constant pressure from consumers.

A technique something like the bacon campaign, but not quite as rough on storekeepers, forced stocking makers to mark the leg length on all packages. Long-legged Canadian women often complained they bought stockings that fitted their feet, but hardly reached above their knees.

This campaign was also nationwide. The women asked in hosiery shops for a pair of stockings. On instructions from their monthly, two-page magazine (it is now four pages), the *CAC Bulletin*, they asked, "Where is the leg length shown?"

After turning the package this way and that, the storekeeper had to say, "It isn't. I have a tape measure right here. Suppose I measure the leg length for you?"

"No thank you," the girls said. "I'll try another store."

Soon, stocking manufacturers, like the meat packers, were getting letters. They said, in effect, "The women have gone crazy. Please put the leg length on every package." Today, most of them do.

On dresses and children's clothing, a size used to be clearly marked on every garment. But it didn't mean much. A size 14 in an expensive dress was about the same as a 16 in something cheaper.

The girls approached this problem through negotiation. The negotiating was begun by such women as Mrs. H. E. Vautelet, daughter of a prominent French-Canadian lawyer, a leader in Quebec welfare work and a CAC past president, and is being carried on by the current national president, Miss Isabel Atkinson.

In the first phase many of the executives of Canada's 1,700 clothing makers—from multi-million-dollar plants to two-room sweat shops—were visited. The manufacturers told the women, "Standard-sizing is impossible. This is a lone-wolf business. It's difficult to get clothing makers to cooperate."

But the determined ladies kept on talking. To work towards a standard-sizing system, the Board of Specifications of the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce set up a committee which met with representatives from various clothing manufacturers' associations.

TODAY THE MAJOR difficulties have been overcome. Simultaneous lobbying in Ottawa has resulted in the Canada Standards and True Labelling Act, which requires a manufacturer to conform to standard sizing if he so labels his garment.

Now powerful and respected, the CAC hasn't always had such smooth sailing. "When they started in 1947," recalls one manufacturing executive, "I was afraid they'd be crazy women, barging into everybody's offices to demand Grade-A beef at 12 cents a pound and so forth.

"But you have to admit they've been cautious. That's why we're happy to listen when they do come in and why they've made the headway they have."

In the early days, one woman complained to the association that her butcher was rude to her; a member in Alberta, a prairie province, demanded action on a grasshopper plague; a strait-laced segment wanted a campaign to stop advertisers from using girls in bathing suits in their ads.

The national executives, however, were realists—too cagey to fight in hopeless causes, too farsighted to fritter away energy on trifles.

While the hard core of the CAC is its individual and group members, it receives valuable cooperation from participating national and local women's organizations such as the chic Federation of Business and Professional Women, the blue-blooded Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire, the austere Salvation Army women. Disparate as they are, these women share one thing—they're all, in a sense, clubwomen—alert, active, questioning.

Individual membership costs $1 a year; group membership is $5 a year. And the CAC's income from this source comes to about $17,000 a year. Group memberships are available to women in rural areas only. All women in a group are considered members but the group appoints one of their number as CAC "convener." At a meeting, this convener often reads the highlights of the *CAC Bulletin;* she can also channel complaints to Ottawa for anyone in the auxiliary.

At the meeting to launch the CAC, a whopping 33 national women's organizations were represented as well as many other voluntary regional groups. The story—how many differing women's groups got together without bloodshed—belongs in anybody's history of neat diplomacy.

All these groups cooperated in the Consumer Branch of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Canada's version of the OPA. When that branch was disbanded after World War II, Mrs. Blanche Marshall, then president of the National Council of Women, suggested a permanent consumers' association, free of government control.

The represented organizations hired acres of floor space at Toronto's King Edward Hotel for April 16, 1947, and filled it in perfumed, enthusiastic droves. The reserved, fastidious Graham Towers, then governor of the Bank of Canada, also attended the meeting. He liked what he heard. Informed buying sounded like one way to curb inflation.

Parliament got the girls started by voting them the $15,000 or so left in the Consumer Branch treasury at war's end. Later, annual grants of up to $10,000 were voted.

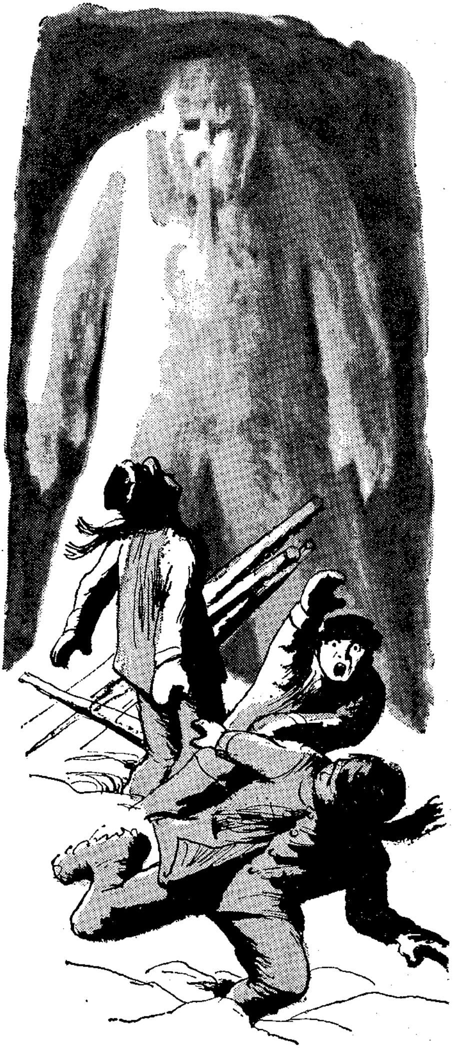
Away they went, but with caution and good sense, which have been their saving graces.

Recently, about to appear before a commission investigating tariffs, Miss Atkinson laid a firm, feminine hand on a four-inch pile of earlier briefs to the same commission, and said judicially, "I shall, of course, read all these before I speak for the CAC.

"Above all," she said with emphasis, "we must take care to know what we're talking about."

Out of the jetsam of a raging blizzard lurched a weird apparition . . .

THE LIVING SNOWMAN



IT WAS FATHER BOULDREALT'S custom to preach for 20 minutes at least, but on this particular Sunday morning near Christmas in the year 1875, he wisely decided to cut his discourse by half. The interior of his little church on Grindstone Island was growing darker by the minute and icy snowflakes had begun to tinkle against the windows like fragments of glass.

From long experience, Father Bouldrealt knew that the sooner his flock of God-fearing fisherfolk were safely home the better. For it was evident a blizzard of great severity was rapidly sweeping in upon them.

Within the hour, Grindstone Island, one of the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was struck by the worst snowstorm in living memory. For three days and nights it raged while life on the island came to a complete standstill and not a soul ventured outside.

On the fourth day, the blizzard exhausted itself and a party of boys set out through the drifts to look for flotsam cast ashore during the storm. They were not disappointed. The beach was littered with planks, spars and splintered timbers, a sure sign some luckless vessel had gone to pieces offshore. Among the wreckage were barrels of salted pork, kegs of spirits and battered cases of food.

OF GRINDSTONE ISLAND

by Trevor Holloway

The boys salvaged as much as they could, stacking it above the high-water mark, and it was almost dark before they finished. Loading themselves down with as much as they could carry, they set out for home.

They had barely got clear of the beach when the first boy up the bank gave a startled cry. The rest stopped in their tracks, staring in terror at the fantastic figure advancing slowly toward them out of the gloom, one laborious step after another. It lurched and swayed as though it might topple over like a drunken man—or, to be more exact, like a gigantic drunken *snowman.*

Towering fully eight feet tall, with massive arms and legs and a girth at least three times that of any human, it was silhouetted against the night sky like some fantastic monster from outer space. A faint, unearthly moan came from the snow mass that might be the "thing's" head.

The boys dropped their spoils and fled for the village.

But their parents were not impressed by their stories of a living snowman. "A trick of twilight," said one hardheaded fisherman. They were far more interested in the news that food and timber awaited collection on the beach—a welcome Christmas present indeed.

At first light next morning a party set out for the beach and spent a highly profitable day salvaging everything of value they could lay hands on. Not until the light failed did they start for home.

They were just approaching a stone-built hay barn a mile or so from the beach, when round the corner of the building lurched the snow giant. For a moment they stood their ground, then they, too, fled panic-stricken for the village, and the house of Father Bouldrealt.

A smile flickered across the priest's kindly features as he listened to their tale of a monster snowman.

"They tell me there are a few kegs of fine spirits down on the beach," he observed in mild reproof.

"That is so, Father," admitted the village storekeeper, "but none of us have had more than a sip or two to keep out the cold. What's more, it was Pierre, here, who saw the thing first—and he's never touched strong drink in his life."

"Very well," replied the priest. "At dawn tomorrow we will begin a search. You had better bring guns, as there is just a chance your 'snowman' is a polar bear driven ashore on floating ice during the storm."

Early next morning, Father Bouldrealt set out at the head of a heavily armed body of fishermen determined to comb the island from end to end. Unfortunately, a fall of snow during the night prevented their following any footprints from the spot where the monster was last seen.

All day the search went on and in the late afternoon, when they were on the point of abandoning it, the priest suddenly gave an excited shout and pointed to the snow a short distance ahead. There, plain to see, was a trail of giant footprints, each nearly two feet long and a foot across. They were definitely not those of a bear.

The party advanced cautiously and, when darkness fell, lit lanterns. The trail zigzagged aimlessly this way and that, eventually leading them down to the shore.

"Look, Father—over by that rock!" exclaimed one of the men in a tense whisper.

There, some 20 yards away lying on its side like a great fallen statue, they could discern a giant snowy form of more or less human shape.

Uttering a prayer, and clutching the cross that hung around his neck, Father Bouldrealt advanced with the utmost caution towards the prostrate figure, the rest following close behind with rifles ready. The "thing" lay silent and unmoving.

The priest bent down and gently touched it—and his hand touched rock-hard snow. When the lanterns were held closer, he beheld two cavities in the snowball-like head, where its eyes might be. A third vaguely resembled a mouth.

At that moment, the silver cross around the priest's neck slipped out from underneath his coat and swung gleaming in the light of the lanterns immediately above the monster's head. The result was astounding. An agonized groan came from the mouth cavity, there was feeble movement of those massive limbs and the monster muttered faintly, "Father! Father!"

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Bouldrealt in horror. "This is a living man encased in frozen snow! God help us or it will be too late. We must get him back to the village quickly."

The living snowman was placed on a stretcher hastily improvised from driftwood. It proved a gruelling journey back to the nearest house, for the weight of the snowman was several times that of a fully grown man.

All through the night, under Father Bouldrealt's supervision, the islanders worked to free the man from his casing of frozen snow. First they chopped away the outer layers, then they thawed the ice next to the flesh.

By dawn the grim ordeal was over and little by little the man was able to tell the priest that he was Auguste le Bourdais, first mate of the sailing vessel *Calcutta*, which had left Liverpool on September 14 bound for Quebec. After reaching that port and taking aboard a cargo of timber, she set sail on the return voyage to Liverpool. During her passage through the Gulf of St. Lawrence she was overtaken by the storm and ran aground to the north of Grindstone.

The two boats that put out from her soon capsized in the rough seas. Bourdais believed he was the only survivor, but later it was learned that Captain Tyrell and three sailors managed to reach nearby Grosse Island. The rest of the crew, numbering 22, and one lady passenger, were drowned.

For a day and a night Bourdais clung precariously to a piece of wreckage until finally swept ashore on Grindstone Island. By then the blizzard was at its peak and the driving snow began to encase him. With every passing hour his icy shroud thickened and its weight increased. Where or how long he wandered in a state of semi-coma he could not recall. The one thing he remembered vividly was the flashing of Father Bouldrealt's silver cross in the light of the lanterns.

Auguste le Bourdais had already suffered frightful agonies, but they were by no means over. The priest knew enough of the dangers of gangrene to realize that only by amputating Bourdais' badly frostbitten legs could his life be saved. And since there was no time to summon medical aid from the mainland, with God's help he must attempt the operation himself.

Ordering six men to hold Bourdais down on a table, he steeled his nerve and, with liberal doses of spirits as the only anesthetic, began the gruesome task of sawing both legs off above the knee joint. As he worked, he prayed his nerve should not fail him before the task was completed.

It was rough and ready surgery—a hundred-to-one gamble—but it worked. Slowly and painfully, Bourdais fought his second triumphant battle with death and by the end of May was sufficiently recovered to go to Quebec where skilled surgeons performed further amputations. After long months of convalescence he was fitted with artificial limbs, completing the miracle that Father Bouldrealt had begun.

When Bourdais returned to Grindstone Island, the fisher-families turned out to welcome home their living snowman who had by now acquired almost legendary stature, and a great cheer went up as he stumped down the gangway on his wooden "peg" legs.

Bourdais later married an island woman and their direct descendants can be found there today. ♛

Slickers

DETECTIVES IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, arrested two women who had shoplifted a briefcase on one floor of a department store and then turned it in for a refund on another floor.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

(Answers To Quiz On Page 103)

1. Free; 2. White; 3. Blue; 4. Little; 5. American; 6. Red; 7. High; 8. Old; 9. Long; 10. Dark; 11. Brown; 12. Sweet; 13. Cold; 14. Hot; 15. Dead; 16. Black; 17. New; 18. Hard; 19. Full; 20. Open; 21. Round; 22. Good; 23. Short; 24. Simple; 25. Middle; 26. Great; 27. Grand; 28. Irish; 29. Upper; 30. Seven.

They cure criminals with kindness

by MAX GUNTHER

Warmth and understanding replace bars and guards in this clinic where happiness is salvaged from wrecked lives

JOHN CARTER was a solid, intelligent man in his early 40s. He had a high-paying job, a pleasant home, two children. He was liked and respected in his community.

One night John Carter lured an 11-year-old girl into his car, thrust a pocketknife against her throat and tried to rape her.

The girl managed to escape. But as Carter was led sobbing to a police station, his life teetered on the brink of disaster. He could be sentenced to years in jail. He could lose his job, his family, his place in the community, his self-esteem—perhaps never to regain them.

An understanding court, however, saw that John Carter was utterly bewildered by his act.

"I didn't plan it," he kept saying, his voice shaking with horror. "I never did anything like this before. I don't know what happened to me."

It seemed to the court that Carter needed help, not punishment. So instead of being sent to jail, he was chosen to become part of a remarkable new experiment. He would continue living at home and working at his job, on one condition: once a week, he must report to an address in Brooklyn, New York, for psychiatric treatment. The address was that of an agency called the BARO clinic—the Civic Center Clinic of the Brooklyn Association for Rehabilitation of Offenders.

Under special treatment there, Carter came to see that he had attacked the girl largely because he had a dread of sexual impotency and a resulting subconscious fear of adult women. In his desperate need to prove his potency to himself, he had seized on the 11-year-old child.

A jail term would not have straightened Carter out; it might only have complicated his troubles. As it is, Carter today is a happily married, successful man—a safe and useful member of his town. The case against him has been closed.

The clinic that thus rescued a human life is an organization working with the New York City government, as well as with private social agencies. Most of its patients are lawbreakers—some of them technically on probation, others on bail or parole.

It was founded in 1953 by a group of psychiatrists, psychologists, city officials and social workers. The chairman of its board of directors is Edward S. Silver, peppery District Attorney of New York's Kings County.

"The main thought behind BARO," says Silver, "is that there are people who, if treated, can be straightened out and made into decent citizens. If not treated, they will probably end up in penal or mental institutions.

"Jail isn't always the best place for a criminal. In jail, a man meets all kinds of undesirable elements; he broods a lot, may grow bitter. He can come out a far worse citizen than he went in. What's more, when you send a man to jail, you usually create a whole new nest of crime problems in his family.

"Furthermore, it costs up to $3,500 a year to keep a man in jail or in a mental institution. Hence anything that can cut the jail intake is a boon to taxpayers.

"All this started us wondering whether we couldn't treat certain offenders on an out-patient basis."

Before the clinic was set up, New York courts—as in other cities—sometimes recommended that an offender see a psychiatrist. But not many lawbreakers can afford psychiatrists' stiff fees. Furthermore, few private analysts willingly take on criminal patients, for such people often resist treatment.

BARO, however, happily accepts offenders over 16 years old, men and women, rich and poor—and charges no fee. Through its doors, unguarded, walk burglars, forgers, shoplifters, prostitutes—even potentially dangerous criminals such as arsonists and rapists.

As each new patient arrives, he is given a complete physical and psychiatric work-up to determine if he can safely be allowed to roam free, and if he can benefit from treatment. Then, at a staff conference, a course of therapy is worked out for him. He may get individual therapy—the kind given by a private psychiatrist—or group therapy. And, in some cases, both.

In group therapy, five to ten people get together regularly under a therapist and talk about their problems, though each may have different problems. At the clinic, there are only three classifications of groups: male homosexual offenders, other men, and women—and even these are sometimes mixed together.

The therapist carefully cultivates an atmosphere of warm understanding, and as the group meets week after week, the talk grows progressively more frank. Each member is drawn into discussing his own and the others' most personal problems. He thus gains new insight into himself, forms a new concept of himself as others see him.

"Group therapy," says sharp-eyed, genial Dr. Ralph S. Banay, noted psychiatrist, who is the clinic's chief of staff and medical director, "enables us to process a large number of cases with relatively few therapists. And we feel that it is often the most effective kind of treatment. Each member of the group draws strength from the others."

SOME STARTLING results have come out of group therapy—for example, big, moody Joe McCabe (the name, like other offenders' names used here, is fictitious). Joe hated the world, he hated cops, he hated women. He fought viciously at the slightest provocation. He couldn't hold a job, was in and out of jail continually.

Finally, after one particularly tigerish assault on a patrolman, Joe was sent to the BARO clinic and assigned to an eight-man group that included an arsonist and a rapist.

In the first few hour-and-a-half sessions, he sat silent, glowering at the therapist. The therapist made no direct attempt to draw him into the discussions, merely showing him that affection and understanding were there if he wanted them.

Eventually, McCabe began to thaw out. First, he started commenting on the other members' problems. Then he shyly touched on his own. Finally, the dam broke and his fears and frustrations poured from him in a torrent.

It developed that a major source of his trouble was a harsh, strict, unloving father. When McCabe came up against an authority figure—teacher, boss, cop—he saw his father and was blinded by hate. Another trouble source was sex; he had gnawing, paralyzing doubts about his own manhood.

McCabe became a dominant member of the group and a strong therapeutic agent for the others. He enrolled in an electronics school and proudly brought his textbooks to the sessions. But the real proof of his self-victory came one night when he visited a bar and found his brother embroiled in a fight.

McCabe waded in, grabbed his brother and tried to pull him away. The other man, a house painter, pulled a stiff brush from his pocket and jabbed it in McCabe's face.

"In the old days," McCabe told his therapy group later, "I'd have knocked the guy cold. But—it's funny; I didn't even lose my temper. I thought, 'McCabe, this poor guy with his brain fuddled by whisky—he's a picture of you, six months ago.' I just pushed the brush away and took my brother home."

A year after McCabe had left the clinic, his group therapist received a small engraved card in the mail. It announced McCabe's marriage to a schoolteacher.

"There has never been a single case," says District Attorney Silver, "when we were sorry we hadn't put one of these people behind bars."

Why? "We have deliberately made the clinic a warm, accepting place," says Dr. Banay. "The patient *wants* to come; he wants to belong here. It's not only that he's afraid of jail.

The clinic is an oasis in what, to him, is a hostile or bewildering world. He shows up for appointments on his own. He doesn't feel he's being forced into therapy. This makes him a more willing, co-operative patient."

The clinic's atmosphere is more that of a social club than a treatment center. The rooms are cheerfully decorated, comfortably furnished. There are no hospital-like white walls, harsh lights or antiseptic smells. None of the staffers wears a white coat.

Treatment hours are at night and on Saturdays, so as not to interfere with offenders' jobs. ("Work is one of the best therapeutic forces ever invented," says Banay.) During treatment hours, coffee and doughnuts are served to those in group therapy.

To preserve the atmosphere of freedom, the clinic deliberately avoids direct administrative ties with city police and court systems. Though half its yearly $48,000 budget comes from the city and New York State (the rest from foundations and business organizations), and though it is under city and state supervision, it maintains a confidential doctor-patient relationship with offenders. This helps win over unwilling patients. And unwilling some of them are. For instance, there was Ann Smith.

Ann was a dull, unattractive girl of 17, completely dominated by her mother. She had no friends of either sex. She lived in a world by herself, took pride in the fact that she never combed her hair or made any other sort of attempt to win admiration.

Secretly, though, she yearned passionately for attention, excitement, love. This was the reason—though she didn't know it herself—why she set fire to an apartment house one night. It was a way of asking for attention without the dread of being rebuffed—a way of bringing a thrill into an emotion-starved life.

When a kindly court first sent her to the BARO clinic, she came with her mother, and she came sullenly opposed to the whole idea. But soon, the warmth of the place soaked into her. She began to talk, to listen. She saw that she must break away from her mother and had to become a whole person, answerable to her own conscience.

On her fourth visit, she arrived without her mother and with her hair combed. The next time, she wore lipstick. Within three months, she found her first boy friend.

"This ugly duckling," noted one psychologist, "has become—if I may use the term—positively radiant."

When her treatment period was over, Ann begged to be allowed to continue visiting the clinic. "I was never really happy in my whole life," she said tearfully, "until I came here."

Unfortunately, the good work that BARO does is limited by the fact that its facilities are badly strained.

"It's growing, but it still isn't a tenth as big as it needs to be," says Silver. "We're hoping for a lot of expansion in years ahead. We're counting on the clinic as a pilot program, to convince the city—and maybe other cities—that what we're doing is a sensible answer to some of the human and economic problems of crime."

The clinic has plenty of examples to support its argument. Like Mrs. Alice Boland, a 39-year-old housewife with three children and a solid, kindly husband. Though the family had enough money, Mrs. Boland suffered from an irresistible impulse to steal women's handbags and wallets in stores. On her third arrest, she was sent to the BARO clinic.

Here, in both group and individual therapy, she was able to dig out the reasons for her kleptomania. Among them: one of her children was mentally retarded and epileptic; she couldn't make herself love him, and feelings of guilt made her subconsciously want punishment.

Once she saw into herself clearly, she was able to control her compulsion. Her case has been dismissed, and she now goes shopping as happily as anyone else.

Though the clinic's primary purpose is to keep people out of jails and mental institutions, sometimes it reluctantly recommends confinement. For instance, a police prowl car one night searchlighted 19-year-old Fred Turner climbing out the window of a dark school building. Investigation showed that Fred hadn't taken anything or even disturbed anything. He had merely broken into the school, wandered through the silent rooms for a while, and come out.

Fred was put through BARO's initial examination. It developed that he was subject to strange hallucinations. He sometimes felt he was somebody else. He dreamed of blood spattered on walls. He believed he was being pursued by two hired gunmen from Chicago.

These and other things in Fred's mental make-up seriously worried Dr. Banay. He sent a hasty note to the D. A.: "Both homicidal and suicidal. Recommend immediate hospitalization."

Fred took the news quietly. All he said was: "They framed me."

Thus, a potentially dangerous man whose only actual offense was unauthorized entry now sits in a guarded, barred-window section of Kings County Hospital.

"This isn't our normal operation, of course," says Silver. "What we're trying to prove, essentially, is that locks and bars should be used only when there's no other reasonable way to protect society from the criminal."

Sign of the Times

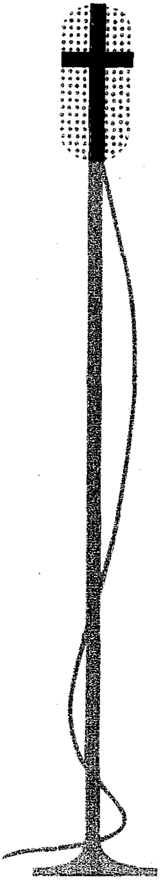
SIGN ON AN ELEGANT Cadillac: Made in Las Vegas—the Hard Way! MEYER BERGER (*The New York Times*)

IN A TUCSON, ARIZONA, dress shop: Alterations Going On As Usual During Alterations. —CHARLES V. MATHIS

THIS AD APPEARED IN A N.Y. NEWSPAPER: Doughnut shop for sale—owner in a hole. —LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM by Seth Kantor

Evangelists of the air waves

Spreading the Gospel with modern showmanship,
Southern Baptist radio and TV shows are
the world's fastest-growing religious broadcasts



THE 60-YEAR-OLD MAN, sitting hunched over, accidentally heard a radio program one Sunday four years ago. More than 20,000,000 people tuned in the same broadcast. But none listened harder than the gray-haired man who didn't have a name any more. Only a number. A hard-faced man, he was No. 49433, serving a life sentence for murder in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. The program, which seemed to speak almost directly to him that day, was *The Baptist Hour*.

"Please write to us," the voice on the radio invited. No. 49433 did. He poured out his life on paper.

"Where is this God you speak of?" he wrote bitterly. "The world is for animals. What pleasures can this God thing give that the animals don't have?"

Then, the broadcast still fresh in his mind, he was suddenly repentant. He called out for the prison chaplain, fell on his knees and, for the first time in his life, prayed.

No. 49433 never stopped listening to *The Baptist Hour* since that day. He joined the church in prison. The hardness went out of him. He became a trusty. His life changed so completely that, at the end of 1958, he was given a chance for parole. A job was waiting for him as maintenance man of a handsome two-story building in a fashionable suburban shopping center in Fort Worth, Texas. The arrangements for No. 49433 were made by owners of the building. For it's there that they produce and broadcast *The Baptist Hour,* presently being aired over 486 stations throughout the world each Sunday.

The questions in No. 49433's letter had been answered at last.

The Radio & Television Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention is the fastest-growing religious broadcasting group in the world. Sponsored by the 9,000,000 Southern Baptists in 27 states and Hawaii, its radio voice has been carried in 41 languages to almost every nation. More than 100,000,000 Americans saw its television shows in 1958.

In its Fort Worth headquarters, 40 of the Commission's workers toil among the electronic wonders. They pause each day at 10 A.M. to meditate with ancient prayers. Then they resume the business of creating a lively new approach to religion.

Actors and production crews are of all religious faiths and the Commission produces radio shows with stars like Tennessee Ernie Ford, and television shows that compete with the best the networks have to offer.

Under an expanded program which they call "Televangelism," the Commission has just completed for presentation this year a Hollywood-made, color film called *Pay the Piper.* It is one of 13 films in a new series of *This is the Answer.* The Commission's previous series of *This is the Answer* was carried last winter by 211 stations feeding into 90 percent of American homes equipped with television.

Pay the Piper is the story of a prominent businessman whose daughter is killed in a car crash when she goes to a high school graduation dance with a boy the father didn't like. Police reluctantly tell him that the boy had been driving while drunk.

The businessman thereupon goes about finding out who sold the fatal liquor to a minor. His crusade is devastating and merciless. It finally becomes obvious that he's bent on revenge rather than justice. The story reaches its climax when he comes home one night and says to his wife: "I'm exhausted. I'm going to fix myself a drink." He goes to his liquor cabinet, lifts out a bottle, and a note falls from the shelf.

"Dear Dad—" it says. "This is such a joyful night in my life. I know you won't mind if Bud and I take some of your private stock."

The Commission took *Pay the Piper* from the New Testament, dressing it up as a 20th-century parable of *Galatians 6:7:* ". . . whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But the viewer doesn't learn that until the half-hour show's final seconds.

The Commission doesn't shout at listeners. Or shake a reproving finger at them. Or ask them for money. Or sell them on becoming Baptists.

"Our sole product is Christianity," explains Dr. Paul M. Stevens, director of the Commission. He's a former college football player who didn't believe in God. "The product is rarely advertised at the beginning of our shows and, when the message finally comes, it is short and to the point." Each television show carries only a tag-line comment that the Southern Baptists are the sponsors.

This reversal of the preachy theme —sermon, choir and scriptures, a trademark of church broadcasts since the beginning of radio—brought over 50,000 fan letters during the past year. Many are like this one from a Methodist housewife in Connecticut:

"Life sometimes seems turned upside down and you seem to lose faith in God and all that the Bible says. This happened to me. Nothing seemed to go right. . . . But I've been watching your television series, *This Is the Answer*. You've restored my faith in God and I feel I can come to Him for help the way I used to. Thanks for leading me back to Him."

THE COMMISSION was born as a small evangelistic arm of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1941. It was given $5,750—enough to broadcast 13 half-hour programs over 17 stations in 11 states. In the next dozen years, it spread the gospel with the standard sermon-choir-and-scriptures approach, receiving an increase in its working budget of only $9,000 a year. Then, in 1953, Dr. Stevens, the former nonbeliever, took over. Since then the budget has increased $100,000 a year.

Under its new, 38-year-old director, the Commission began to tailor its broadcasts for the listener who didn't like to be talked to from a pulpit. Within three years, *The Baptist Hour* was blanketing three-fourths of the nation, the television dramas were being launched, and the acclaim poured in:

"I am a Christian," wrote a woman in Illinois, "but my husband and three young sons are not. They love your program and that is a comfort to me."

"My father taught me that there is no God," wrote a young woman in Florida, who described herself as a prostitute. "I never saw him cry before. I saw him cry today. He's heard your program. Because he did, he joined a church today. I don't believe in God. Help me."

A boy in Missouri wrote that he was "the only Christian" on his basketball team until he got the team together to hear *The Baptist Hour*. The whole team joined the church.

"When I was a teenager growing up in Mississippi," Dr. Stevens recalls, "I went each week with my family to the First Baptist Church of Jackson. Before Sunday School would start, I'd climb out through a hall window and meet a gang of boys at a corner drug store, where I'd squander my church offering. What I'm trying to do now is reach the people who'd rather climb out a window than hear a sermon."

Prison officials in New York City think he's doing it successfully. Last year they began showing the Commission's television films to convicts of all ages. And Commissioner Anna M. Kross of the city's Department of Correction commented: "The films are giving them hope and reducing the feeling of desolation, of being unwanted."

One of the films, *Road to Jericho*, was especially popular with the prisoners. They could identify themselves with all the roles in the story taken from the parable of "The Good Samaritan" (*Luke 10:30*), which begins: ". . . A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves . . ."

The Commission's modern version becomes the story of a florist who brags of being a great American because he was a war hero. He pokes bitter fun at the foreign accent of his old Italian flower wholesaler. The old man takes the insults patiently, although his son gets angry and wants to stop dealing with the florist.

During the course of a robbery, the florist turns into a coward and admits he's no war hero at all. The whole town jeers at him. He's washed up in business—until the old Italian comes to his aid and restores the florist's human dignity.

Dr. Stevens, who comes up with most of the story ideas and frequently writes large sections of the scripts, knows quite a bit about war heroes.

The six-foot-three-inch director was an athlete at Mississippi College until he was injured in a football game. One knee was broken and the ligaments were torn loose from the other. He spent four months strapped in braces, and decided on religion as his life's work. When he enlisted in World War II at age 27, he was already an ordained minister, married and the father of two children.

"Our planes were being blasted over every strategic bombing point in Europe," he recalls. "We had little fighter support, and morale was low. But it was my job to persuade boys to go up. They figured my talk was shallow and cheap, because I was required to stay on the ground. What I did then was unauthorized. Chaplains are bound by international law not to participate in combat. But I took several flights with the men to prove some points I'd been trying to make."

Paul Stevens won four Bronze Stars, plus a Purple Heart when his leg was ripped by flack.

"You can't preach religion on television with a panty-waist approach," he says, softly. "You're on the firing line, so to speak, with a bunch of battle-weary people staring at you, daring you to push them."

He became director of a large youth program after the war and was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Ada, Oklahoma, when he took on the extra chore of serving on the 32-member Radio & Television Commission. "His talent was obvious," recalls U. S. Senator Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma, a Commission member. "It made no difference that he had had no radio or television experience when it came time for us to select a pioneering leader."

The Commission's building teems with activity as the staff works on such radio shows as *The Baptist Hour,* its Spanish counterpart, *La Hora Bautista,* and *The Chapel Upstairs. La Hora Bautista* is carried on Spanish language stations in five Southwestern states. In one Mexican town, 300 people gather in a hall each Sunday to hear the program. *The Chapel Upstairs* is a series of 15-minute devotionals, using the voices of Southern Baptist pastors from Virginia to California.

From the library of films and program tapes, television and radio broadcasts are sent to points on every continent for replay. In New Zealand, *The Baptist Hour* is carried from town to town on tape, and played in homes where a few families gather. In Africa, one regular listener copies down the broadcasts word for word in shorthand, as they come in by short wave. Then he reads the broadcasts to others.

Dr. Stevens' latest radio show will be launched in April. The program begins with sounds like a giant rocket pushing through sound waves. Then a voice says: "This is Master Control." Without further identification, the program continues with music by David Rose, then slips into an interview with a gambler in Las Vegas who works all Sunday. This is followed by a first-hand description of church services in a Moscow tenement hall. Just as the listener begins to realize that "Master Control" might have something to do with religion, there's a one-minute sermon on Christian faith. If at this point the listener starts thinking about turning the dial, he's intrigued all over again by more music and an inside account of worship in the White House.

Dr. Stevens, who coined the word "Televangelism" for the use of his film dramas, thought up the idea and title for *Master Control,* and it was made ready for production almost overnight. For the first time in religious-broadcasting history, radio stations will be given the chance to sell the half-hour, weekly show to sponsors.

"About the only sponsor barred," says a Commission member whimsically, "are the makers of devils' food cakes."

Literally Taken

MY HUNGARIAN TENANT likes to tell of his Uncle Peter, back in the old country, who for 40 years was railroad stationmaster in a small village. Impressed with the importance of his post, he was a stickler for observing every rule. His books were meticulously kept and the mail pouch never failed to go aboard punctually. When it came time for him to retire, the railroad company offered him a small pension, but he declined. He would much prefer, he told the officials, to have a discarded passenger coach put in the back yard of his home as a memento of his years of service.

This unusual request was granted and Uncle Peter's delight was boundless. All his spare time was spent in painting, polishing and refurbishing the coach. When his nephew went to visit him one rainy day, he found him sitting on the steps of his railroad car in the drizzling rain, calmly smoking his pipe.

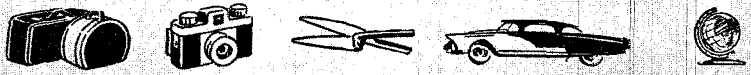
"Uncle Peter," his nephew said, "why don't you go inside?"

Silently Uncle Peter pointed the stem of his pipe to an ancient sign above the door of the coach. It read: NO SMOKING.

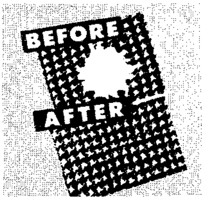
—MRS. PERYL W. PARSONS

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



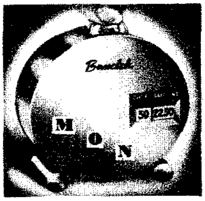
MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME



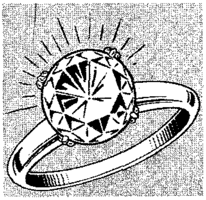
Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 393, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

SAVE $100.00 A YEAR AUTOMATICALLY

And Never be "broke". Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save daily, or calendar bank won't change date. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 ea.; 3 for $5.75. Personalized with Gold fin. Initials, $2.99; 2 for $5.50. Add 10¢ per bank postage. Mail to Date-Bank, 300 Albany Ave. Brooklyn 13, N. Y.



1 CARAT BRILLIANT WHITE DIAMOND $395



Double your appraiser's fee plus all your money back unless our diamonds appraise for at least 50% more than the purchase price. Full refund within 60 days regardless of reason. Ring mailed for inspection without payment if reference given. Diamond illus. enlarged. Free catalog. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. 1, Dept. C-3.

FREE U.S., FOREIGN FLAG STAMPS

Exciting valuable collection of genuine, all-different postage stamps from Greenland (North Pole!), St. Pierre, Newfoundland, Mexico, U.N., Civil War Commemorative; scarce 1851 Canada Train stamp, U.S.: ancient 19th century. Extra! 87 Foreign Flag Stamps; big bargain catalog, other exciting offers. Send 10¢ for mailing. Kenmore, Milford EF-1, N. H.

NEWFOUNDLAND
5 FIVE CENTS 5

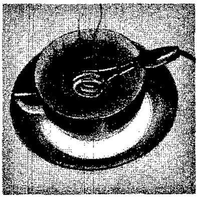
FREE RUG BOOK—SAVE UP TO ½

Olson Magic

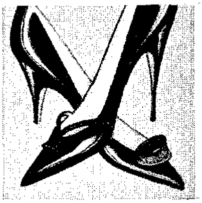
Amazing Olson Broadloom Offer! Rich, new, extra thick, heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs & Carpets. Your old rug, carpet, clothing can Save you up to ½. Money back Guar. Easy Terms. Our 84th yr. Over 3 million customers. Free Broadloom Bargain Book—Model rms. in color. Write for your copy. Olson Rug Co., Dept. E-54, Chicago 41, Ill.

POCKET-SIZED ELECTRIC HEATER—$1.00

Boils water instantly. Simply plug into any outlet, immerse in liquid, and in no time it prepares soups, coffee, baby's bottle . . . any instant food for regular or emergency use. 6½"x2½" chrome plated heater comes complete with cord & carrying case. 110 Volts, AC-DC. Reg. $2.98. Now Only $1.00 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-C Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.



FREE SHOE CATALOG—SIZES 1 to 5 ONLY



Specializing exclusively in beautiful shoes to fit and flatter little feet! Catalog shows enormous variety of styles for all occasions—dressy, casual, sports, even formals and bed-slippers . . . Illusion-pump in blk. patent, red or blue calf at $12.95; High-heel pump only in blk. patent at $16.95. Write for free catalog to Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.

STRETCH-TO-HEALTH

Perfected in Hollywood & used by women who know value of keeping trim. Ingenious rubber device is a comb. rowing machine & exerciser. Comes with chart & instructions for pulling in tummy, reducing excess weight & firming flabby leg muscles. Satis. guar. Only $3.98 ppd. Order from Evelyn Hull, 1923 Berkley Ave., Dallas 24, Texas.

Silver Linings

MY SMALL TWIN SONS came home from school one afternoon bubbling about an innovation which their teacher had proposed for the next day's lunch period. It seemed that each little boy was to invite a little girl to be his luncheon partner, in order that the children might learn social conversation.

One of the twins, who has had an eye for feminine charm since kindergarten, was overjoyed about having been accepted as partner by a little girl whom he described as "just *beautiful!*" The other little fellow, a bit shyer around the opposite sex, said little. So, after enthusing with my younger Murray over his delightful prospect, I turned to Mike and asked, "Darling, did you invite a little girl too?"

"Oh yes," he replied mildly. "And is she pretty?" I pursued.

"Well, no—not so very pretty," he replied hesitantly, adding "In fact, she is not pretty at all. I guess she is prob'ly the unprettiest girl in the whole school!"

START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES

This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, cord selection, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2155, New York 36.

FOR BIG MEN ONLY

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 408 Brockton, Massachusetts.

GENUINE HERALDRY IS FLATTERING

Many families from Britain and Europe were once identified by their own Coat of Arms, still recorded in England. Immaculate oak 12″ wall shields individually emblazoned in true colour & relief cost only $15.00 ppd. Checks returned with brochure by Airmail if Arms un-traceable. Print surnames. Allow two months. Hunter & Smallpage (1875). York, England.

SLIDE RULE TIE CLASP

This unique clasp is a must for engineers, etc. Actual replica of slide rule and it works! 2″ long, this hand polished gem has a magnifier and etched numbers. $5 postpaid in silver or gold finish. (Sterling $5.95 postpaid.) Free 7 day trial. If you are not delighted return for immediate refund. Fred Klein, Dept. C-1, 528 East 87th St., New York 28, New York.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE

You can cause infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are dangerous. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with Hollis Klipette. So simple! Just turn end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Made from fine surgical steel. Money back guarantee. $1.00 post paid. Hollis Co., 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y., Dept. B-9.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 203

40 WALLET SIZE PHOTOS ONLY $1.

Your name printed Free on each one. Amazing price due to new photo process. Not only do we offer 40 2¼ x3¼ for $1 but we print your name on each and every one at no extra charge. Send negative or print (no extra charge if you don't have neg.). Add 25¢ for ptg. and handling. Money back guar. American Studios, Dept. HH-7, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-39, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

BIG $$ CAKE DECORATING

Housewives wanted! $5 hr. easy spare time. Endless demand for lovely Cake Decorations & Professional Candy for Xmas, weddings, birthdays, parties. We show you how to turn kitchen into gold mine. No age, educ. limits. Start small, no capital required. Write for Free Facts on complete home instruction. Candy & Cake, Dept. 256, Fallbrook, Calif.

BEAN'S MEN'S TWO-EYELET MOCCASIN

Calfskin leather. Hand sewed tip in true moccasin construction, neotex sole and heel, lightweight and long wearing. Leather lined quarters. Two colors: Brown, and Smoked Elk. Men's sizes: 6 to 13. Whole and half sizes (no size 12½). Widths B and D. Price $11.45 postpaid. 100 page catalog free. L. L. Bean, Inc. 49 Main St., Freeport, Maine.

U. S. GOV'T OIL AND GAS LEASES

Congress now gives citizens equal rights to obtain Government leases. Large profits plus oil income possible for you. You do no drilling. 80 acres—$200 (terms available). For free information and maps of booming area, write today. Licensed & bonded oil brokers. Western Lease & Land Co., 1003 E. Camelback, Phoenix, Arizona.

Silver Linings continued

Puzzled, I ventured gently, "Well, how did you come to invite that little girl, darling?"

I shall never forget his reply. At an age when most children are usually sole center of their little worlds, he answered simply, "I was afraid if *I* didn't ask her, maybe nobody would!" —MRS. FRED W. ROBINSON

CHILDREN, IN THEIR INNOCENCE, will often answer questions with sharper perception than the wisest of adults.

One afternoon, my three-year-old daughter and I were making a cake together—she perched on the kitchen stool, wrist-deep in chocolate batter—when she looked up with that familiar expression that told me I was about to be besieged with questions. On guard for once, I decided to anticipate her questions with a few of my own, and I quickly asked,

"Honey, what's a sidewalk for?"

"To walk on."

"And why do you like lollipops so much?"

"Because they taste me good."

And then for no good reason, I popped the biggest one of them all: "What is love, dear?"

Without a moment's hesitation, she threw her arms around my neck, cake batter and all, and answered, "Love is *here!*" —PAT APPEL

AS A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR, I was elected captain of the football team.

The opponent I defeated was my brother, 13 months older than I.

Before the balloting started, I was told that it was perfectly honorable for a candidate to vote for himself; most of the players intended to do so. After one ballot, my brother and I were tied—and I had to vote for myself. The second time around, I won by a single vote—my own. Then the meeting broke up and all the ballots were tossed into the waste paper basket.

Out of curiosity, I retrieved the crumpled slips of paper to see who had voted for and against me. Now years later, I can only remember one ballot written in a familiar handwriting. My brother had voted for me. Redfaced with shame, I thought then—as I do now—that the real captain didn't get the honor.

—JAMES P. HARRINGTON

WE WERE CROSSING a little country bridge when my artist wife insisted that I stop the car and let her paint the lovely scene that lay before us. She settled herself with her paints and canvas at the only spot she found "just right"—the center of the narrow bridge. As a safety measure she hung a red sweater from the top of her easel. I left her to capture the splendor of the trees, and went off to do a little fishing.

On my return I saw the ominous figure of a patrol officer standing nearby. But this was no arrest. He was calmly directing traffic, guarding the lone figure at the easel so she might finish her painting undisturbed.

—E. GRIFFITHS

AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

KEEP PAPER BAGS NEAT—$1

Bag Caddy . . . holds up to 40 bags neatly. No more jamming bags into drawers. Plated wire loops hold every bag, big ones, little ones, wide ones, narrow ones, odd ones. Easily fastened to inside of any cabinet door with two screws included. Guaranteed or money back. Only $1 ppd. Order from Sunset House, 2724 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

100 CAPSULES ROYAL JELLY 50 MG $7

Don't pay $20—or even $10—get 100 natural Dupree Royal Jelly capsules, full 50 milligram potency. 50 caps $4; 100 $7; 250 $16; 500 $30; 1000 caps $55. Rush order today and we'll include 14-day supply My-t-vite Vitamin capsules Free. Money-back guarantee. Save money, buy direct. Dupree Medical Co. (Est. 1895), Dept. C3, 20 E 17th St., New York 3.

NEW! HYGIENIC DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup meets all denture care needs. Grand gift idea! Safe, smart container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists—over 200,000 in use for dentures, plates, bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue, green. $1 ppd. Cash, ck., or m.o. from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092L Steinway St., Long Island City, N.Y.

WERE YOU BORN BEFORE 1900?

If under 80, you can still apply for a $1000 regular Old Line Legal Reserve life insurance policy. Entire transaction handled by mail. No one will call on you. Mail post card or letter today. Give name, address & age. Complete info. sent by return mail. Address Old American Insurance Company, 1 West 9th Street, Dept. L325M, Kansas City, Missouri.

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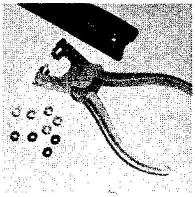
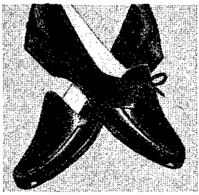


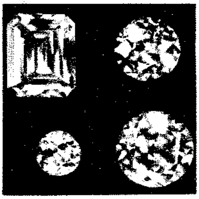
NEW! AMAZING EYELET PLIER SET

Now you can make your belts longer or shorter, and complete many other useful leather and fabric projects with the new Eyelet Pliers. Punches hole, sets eyelet in one simple operation. Set includes 300 brass enameled eyelets in assorted colors. $2.98 ppd. This sturdy tool will give many years of service. R. J. Homakers Co., P.O. Box 264, Farmingdale, L. I.



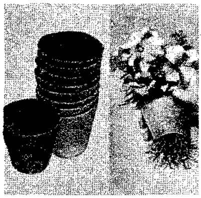
SIZE-FAMOUS 1 to 13, AAAAAA to EEEEE

Enjoy buying good shoes by mail! Our enormous variety of styles and vast range of sizes insures perfect fit! Tie: black, tan, red, grey, desert sand or white calf. Step-in: black, camel or grey shag; tan, desert sand or white calf. AAAA to C for sizes 3 to 10, $12.95 and for 10½ to 12, $13.95. Write for free catalog to Solby Bayes, 45T Winter Street, Boston 8, Mass.



MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS!

What could be finer than the new, man-made miracle gemstone? Here's Titania. Only $12 the carat. 1-carat in masculine 14K mounting $32. For the lady 1-carat in 14K mounting $25. Ideal for setting in mountings of your choice. Prices plus 10% F. T. Free ring size chart and brochure. Regent Lapidary Co., Dept. CD-40, 511 E. 12 St., N. Y. 9, N. Y.



YOU PLANT THESE POTS—40 FOR $1

Plant summer seedlings, cuttings or slips in Pots of pressed fertilizer for faster, stronger growth! To transplant, put pot & all into ground! Pots disintegrate — roots grow through. Needs no fertilizer, much less water. 2¼ diam. Money back guar. 40 Plant Pots only $1, pstg. pd. 100 pots, $1.95. Sunset House, 2725 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

FREE—THE BEST OF FLORIDA IN COLOR

Get this photo-story about the unique part of Florida. See where Floridians are rushing to invest, vacation, retire! Find out how you can buy a king-sized homesite in the beautiful orange grove and lake country, only $10 down, $10 monthly. For free booklet write: Information Center, Leisure Lakes, 4479 NW 36th Street, Miami Springs 66, Florida.

You Can't Win!

AN ENGLISH TRADESMAN rented a house in Winchester where Jane Austen, the distinguished author of *Pride and Prejudice,* had once dwelt.

After a while, the shopkeeper asked the trustees of Winchester College, from whom he rented the building, to put up some sort of informative plaque on the premises. "American tourists keep coming into my shop to ask if it is *the* Jane Austen house," he explained. "They take up my time and never buy anything. It's a nuisance."

So a neat plaque was provided, with the succinct inscription:

Home of
JANE AUSTEN
1775-1817

In a fortnight the shopkeeper was back. "Take down the plaque!" he pleaded.

"What's the matter," he was asked, "didn't it help?"

"Twice as many people are coming in," lamented the tradesman, "only now they are Englishmen. They keep asking, 'Who was Jane Austen?' "

—QUOTE

Anyone Interested

WHEN A NEWSPAPER in Southern California recently decided to make its classified-ad column available, at no charge, to youngsters between the ages of six and twelve, it offered a revealing insight into the things which daily occupy a child's attention.

One ad submitted by an eight-year-old boy, read: "I would like to sell my pet cat. He is black and white and I will sell him for five cents. The only thing wrong with him is he has no tail."

A girl who had just turned seven offered to swap some toys which she had "outgrown." She wanted a two-wheeler bicycle. "If the bicycle doesn't have to be fixed too much," she said, "I will trade my skates, a crying doll, and my whole collection of shrunken heads."

But the most urgent plea came from a young man, who had tried his hand at raising rabbits, and had obviously been quite successful at it. "Does anyone want any rabbits?" he asked. "I've got tons of them. My phone number is Broadway 3-6082. Please call as soon as you can."

—FRANK C. ZDY

Oh, Come Now!

IN JEFFERSON CITY, the Missouri State Penitentiary men's library received some donated books, including: The Bobbsey Twins at Snow Lodge, Problems in Home Living, A Campfire Girl's Chum, Live Alone and Like It, No More Alibis, Home Nursing and Child Care.

—SHELLY BLOCK

Try It

PROFESSOR ERNEST BRENNECKE of Columbia University is credited with inventing the following sentence that can be made to have eight different meanings by placing the word "only" in all possible positions in it:

"I hit him in the eye yesterday."

—THE AMERICAN WAY

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,-999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. M-95, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

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(Continued on next page)

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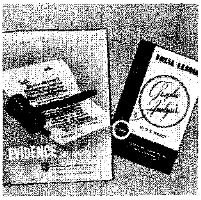

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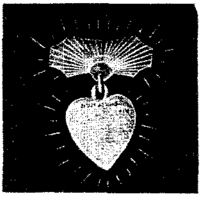
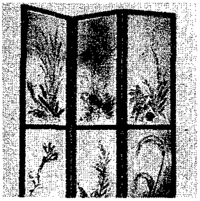


MAKE A REAL FLOWER SCREEN



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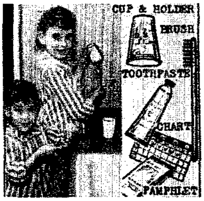

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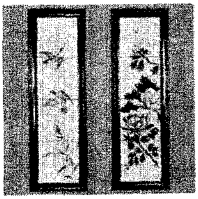

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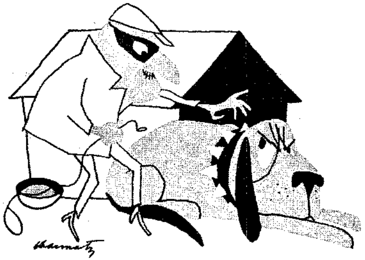

They called it justice

by Will Bernard

JUSTICE IS USUALLY depicted as being blindfolded, but judges must sometimes peep into the practical side of cases. In Texas, for example, a divorcing couple were able to agree on dividing all their property except one bookcase. The judge satisfied them both by ordering the bookcase sawed in half.

IN DELAWARE, a dog thief coolly reminded the judge of the common law rule that dogs have no legal value. Whereupon the judge found the defendant guilty of stealing the dog's collar.

IN NEW JERSEY, a blushing girl haled her fiancé into court for insisting on too many kisses. The judge got a signed pledge from the defendant, limiting his kisses to five before lunch and dinner, and sent the pair away happily married.

IN ILLINOIS, an estranged wife demanded temporary alimony to pay for a blood transfusion. Her husband, short of money, offered blood instead. The wife indignantly refused to accept "that man's blood." After due deliberation, the judge arranged for the husband to make a blood deposit—and the wife to make a blood withdrawal—at the local blood bank.

IN ENGLAND, the customs collector classified some imported monkeys as "two-footed animals." The importer sued, saying that monkeys should be properly classified as "four-footed animals," on which import duty is lower. The judge nimbly avoided taking sides by ruling that monkeys have no feet but four hands.

IN A GERMAN RESTAURANT, a girl bit into an oyster and found a pearl worth $750. Both she and the owner of the restaurant hustled into court to claim ownership of the pearl. The judge treated them with strict impartiality by awarding it to the gentleman who had paid for the girl's dinner.

IN ILLINOIS, a judge, bent on streamlining justice, announced a standard schedule of fines for men who slapped their wives:

Left-handed slap, sitting	$1
Right-handed slap, sitting	$2
Left-handed slap, standing flat-footed	$4
Right-handed slap, standing flat-footed	$5

The schedule of slapping fines was reversed for left-handed husbands.

IN MARYLAND, a poor woman was arrested for selling four cents' worth of onions on a Sunday. The local blue laws forbade the sale of vegetables on Sunday. However, the sale of "fruit" was allowed. The judge concluded that the woman was innocent because an onion can sometimes take the place of a fruit, especially at dessert! ♛

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A dramatization posed by professional models.

IT'S hard for me to believe that a few weeks ago I actually thought about leaving my husband! He had become so nervous and irritable — so cross with the children and me that there was just no living with him. He was always "too tired" to do anything — too run-down to have fun with his family. Even our children were puzzled and hurt by his week-in, week-out grumpiness. Frankly we bickered and fought so much I thought our marriage was over.

When Jim finally went to our family doctor, the examination proved there was nothing really wrong. The doctor said Jim's condition was merely caused by an easily corrected *nutritional deficiency* in his diet. You can imagine how shocked *I* was to discover that even though Jim was well-fed, he was actually poorly *nourished* due to a lack of vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors.

Just when things looked blackest, we learned about the famous Vitasafe Plan through an ad in our newspaper. It told how other people with Jim's condition had been helped by taking just one Vitasafe Capsule a day. Naturally, we sent for a trial month's supply. What a difference it has made! Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules have helped him snap back with increased vigor and vim. I'm so happy, I feel *like a bride* again! Perhaps someone in *your* family feels tired and run-down because of a nutritional deficiency. Why don't you take advantage *right now* of this sensational trial offer as we did?

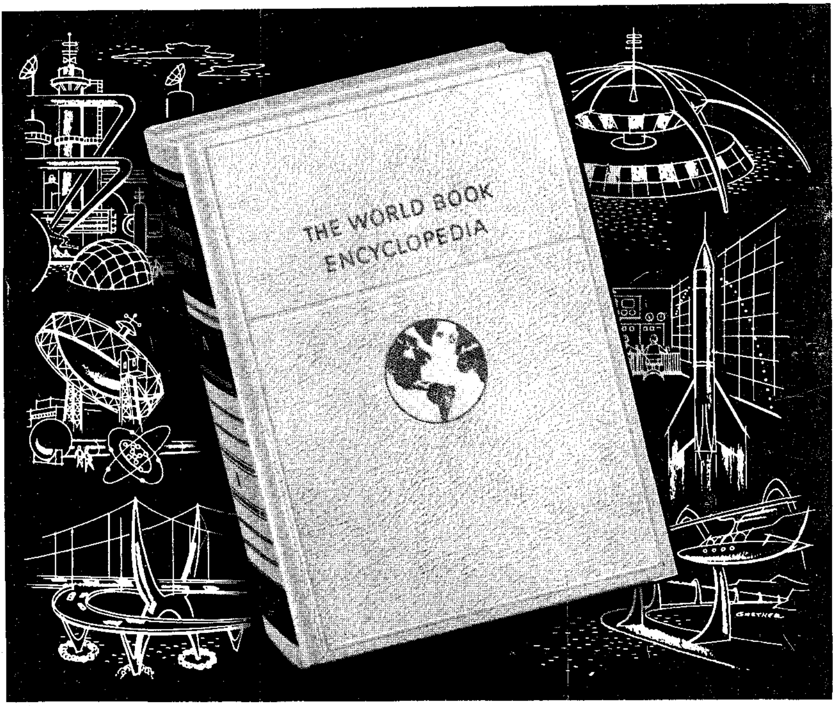
EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE FOR MEN CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

SPECIAL PLAN FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK POSTCARD IF DESIRED.

FREE 30 days supply High-Potency Capsules

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS



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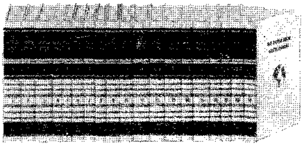

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